THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A [illegible]rated Weekly
Found[illegible]1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

JANUARY 5, 1918

5cts. THE COPY

Howard E. Coffin — Kennett Harris — Maximilian Foster — George Kibbe Turner
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman — George Pattullo — Arthur Train — Isaac F. Marcosson

"BUMP! BUMP! BUMP!"

—goes the truck wheel with its mighty load over the rough streets.

And the same bump that strikes the wheel, hits the bearings *even harder.*

A truck, to be dependable, must have bearings that are capable of withstanding jolts.

Hyatt Roller Bearings are just such bearings. Their hollow, flexible rollers cushion the shocks and jars. No shock, not even the unusual shock, can crush them.

That is why nine out of every ten motor cars, passenger and commercial, now use Hyatt Quiet Bearings.

Bumps merely *prove* Hyatt durability.

HYATT
ROLLER BEARINGS

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests No. 1

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what mileage he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

WEIGHT

One of the best ways to judge a tire is to weigh it, for mileage depends in a large measure on the quantity of quality materials. Of course, weight might be due to many factors that do not improve quality, such as unnecessary wire in the beads, or weight-giving compounds. But once assured that only quality-giving materials are used, then weight is an excellent guide to durability.

In selecting tires, therefore, have your dealer weigh the different makes you are considering.

MICHELINS
12 to 15 Per Cent Heavier

When you make this test you will find an astonishing difference in tires. For instance, nine popular non-skids (34 x 4 size) weigh as follows:

Michelin	26 lbs.
Second Tire	25 lbs.
Third Tire	22¼ lbs.
Fourth Tire	22 lbs.
Fifth Tire	21½ lbs.
Sixth Tire	21½ lbs.
Seventh Tire	21 lbs.
Eighth Tire	20 lbs.
Ninth Tire	18½ lbs.

Considering all non-skids made, Michelin Universals weigh 12 to 15 per cent more than the average, the percentage varying with the size of tire.

This extra weight, due to extra quality rubber and fabric (and no one questions Michelin Quality), means that you have a right to expect extra mileage from Michelins. Yet Michelins cost no more than average tires.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, New Jersey

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd.
782 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal, Canada

CASINGS MICHELIN TUBES

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

Michelin Tires Weigh 12 to 15% More —

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE
IT FLOATS

THE choicest materials the world affords are selected for Ivory Soap.

These materials are analyzed and only those of the highest standard are used in its manufacture.

These extra quality materials are refined to remove all foreign matter.

Clean and free from all impurities, they are mixed in such exact proportions that neither uncombined alkali nor unsaponified oil remains in the finished product.

NO cheap materials are added to give weight and bulk—no resin, no filler.

No grit is added to make the soap clean by friction.

No perfume is added as there are no inferior ingredients whose odor must be concealed.

Skilled soap-makers, some of whom have made Ivory for thirty-nine years, test the boiling soap continually by touch, by taste and by sight.

Chemists make laboratory tests of every kettleful both during and after the boiling.

WHEN cool it is shaped into cakes with rounded edges and straight sides.

The rounded edges make it easy to turn in the hands when lathering for the toilet and bath.

The straight sides make it easy to hold and rub on clothes, a brush or a cloth when using it for laundry work or cleaning.

The cake is notched so it can be cut in two with a string. It is so large that most people prefer the half cake for the toilet.

YOU can use Ivory Soap wherever you now use the most expensive of bath and toilet soaps.

It is white and has the pleasing natural odor of its high grade ingredients.

It quickly makes a soft, copious, bubbling, lively lather.

It is pure and mild. Does not irritate the tenderest skin or leave a smarting sensation.

It rinses easily. Does not leave a greasy gloss.

It floats. Always within reach, reminding you to take it from the water. Does not sink out of sight to waste away.

THE same qualities make it equally satisfactory for fine laundry work and for the cleaning of all particular things.

You can use Ivory Soap where you now cannot use soap at all. You should use it where the soap you now use causes injury.

You get this large cake of extraordinary soap for a few cents. The immense demand for it reduces cost to the minimum.

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

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THE THOUSAND OPEN ROADS TO BERLIN

By Howard E. Coffin

CHAIRMAN OF THE UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT BOARD

EVER since that fateful August of 1914 the hopes of humanity have been centered each year upon the springtime, and now again all the peoples of this war-torn world are looking forward to the end of the winter. For within the new year, upon the threshold of which we now stand, war will have become a game of a different nature, played to new rules, because of a new and dominating element introduced into it.

The bitter experience of all the belligerent countries during these three years of the greatest of all struggles has taught that seven-tenths of the problems of modern war are industrial; that humming factories and greasy workers, as well as fighting men, are involved. Rifles, shells, big guns, motor vehicles—these and a thousand and one other munition items—all must be rushed in a never-ending stream to the fronts.

But now the great plants in all warring countries are humming a new tune—stronger, more inspiring, more deadly even than before; and if peace can come only through the making of war utterly intolerable for the enemy, this new threat of coming destruction must surely hasten the end. In Great Britain, in France, in Italy, in Germany and in the United States, hundreds of thousands of men and women workers are being feverishly taught a new art; for to those men who control the destinies of the world through its armies has come the realization of an imminent and momentous change in warfare's strategy.

Millions of men and billions in treasure have left little enough of advantage to show under the orthodox methods of three and a half heartbreaking years of this war. The air service, however, opens up a new element, and in it the belligerents are running the race for supremacy neck and neck. Forty years of German preparation for armed aggression are counting little or nothing in the meteoric evolution of the airplane.

The strategy of the fighting or bombing airplane en masse is new within the six months of the war just past. No longer is the activity in the air restricted, as during 1914–15–16, to individual observation, spotting, photography and single-seater fighting. Within the coming months we shall see military enterprises involving hundreds of machines flying in formation under a single high command. We shall see issues unsolvable in the mud of the death-locked trenches fought out to a conclusion high up in the sky.

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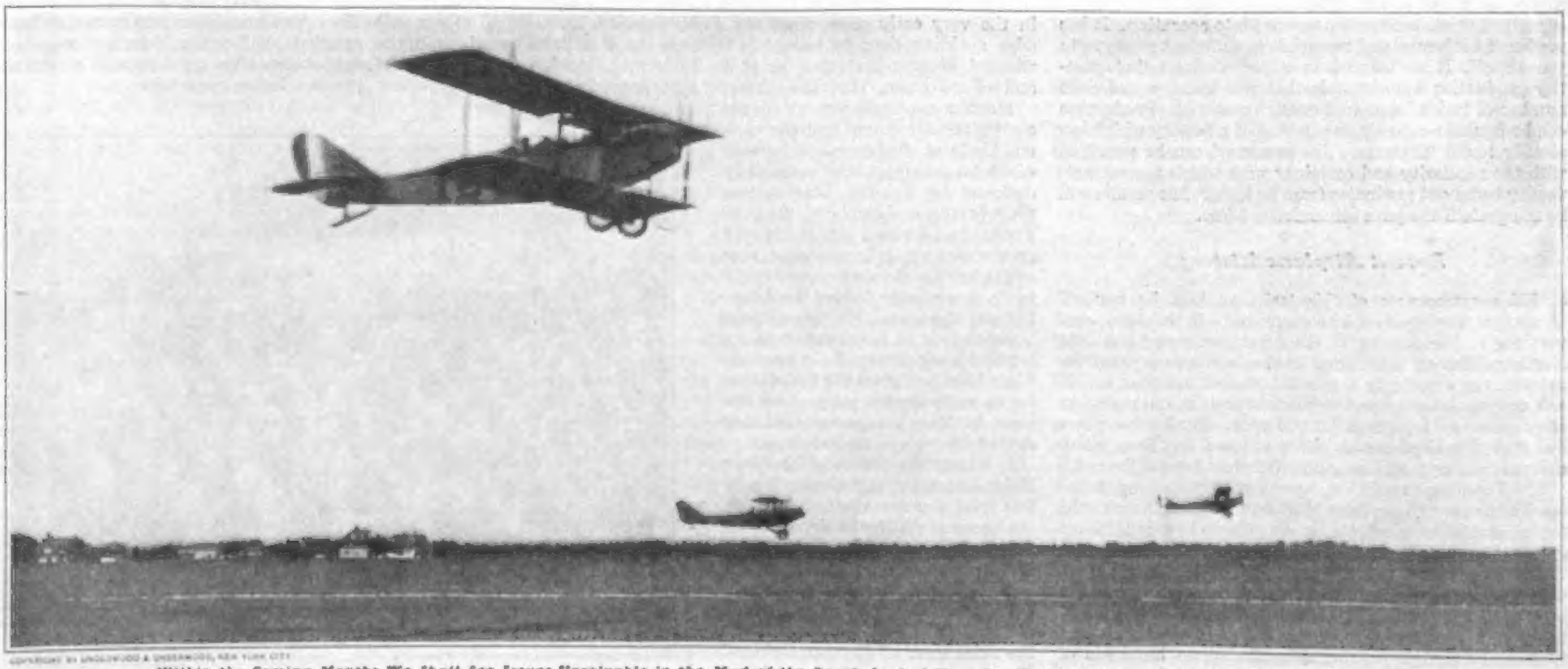
Women of the United States are Deeply Interested in the Fundamentals of Aviation

The genius of America is industrial, and it is our task to see how best to make it effective against the enemies of world democracy. America leads all the other nations of the world in standardization and quantity production. These are the great national talents she must bring into play against the Hun. Nowhere can these abilities be so quickly and so effectively concentrated as in quantity production for the quick expansion of the joint allied air power. This is a task that may well appeal to the sporting spirit of the young men of this nation.

Three and a half years of naval warfare finds the *status quo* of the first six months little shaken, and with small hope of decisive action of any kind. The ocean is netted and mined, and in the slime of its depths lurks the submarine; the great fleets ride at bay. On land the armies of the Powers still stand locked at death grips. Trenches, mines, guns, liquid fire, poison gases, and almost impassable tangles of barbed wire block advance in all the fighting areas. Time and again in months past we have seen millions of men thrown into a seemingly irresistible effort to break this impasse, to find, after weeks of costly life struggle, a gain of only a few square miles.

If this war is to be ended within the time of any living man, if the Berlin-centered war machine of autocracy is to be smashed by the generation now engaged in the struggle—new forces and new methods must speedily be employed. The one truly mobile force to-day among Europe's fighting millions, the element destined to revolutionize the military strategy of the ages, is the fighting Navy of the Air. For it is in the air, this third and seemingly final medium, conquered through the genius of our American Wright brothers, that lie a thousand open



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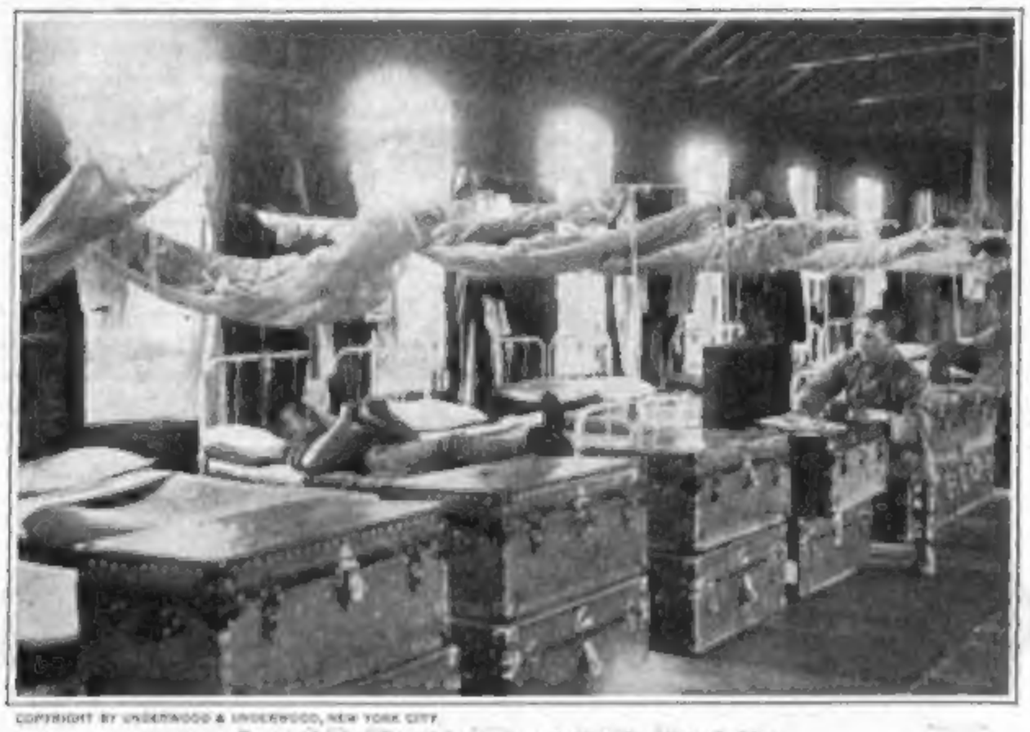
Within the Coming Months We Shall See Issues Unsolvable in the Mud of the Death-Locked Trenches Fought Out to a Conclusion High Up in the Sky



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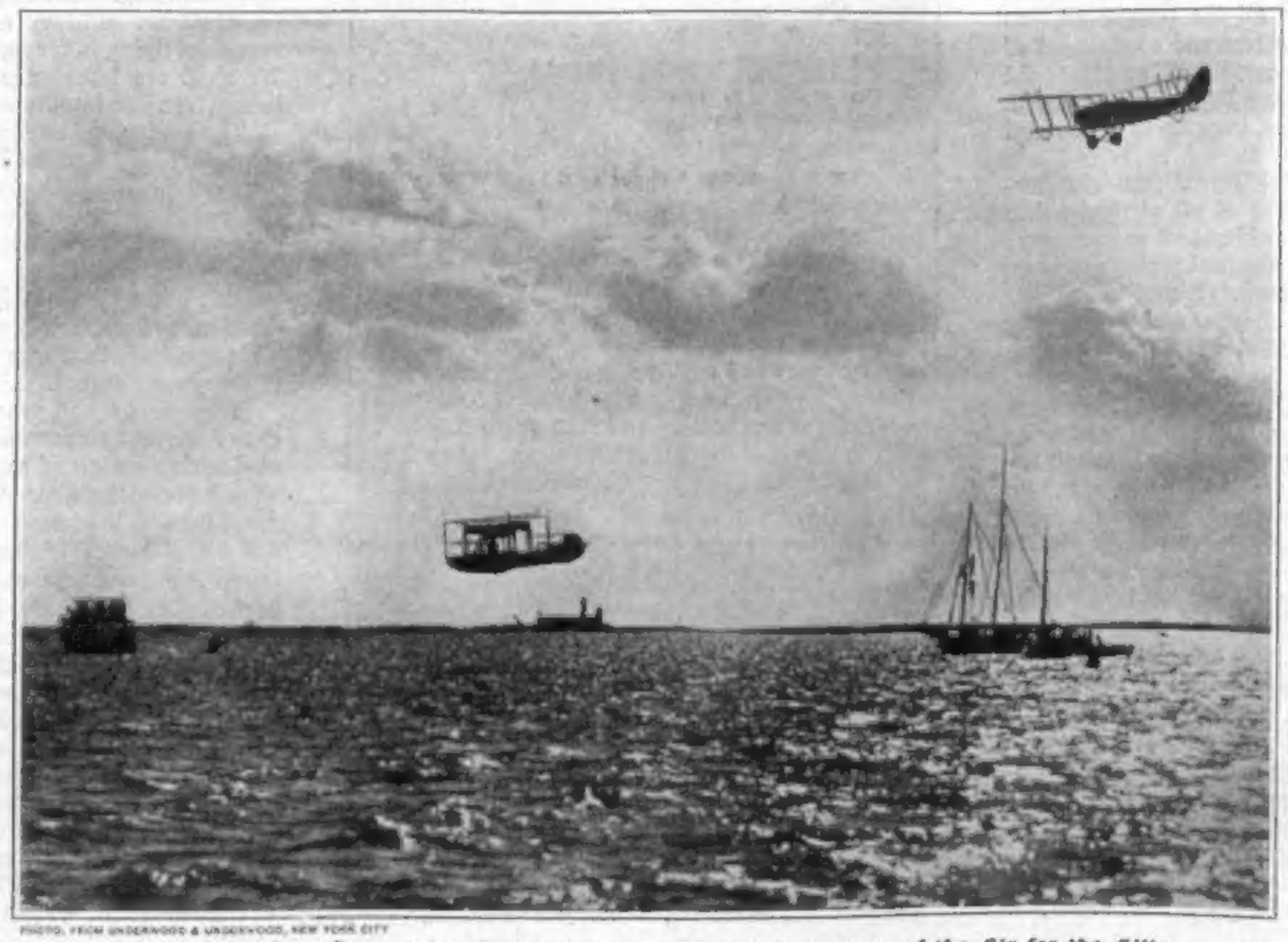
One of the Bunkhouses of the Enlisted Men

roads to Berlin. Six months ago the United States Government set itself to the task of traveling these roads and of assuring to the Allied forces the greatest flying fleet the world has ever known. This required not only the upbuilding within one year of an industry quite comparable to the automobile industry, which has required seventeen years for its evolution, but as well the training of an air-service personnel greater than the entire standing army of the United States of only a few short months ago. For America spontaneously dedicated herself to insure that domination of the air which will bring the mastery over the Hun on the battlefields of Europe.

With the New Year of 1918 an important milepost toward the accomplishment of this task has been passed. We are now offered an opportunity for taking stock, for looking both backward and forward, that a measure of progress may be taken and a judgment formed as to whether the plans of six months ago shall become the realities of six months hence.

The result is that a most confident assurance may be extended that if this nation holds itself tensely to its task the desired accomplishment will be within reach.

The serious difficulties are mostly behind us. The basic riddles have been solved. The organization has been set up and put into operation. It has produced both men and materials in sufficient measure to prove itself. It has before it now the grinding toil of quantity production upon a scale that will insure a sufficient number of trained men and enough material. Production can be figured as closely as can that of a factory which has already found its stride. The personnel can be provided with the regularity and certainty with which a great university turns out graduates from its halls. The results will be adequate if the pace scheduled is held.



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For the Immediate Present Our One Concern is to Win the Supremacy of the Air for the Allies

Recent Airplane History

THE enormousness of this task can best be realized against the poverty of its background. In the eight years previous to the sending of the American expedition into Northern Mexico the United States had appropriated for aviation the amazingly negligible total of less than a million dollars—a sum about sufficient to equip and maintain one modern air squadron for one year. In all those years but fifty-nine airplanes had been ordered, and from many different makers: and only fifty-four had been delivered.

The Pershing expedition, however, with its long, tenuous line across the sands of Northern Mexico, illuminated the necessity for airplanes as no other thing could have done. On May 31, 1916, the first appreciable appropriation ever made for aviation—$13,000,000—was voted by Congress as a result of the lessons learned across the border. An unbroken line of air communication was established and maintained between the Columbus base and General Pershing's moving columns across hundreds of miles of hostile and mountainous desert. Three thousand flights were made—more than thirty thousand miles covered in scouting and mail-carrying service—without a fatality.

For the calendar year 1916 army fliers made ten thousand ascents, totaling forty-seven hundred hours in the air and three hundred and fifty thousand miles—with but one fatality. A record of this kind, made in the infancy of the art, when machines were far less safe than those of to-day, should go far to dispel any fears of the relative safety of this newest among the vital arms of any modern military or naval service. In the spring of 1917, with war looming upon the horizon, Congress increased its military and naval aviation appropriations to sixty-eight million dollars.

Nevertheless, aviation abroad, tested in the furnace of three years of desperate warfare, had made enormous strides. Great air armadas had taken the place of the little groups of fliers who first took to the air when Germany threw her legions across the French frontier—when she had about three hundred planes, and England and France together about a hundred. It was in the very early days, when the French gained knowledge enabling them to retreat to the very doors of Paris without disaster and then to strike back with decision and effectiveness, that the airplane first proved itself.

Machine guns soon replaced pistols as airplane armament and the various kinds of airplane work became divided up among machines specially designed for fighting, observation, photography and bombing. By 1915 France had secured the superiority of the air, which in the next year swung back to Germany, and in 1917 inclined once more toward the Allies. By this time, also, the tremendous improvement in construction and a broader imagination of the possibilities of airplanes laid the foundation for an entirely new use and for the great building programs now being rushed through in all countries.

It was at the Battle of Messines Ridge last spring that airplanes were first used en masse against troops on the ground. With the drive scheduled to begin at daybreak, the British airmen sallied forth with the first touch of dawn. The light fighting machines climbed to an altitude of twenty thousand feet and swept the skies clear of German fighters. Thereupon the spotting machines rose to their positions ten thousand feet above the German lines and directed the British batteries so accurately that two hours after daybreak seventy-two German batteries had been silenced, and the infantry was able to charge without artillery interference.

Thereupon the new and unexpected airplane element was introduced. Heavy bombing machines, operating near the ground, swooped down on lines of communication, flew in flocks over troops, raked the trenches with their machine guns, charged gun batteries and scattered their crews, and made themselves generally effective with bombs and rapid firers. They learned lessons which are now being applied universally, and which in the recent Cambrai advance alone made it possible to bomb German troops out of heavy forests which could not be effectively penetrated in any other way.

A Program of Vast Possibilities

THESE tremendous possibilities of air fighting had just been proved when the United States entered the war last April. The British and French Missions, British and French officials abroad, and American officials on the other side, all united in an appeal for the largest possible airplane program for the United States. The needs were obvious and a continual succession of conferences was held, with the military experts of the nations, with the industrial strategists of the Council of National Defense, and with the industrial leaders outside who would be charged with swinging the program. It was agreed that the United States' greatest opportunity would be to establish an air fleet of such proportions that it could not fail to secure the air supremacy for the Allies and turn the tide of war against the enemy.

Congress and the general public accepted this conclusion with such spontaneity that in less than six weeks' time, and practically without debate, the enormous sum of six hundred and forty million dollars was appropriated for the army air-service program, followed later by forty-five million dollars for the navy program. Approximately half of these amounts was to be expended for material and the balance for the creation and training of personnel. To lay the foundation for any new industry and coördinate the intricate ramifications involved in the quantity production of a new commodity is in itself a huge task; but when there is added an expansion involving hundreds of millions of dollars, all to be accomplished within a few months under the strain of war necessity, the complexity of the problems may well be imagined.

In the months since our aëronautical renaissance we have made gratifying progress. Difficulties, delays, shortages of supplies and other obstacles have come up with an almost

(Continued on Page 110)

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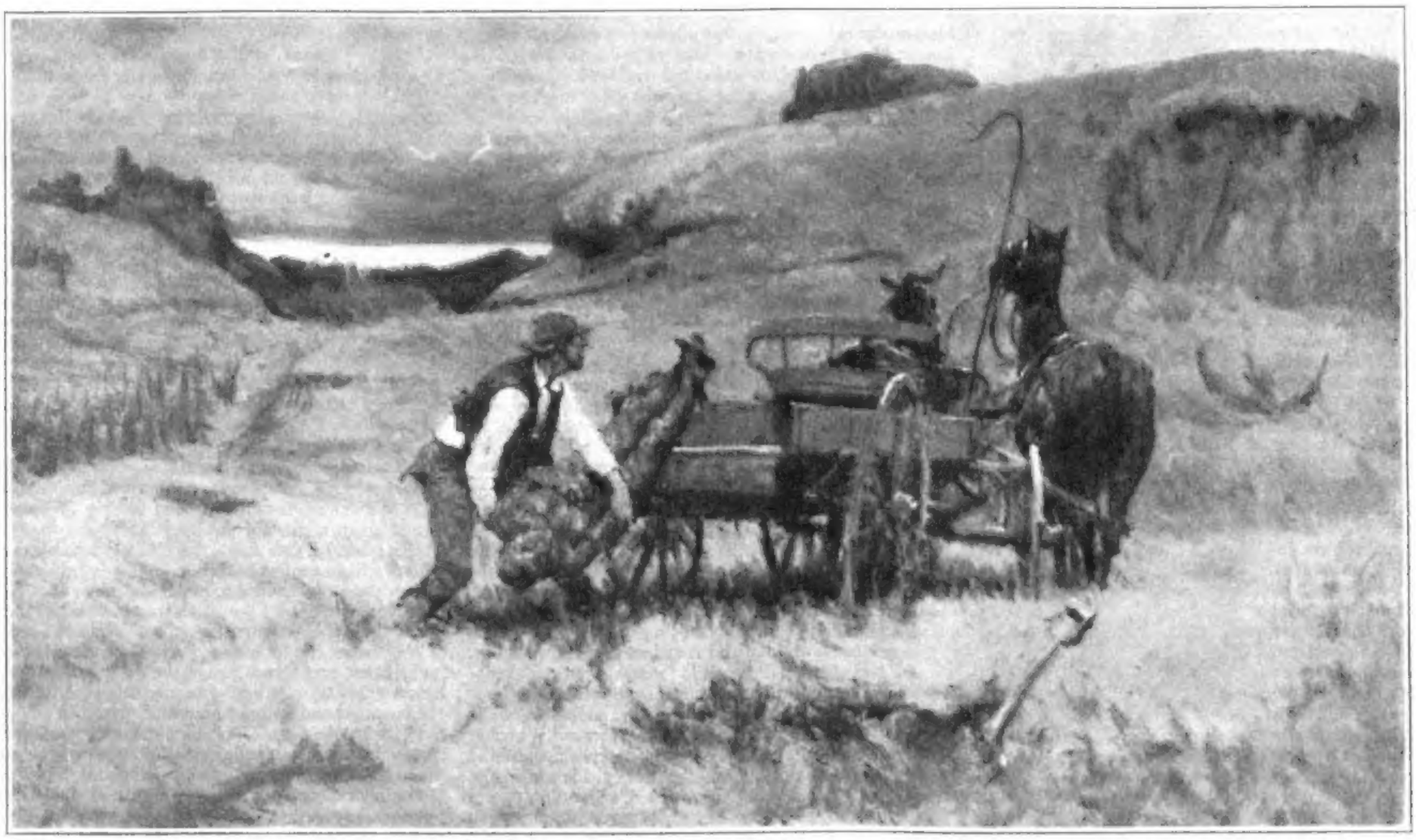
Instructors, Mechanicians and Students at an Aviation Camp

The Brachycephalic Bohunkus



"Mr. Billings at Once Brought Up His Wagon, and With Superhuman Effort Skidded This Mysterious Relic of Prehisteric Ages Up Into the Box"

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IF THE Bar-T boy expected to create a sensation with the grinning skull that he had brought into the Box Elder stage station he must have been grievously disappointed by the indifferent attitude of the stock tender and the bullwhacker, who scarcely deigned a glance at the poor moldy emblem of mortality, or, for that matter, at the Bar-T boy himself. They were withered, gray-and-tan hills veterans, these two, whose experiences had left them little to wonder at and nothing whatever to exclaim about, and they prided themselves on their imperturbability. Moreover, the Bar-T boy was all too casual in his display of the skull. If he did not anticipate excitement the old-timers were mistaken.

"Have you et, Buddy?" inquired the stock tender, mindful of the duty of hospitality at least, though it was long past the noon hour and the dishes were washed. "Better unsaddle and turn the little horse into the corral for a bite, hadn't you?"

"Once I get the saddle on that wall-eyed old son-of-a-gun he stays cinched until I'm through with him for the day," said the Bar-T boy with a glance at his mount, which had sidled with dragging bridle to the shade of the lone cottonwood. "He ain't hay-hungry; all he wants is his half pound of flesh out of whatever part of a person is nearest to him. He ain't no vegetarian, that flea-bit old bag of slats and brimstone. No, I don't aim to linger here; and I met up with the Welsh Harp chuck wagon the other side of Baldwin's, thank you most to pieces. I just allowed you might be interested in this here pick-up of mine."

The stock tender brought his abstracted gaze from the distant line of the Cheyenne bluffs and let it rest for a moment on the skull. Then he nodded perfunctorily.

"How many men riding for the Welsh Harp this trip?" he asked.

"Wes Powell hasn't got back from Ogallala yet, has he?" the old bullwhacker supplemented.

The Bar-T boy made no reply. He was regarding the skull in the palm of his hand with the air of Hamlet in the graveyard scene. "To think that this here was once a man like we-all!" he moralized. "A man who drunk and swore and chewed tobacco and lied and stole, and maybe raised whiskers like you fellers! And now—look at it!"

"It ain't no object to take pride in," said the old bullwhacker with a bored air. "You could go to some of theseyer cemeteries back East and load a wagon with such for the digging, if the sexton was agreeable and your taste run thataway; but most human white folks leaves 'em underground. I've collected scalps in my time, but I've always drawed the line at that kind of bric-a-brac." He eyed the skull with furtive curiosity nevertheless. "Where did you catch it, Bud?"

"Over by Medicine Butte. I was riding a piece off the trail to look at some brands on a bunch of steers ——"

"—— when the little horse kicked against it as it was sticking up out of the ground, and you got off, out of curiosity to see what it was, and uncovered this mysterious relict of a former age," the old bullwhacker concluded.

"You've got it down fine—all but," said the Bar-T boy. "The little horse is a fair long-range kicker, but he ain't got no elastic leg, and this here was twenty rods away from him. I just seen something white ——"

"Sure!" the old bullwhacker again interrupted with a beaming face. "That's it! 'Seen something white!' Lordy! how that brings back old times. Buddy, that's how the man that pays you more wages than you're worth got his start—Enrico Billings. You don't know him personally, because he's living in Omaha now, sitting with his feet up on a diamond-studded mahogany desk, clipping coupons with a pair of eighteen-carat gold shears. Owns eighty per cent of the Bar-T stock; and that's just a little side issue. When your boss goes in to see him he crawls into the office on his hands and knees, with the annual report in his mouth. But fifteen years ago Enrico seen something white a piece off of the trail and got off his cayuse to see what it was. You remember Enrico, at Hermosilla, Hank?"

The stock tender nodded.

Said the Bar-T boy: "If it ain't putting too great a strain on your imagination I'd like to hear the facts about Enrico. I've ambitions towards coupon-clipping myself, and it might head me, tail up, for that there diamond-studded desk."

"It ain't noways unlikely or improbable," said the old bullwhacker gravely. "Enrico was just about such a bow-legged, freckle-faced, slack-jawed young sooner as—happens round here every once in a while. He didn't have no respect for age; and sex didn't have no particular terrors for him either. If he ever blushed his boots hid it; if he ever done a full day's work it was because he felt like it; and if he ever had a dollar forty-eight hours after he was paid off it was because he was snow-bound or had a heap better luck than usual. No, Buddy, you ain't got no worse handicaps than what Enrico had—not to signify. Only folks sort of took to Enrico.

"Sedalia Warren, she took to him more than most, although she never let on that she did until it come to a show-down. Sedalia was one of these girls who'll give a man seventeen thousand guesses and then raise the limit and leave him studying for quite a spell. A girl has to be a little pink-petaled daisy to do that and not fall all over herself, and Sedalia never stubbed her toe one time, and she had a guessing contest on that would have made a cabinet-organ firm's mouth water for the size of it. Enrico wasn't one of the contestants. He knew. He always knew everything, and was willing to bet saddle, spurs and gun on it.

"'I give in,' he says to her three minutes and eight seconds after she had told him she was pleased to meet him. 'I give in,' he says. 'I've held out against the pick of the prettiest from the Panhandle to Pennington County, but you've got me for keeps.

"'You certainly was born lucky, and I want to be the first to congratulate you.'

"'Well, if that's so I'm tickled to death,' says Sedalia, smiling at him with deceitful duplicities. 'I haven't been so happy since I had the facial neuralgia,' she says. 'The only thing that I'm worrying about is where I'll find any kind of a market for you.'

"'I said you had me for keeps,' says Enrico. 'That means to have and to hold, all and mighty singular, with appurtenances and privileges nevertheless and notwithstanding, until Death horns in betwixt us and edges one of us out of the bunch. Me, I'm going to mail an order to Chicago for a wedding garment bright and early to-morrow morning.'

"'Don't forget to mention that you want a straitwaistcoat,' says Sedalia.

"Right there the fiddler hollered 'Cheat or swing!' and Sedalia cheated. She done it the lightest, neatest, gracefulest and easiest you ever seen. It was like trying to pick a bubble of quicksilver off a china plate, seemed to me, for Enrico to more than touch her with the tips of his fingers—and yet the next time he got her. And he swang her! He certainly did! That dance was in Clint Soper's cabin—a tight fit for two set—and I thought Enrico would knock the chinking out of the wall with the tip of that girl's shoe. After that quadrille Dick Wade, the coroner, led Enrico outside and intimated that it pained him to see a lady manhandled thataway.

"'Did you ever take a bite out of the back of your neck, Dick?' asks Enrico. 'You might try it; you'll find it easier than sitting on yourself, which you might have occasion to do if you monkey with me.'

"'This here is a social occasion and no time nor place for me to perform the duties of my office or provide the material for the same,' says Dick. 'But you mark my prophetic words: I'll collect my fees for sitting on your remains afore I've done with you.'

"Enrico Tried to Talk to Her Through the Keyhole, But the Line Seemed Out of Order"

"And them was sure enough prophetic words, although it didn't turn out just the way Dick meant 'em. Anyway, there wasn't no bloodshed that night and Enrico went back and made himself unpopular with the boys and an object of pity and contempt to most of the girls by buzzing Sedalia whenever he got a chance, and taking the medicine she gave him as if he liked it.

"Bright and early after a dinner that he didn't eat next day Enrico ambled over to Old Man Warren's ranch just north of the Boobyshell addition to the city of Hermosilla, and he lingered there for about four calendar months, spellbound and spellbinding. Once in a while he'd tear himself away long enough to catch up a little on his sleep or get a meal of victuals or go through the motions of punching cows for Al Williams so's to get a little spending money, but them was only what you might call intervals. If you took Old Man Warren's word for it they was. The old man was from Missouri—that's howcome he named Sedalia—and he was homesick. He figured on making a living raising garden truck on his ranch, which there was about ten acres plow land on the creek and the rest of the hundred-and-sixty banks and gullies of gypsum that he had taken up because there wasn't no better and because he liked elbowroom. Well, he made out to live, but he didn't like the country, and he seemed to have much the same opinion of Enrico. He didn't act as you might say hostile, at first, but Enrico just naturally palled on him. He used to look at the boy and sigh. 'Same old face!' he'd say. 'Same old face!'

"'The same sweet, sunny, honest, good-looking face!' Enrico would say, to help him out. 'Always welcome, ain't it?'

"'Always open, night and day!' the old man would come back, and shake his head mournfully. But he kept the peace. Sedalia wasn't by no means so tender of Enrico's feelings, but the boy told her that he liked it.

"'It's refreshing and it has all the charm of novelty,' he says to her. 'You take a fellow that's been sought after and made over, the way I've been all my life—nothing too good for him and no word but words of praise and love—and he gets cloyed up a considerable. What you tell me about myself is like a sprinkle of pepper sauce on a oyster—gives a fellow an interest. But it won't last. You'll get to appreciating me more and more. Pretty soon I'll begin to dawn on you, sort of.'

"'You've begun that quite a while,' says Sedalia. 'I'd like to have you sunset on me, sort of.'

"About that time she was particular encouraging to Dick Wade—also to Ed Prince and Walt Barlow and Pat Ferguson and Shorty Simms, and a dozen or so others whose names I disremember. They was the guessers. But Enrico was right easy in his mind all along, dog-gone him! He could keep up his end with any of 'em in personal conversation, and while he wasn't no confirmed scrapper he'd come out of one or two little tangles in good shape and left the other tangler a considerable marred and chipped on the edges. He was one of these cheerful and willing cusses with a straight and steady look and as prompt and perniciously active as a nigger-chaser on the Fourth, once his powder catched fire; but all the same he had a long fuse and kept it damp at the starting end. Another thing, nobody but Dick Wade suspected that he had any show whatever with Sedalia. I reckon Dick was the only one that hated him with any real enthusiasm.

"Time went on, as the fellow says, and finally, along about fall, it come to a show-down betwixt Sedalia and Enrico. That was the year that the F. E. & M. V. graders got into Hermosilla. All of the prominent citizens was broke then. They'd already cut loose from the mother country and organized a infant of their own, electing themselves to all the offices by unanimous majorities, but the tax collections was small, slow and scattering, and when they come to cut 'em up there wasn't no chunk big enough to cover grocery bills. When the railroad come, though, they fixed for a boom. Billy Thomas fixed his pins to go to Yankton to get a touch of high life in the legislature and haze capital down Hermosilla way on the side; all the other boys got out and looked after their fences in the political field. Offices was agoing to be something more than empty honor and a little grubstake now and then. Dick Wade, who had taken the coroner office out of party spirit and a hope of something better, come out for sheriff.

"Everybody was happy and hopeful except Old Man Warren. He'd already sold out his truck to the grading camps and hadn't soaked the prices to 'em near what he might have done, and that weighed on his mind. He hadn't got no illusions about selling his ranch for town lots, and it looked like a hard winter. On top of that, Enrico was round more than ever—and that's how it come to a show-down.

"Enrico rode over one afternoon and found Sedalia out by the chicken pen with a hammer and a bucket of staples trying to fix a gap in the netting, and the first thing he noticed was that her eyelids was a mite red and her nose a trifle swelled. She didn't seem pleased to see him either. "'Honey,' he says, 'you shouldn't take on thataway when I'm gone. You might know that I'd be back again some time. Cheer up! I'm here now, anyway. Don't you see I'm here?'

"'You bet I do!' she says. 'But if you think you are a cheering sight to me you'd better go away and think it all over again. Find a nice quiet place about two thousand miles off and take a year or two to ponder.'

"'If you wan't crying for me, what else could it be?' asks Enrico. 'You've got almost everything else you want or need, except a few things I'm going to get you.'

"'If you must know, I pounded my thumb,' says Sedalia.

"'Show me!' says he.

"But she put her hands behind her back. 'Honest, no fooling; you'd better go, Enrico,' she says; 'and if I was you I'd stay gone.'

"'Where's pa, that he lets his darling little girl pound her poor thumb with the nasty old hammer?' says Enrico.

"'Pa's in the house, with his buffalo gun took apart, cleaning and oiling it up for you,' says Sedalia. 'Pa's painted his face and socked the hatchet into the war post up to the eye,' she says. 'He's bad medicine for you, my poor Enrico—and he's working fast. You climb your horse again and jog along. Honest! I've done my best with him.'

"Enrico noticed that her lip was a-trembling. 'Let me see that thumb!' he says. He caught it with one of them quick motions of his, looked at it and kissed it; then he looked at the other one and kissed that, although there wasn't mark nor scar on either of them. Still holding them little thumbs he looked at her long and steady.

"'We'll quit fooling now,' he says. 'Leastways we'll quit this particular kind and fool along, pleasant and easy together, for the rest of our days. I told you right at the jump-off that we was going to get married, you and me. You thought I didn't mean what I said. Look at me now and you'll know I do. I know you think a heap of me and, get down to cases, you're too much of a dear, God's woman to play with me when the play's run out.'

"She was enough of a God's woman to hold off as long as she could, although her blushes and her shining eyes gave her away.

"'Heavens, the conceit of him!' she says. 'You're homely as a mud fence; you don't know any more than the territorial statutes provides; and you're poor as skim toast-water, which is worse than all; and you have the nerve ——'

"Enrico certainly had the nerve. Right there he drew her to him by the thumbs, catched a new holt and stopped her mouth in the old-fashioned way until she was breathless. Then he went to the house to see pa; and Sedalia went along, too, hanging tight to his arm.

"Sure enough, pa was cleaning up the old gun, and he had blood in his eye when he looked up and seen who it was. For about as long as you could draw a long breath he had two notions, but that was long enough for him to think, and he threw one of 'em into the discard and went on oiling and didn't do no more than grunt when Enrico asked after his health.

"'You won't get no buffalo this side of the Canadian line,' says Enrico, watching him with friendly interest. 'If I was you I'd go to manicuring the shotgun and try up the creek for mud hens.'

"'A shotgun wouldn't make no impression on the game I'm after,' says the old man. 'I doubt if this here ain't too light to make much of a dent in your hide. What I need is one of them mountain howitzers they've got up at Fort Meade; but I'll give this a trial if I get a line on you anywheres within a mile of this house. You've got about seven minutes and ten seconds to make that mile, Enrico.'

"'Now, pa, I told you that was foolish talk,' says Sedalia. 'And there's two of us against you now,' she says.

"'I reckon if that's so I'll cut down the majority and make it an even break,' says the old man. He gave the lock a finishing wipe with the rag, slipped a ca'tridge into the chamber and swung round on Enrico. 'You get out of here, lively!' he says. 'I'm a long-suffering man, but there's metes and bounds to endurance, and you've been crowding me to the edge for some time. Sedalia, you step to one side. You ain't no sandbag, nor yet no armor plate; and that young fellow has got six minutes good yet if he don't make no false moves.'

"'Step aside, honey,' says Enrico. 'I'm agoing to sit down, and pa is too much of a sport to shoot me sitting. Now, pa, just state your objections to me as a son-in-law like a gentleman and a Missourian and quit acting long-haired and frantic. What's the matter with me? Never mind the little things, but specificate the big trouble.'

"I'm Agoing to Take a Bath," Says Pa

"'You're all right in a good many ways,' says the old man—'Sedalia, you just let my whiskers be!—I don't call to mind what them good points of yours are exactly, Enrico, but for the sake of argument we'll say that you've got 'em. The big trouble with you is that you ain't worth hell room; and I've set my heart on a son-in-law that will give Sedalia all the luxuries of sustaining grub and shoes and a new dress pattern now and then, to which she has been accustomed. I want a son-in-law that will be a prop and staff to my declining years, and not no free boarder on the sweat of my brow, and I'll sure stain my soul—Sedalia, if you don't let them whiskers be I'll paddle you good!—I'll sure slop lifeblood afore I'll be crossed by any lop-eared, loafing, leather-breeched cowpunch that ever swung a rope instead of swinging in it.'

"'I guess I catch the general drift of your remarks,' says Enrico. 'You want Sedalia to marry a boy that's got all kinds of them good points that I've got and is a money-maker. All he's got to do is to prove up on them qualifications and get his patent; ain't that so? Well, why didn't you ever mention it? Now listen: I'll take you up on that! I can get money just as easy as I can get anything else I want if I give my mind to it; and I'll wait for Sedalia until you're satisfied. Is it a whack?'

"Well, there was a heap more talk before it was, but finally the old man come to his milk. But there wasn't to be no bar, meantime, on any of the other boys. Pa Warren figured to himself that Dick Wade, for one, was agoing to be the next sheriff and that with the railroad coming in there was apt to be what they call a strong bull movement in crime. Pa always liked to copper his bets.

"Before Enrico went away Sedalia says to him: 'You come out of that mighty well, dear; but if I wasn't right ambitious and if you had amounted to a row of pins you'd never have come even this near to getting me.'

"'No "this near" about it,' says Enrico. 'I've done got you! But why so?'

"'I'm a great hand to make something real nice out of mighty poor material,' she says. 'I take a pride in it, and I'm going to be entitled to a heap of credit by the time I've got you cut and shaped. Any idea how you're going to make that stake, darling?'

"'About a million of 'em,' says Enrico. 'All that's going to bother me is to pick out the best one. I might go down to Edmund Bell's Eagle-Bird and get quick action on a small investment in red, white and blue. I'd win, I know. I've got the largest sized lucky hunch I ever had in all my born days; still, I don't want us to get our start thataway. Holding up the stage is another idea, but there's an element of risk in it that as an engaged man I don't feel free to chance. There's prospecting. I might strike a bonanza anywhere, once out of the gypsum belt, but ——' He shook his head at the red earth banks with their milky outcroppings. 'If there was only a market for gypsum now!'

"'How about taking up a good homestead somewhere and working hard and steady and saving your money to put into cows?' Sedalia suggests.

"'Hm-m!' says Enrico. 'Only trouble with that is that you and me will be old, old folks before the merry wedding bells ring out if we stick to the bargain with pa.' He catched a sight of her face. 'But I'll do that if I can't think of nothing better,' he says in a hurry. 'Why, sure! Working hard and steady is my long suit. But—I'll study on it, sweetheart. That hunch of mine is getting stronger every minute. Sure, I'd make a good granger; but there ain't no denying that I've got brains, and it would be a pity not to use 'em.'

"'I'll do some studying myself,' says Sedalia. 'Don't you bank too much on that intellect of yours though. The pen's full of men that done brain work instead of using their backs the way they ought.'

"She said that kind of discouraging and Enrico went back to Fred Willor's boarding house feeling a mite less chipper. Supper wasn't quite ready, so he went into the little back setting room and sat down by Fred's specimen cabinet. Fred come in after a while and found him staring into the glass doors. "'I'll get the key,' Fred says.

"'Don't trouble!' says Enrico. 'I ain't no rock sharp; and I wasn't looking at anything in particular, anyway.'

"'No trouble,' says old Fred, unlocking the door and commencing to unload the débris. 'Here's a little bottle of nuggets I washed out of my claim on Castle Creek. First and last, I took close on to fifteen hundred dollars out of that claim, and if I had had any sense —— That's pyrites there, and alongside of it is a chunk of the pure quill from the Holy Terror. I'd like a ton of it. Them there is geodes, and that's a stalactite from Wind Cave. These here is gypsum crystals and ——'

"'Let me look at that!' says Enrico. 'It don't look like gypsum to me.'

"'It's the crystals,' says Fred. 'You find that blamed stuff in all kinds of shapes. They make plaster Paris of it—same as that statuette up on the whatnot there. Say, there was a popeyed fool got off the stage here one day from Sioux City and he tried to tell me that statuette was mercury. Stuck to it—until I told him I'd done too much amalgamating with mercury for him to run that kind of a blazer on me. What do you reckon he's got them wings on his heels for? And on his hat, b'gosh! He's what you might call a light dresser, ain't he? Like Lo, the poor Injun, whose untutored mind clothes him before and leaves him bare behind, sort of.'

"'He's sure a well-made figure of a man,' says Enrico, sizing up the statuette, kind of interested.

"Fred turned back to the cabinet. 'Here's a chunk of petrified wood,' he says. 'I reckon you've see a plenty of that, but this here come from Montana. There's whole forests of it there—and other things—bones and shells and turtles. Beats all how it come! I'd hate to sleep out on some of them hillsides, for fear I'd wake up and find myself building material. By gosh! there's the bell at last. You'd better hurry if you want anything to eat.'

"He locked up the cabinet and they went in to supper. Enrico was kind of absent-minded all through the meal, and all the way back to the ranch he rode most of the time at a walk, studying. In the morning he told Al Williams he'd draw his pay and quit, and before night he was back at Hermosilla and took the stage from there to Deadwood. From Deadwood he went to Lead and put in a day or two at the Homestake foundry with Billy Lang, who was an old friend of his. He told Billy he wanted to watch the molders and learn a few new cuss words, and he didn't know no better place to combine them educational advantages. Then he went back to Hermosilla and catched Old Man Warren coming out of the Eagle-Bird wiping his mouth, and headed him back in again. They was in there the best part of an hour, in a far corner by themselves; and Enrico talked all that time pretty steady. Finally they got up and shook hands, solemn and ceremonious.

"'Understand, this here is betwixt you and me,' says Enrico as they parted. 'Sedalia ain't to know no more than what I tell her. I'll be over in the morning.'

"'It's a whack,' says the old man.

"According to program Enrico gave Sedalia a surprise visit the first thing in the morning, and she seemed about as glad to see him as he had any right to expect, until he told her that he had jumped his job, after which she cooled off some. 'Of course, forty a month and provender comes close to being an insult to a person with your brains and energy,' she says. 'Still, it ain't apt to hurt like nothing at all and find yourself. But maybe some total stranger has offered you a hundred and double rations.'

"'If he did I'd hurl the offer back in his teeth,' says Enrico. 'I've got my big idea, girl. It's agoing to take brains and energy, like you say I've got, and it's agoing to take grinding toil and nerve strain; but that don't mean nothing to your Enrico when the reward is his Sedalia.'

"'That's very pretty,' says Sedalia. 'And now what's the big idea?'

"'Gypsum,' answers Enrico with a wave of his hand at the hundred and fifty acres scattered round him. 'Here it is, laying round waiting for the magic touch of genius and energy to turn itself into a young mint. Did you know that they made plaster Paris out of gypsum? Did you know that they use it for fertilizer back East and for—lots of things? Are you aware that the railroad is agoing to link with bands of steel this inexhaustible supply with this insatiable demand? That's whatever, girl. I'm agoing to

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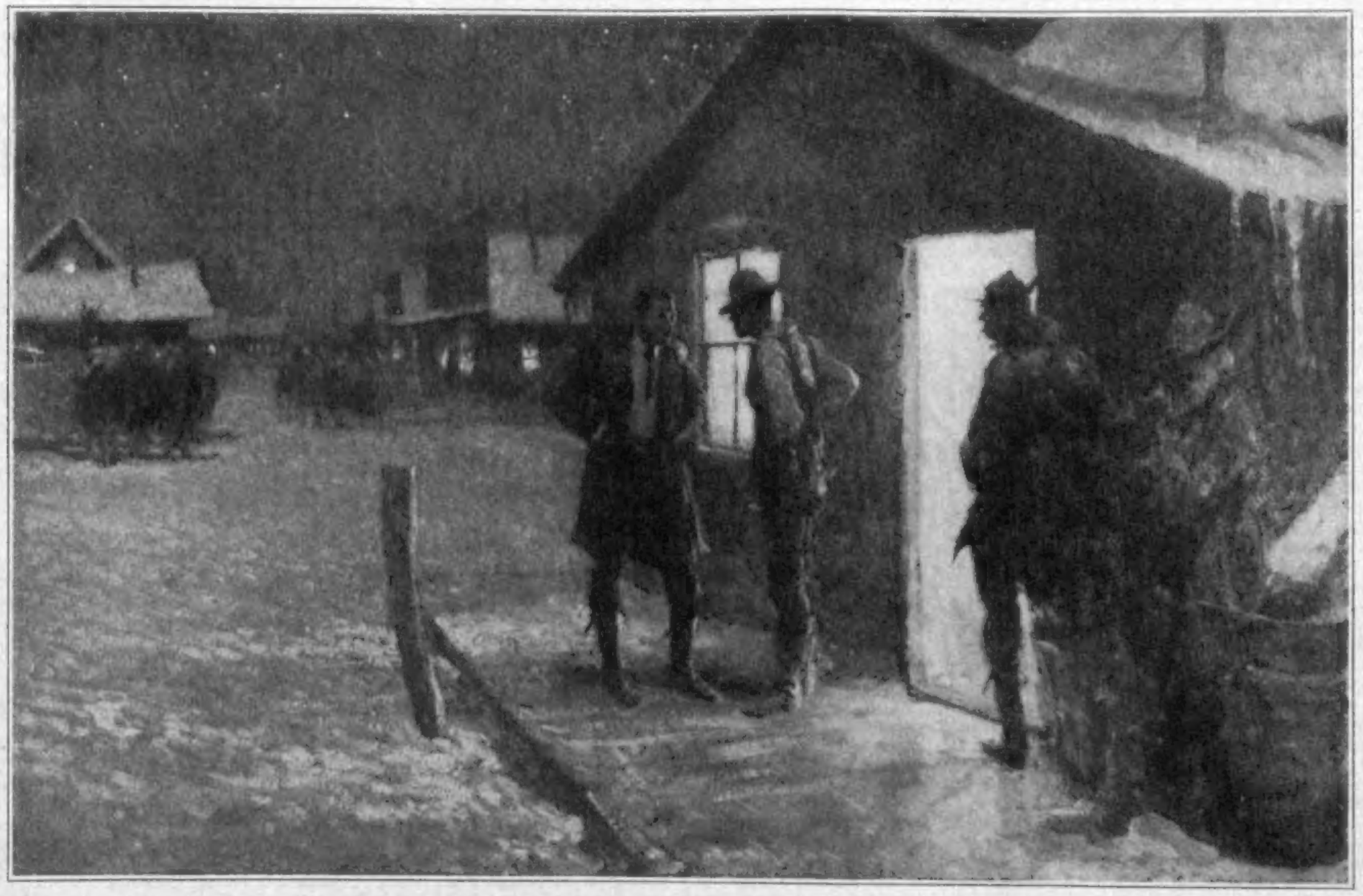

"'This Here is a Social Occasion and no Time nor Place for Me to Perform the Duties of My Office,' Says Dick. 'But You Mark my Prophetic Words'"

Striking Our Stride in France

By George Pattullo

FOUR months ago our Army in France gave me the blues. It seemed so pitifully small and raw. Did this little force of half-trained men represent the best initial military effort of the United States? No American spectator of its early activities could force a spark of enthusiasm; and even French politeness broke down in the endeavor to be complimentary.

Before coming over, I had imagined, in common with the general public, that the first expedition consisted of the seasoned regulars brought out of Mexico by General Pershing, only to discover on arrival that the ratio of trained soldiers to recruits was about one to four. Lots of regulars were here, to be sure; but the skeleton regiments of the service had been brought up to the new requirements of strength by volunteers, and the volunteers were lacking in discipline and all that goes to make a soldier, except only willingness to fight. Moreover, there were too many callow boys among them, the average of physique in the infantry was considerably below the best obtainable in America, and their numbers suggested a corporal's guard, as armies go nowadays.

Wholly untaught in the new warfare, their first performances were awkward; they groped. Nobody envied the job ahead of Pershing, Sibert, March, and the others; but those commanders kept a stiff upper lip and gradually there came a change—almost imperceptible to the officers who contacted the troops every day, just as the rapidity of a boy's growth passes almost unnoted by his family until suddenly he is ready for long pants. Returning to the camps after an absence at the British Front, the transformation hit me like an electric shock.

A Miracle of Transformation

WHAT had happened? Here were toughened, seasoned soldiers, hard as nails and proficient in their work. They were cleaner, snappier than I would have believed possible. Surely these upstanding, husky, alert men could not be the same rookies who crossed the seas in midsummer! But they were; a miracle had been wrought.

And to add to the thrill was the weight of numbers. New troops had been pouring in. They are coming; they are coming. Behind it all you can feel now the throb of a mighty nation. The strong red blood of the great republic is pulsing in the veins of this new body.

The explanation of these wonders is that we have struck our stride at last. During the early period of training we were well content to follow with conscientious exactitude the methods taught by instructors from our Allies. We accommodated our pace to theirs.

Now it is an axiom that no man can do his best except along the lines suited to his temperament and habits; you might as well try to get the maximum speed out of a race horse by making him trot when he wants to pace. The same principle applies to armies.

Our forces were not making the swift progress expected of them. There was considerable fumbling, and delays they seemed powerless to prevent.

So one day the Higher Command decided that a drastic departure was imperative, and that we must tackle the new style of warfare along lines adapted to American needs from what had been learned from the experienced French and British.

To put that through required time and tact. Convinced of the success of their own methods by three years of war, it was difficult for the Allied instructors to appreciate their pupils' desire to work out their own salvation in their own way; and they were dubious. It became necessary to be insistent; and then the experiment was agreed to, with characteristic courtesy.

Next day the Army went at the problems in good United States style, evolved from what they had picked up. The effect was instantly apparent. It was as though they had been given "a shot in the arm." Here were methods that fitted in with their natures and habits of training. They made some awful bungles at the start, it is true, but they were not the bungles of inertia; they were mistakes of aggressiveness and not of omission or "to-morrow." There was pep in the work—tons of it. Officers and men seemed revivified. They stepped to it; they gained confidence; and, first thing we knew, the new men were soldiers.

Not content with learning what the French offered to teach, the Americans have also worked under British instructors. There was something in the rough-and-ready methods of the British that struck a responsive chord in our boys. They like the idea of carrying the fight always to the other man—of defending by an offensive. It is a maxim of the prize ring that the best defense is to beat the other man to the punch; and John Bull's whole system of training is based on that theory.

Also, there was the bond of a common language. They understood what their instructors were saying and what they were trying to get at. The training speeded up. And all the time the staffs were laboring to adapt the best points in both the French and English systems to American needs, instead of adapting American needs to the French or the English system. They have been successful and you can feel the gain in impetus every day.

All of which illustrates the folly of trying to play the other fellow's game. Whether it be golf or reporting, or selling goods or making them, the man who watches the other fellow constantly will fail to bring to bear on his own problems the full force of his energy and initiative.

Various influences have been at work to make us play the other fellow's game. An instance in point was the tremendous pressure exerted to hurry the American forces into taking over a portion of the Front before they were properly prepared. Nothing could be better calculated to weaken our real effort than a half-cock blow, unbacked by adequate reserves; nothing would suit the boche so well.

There is no misunderstanding of America's position—no misconception of the part she has played and intends to play—by the French Government and military authorities. They are thoroughly in accord with what we plan to do. But false hopes were raised among a portion of the French public and soldiery, and they feel disappointment; their expectations were so widely at variance with what we could do, or what we ought to do. They thought the entry of the United States into the war would immediately take the burden from their own shoulders.

Certain newspapers were partly responsible for fathering the delusion of instant military aid. In order to hearten the French Army and people, wearied by heroic sacrifices, they announced, with a flourish, that a hundred thousand Americans would be in the front trenches before fall.

Apparently the authors of this propaganda never discerned the flareback that was bound to come. We didn't throw a hundred thousand men into the trenches, and the poilu began to ask Why? So did his wife and family.

The flareback found public vent in the Chamber of Deputies, the last week of September, in the course of a debate concerning railway workers. Lest the accounts of it that reached America may have given an exaggerated idea of the importance attaching to the complaints voiced by Deputies Brizon and Raffin-Dugens, I give here a free translation of the official report of what occurred.

In reading it you will perceive that the sentiment of the Chamber ran strongly against the two speakers. Also, bear in mind that Monsieur Brizon and Monsieur Raffin-Dugens do not represent the attitude of the French nation, nor of any considerable following in French politics. They were formerly Socialists, but their radicalism in divers directions put them out of sympathy with their party and they now bear the same relation to public life here that our lesser obstructionists and pacifists do to the real sentiment of the United States. An enemy might seize on their criticisms as evidence of national discord, but they are estimated at their proper value by their own people; in fact, when solid French citizens read of the tactics of such men as Brizon and Raffin-Dugens, they shrug their shoulders and say "More boche dust!"

Deputies Brizon and Raffin-Dugens skillfully piloted the debate to a point where they could spring their surprise.

Then M. BRIZON: "We read in the Geneva Journal of the thirteenth of September: 'The War Department of the United States has decided to send to France as enlisted volunteers twelve thousand engineers as soon as possible, to do work on the lines of communication.'

"I pass to the following paragraph: 'They are actually sending, also, ten thousand railway workmen, who will go to France to help operate the lines and to liberate for the need of the army the French personnel thus relieved.'"

The Enfants Terribles of the Deputies

"I ASK the Government—I ask the Minister of Public Works—if it is true that the United States, after having declared war on Germany, would wage it with French blood!" [Uproar.]

"I ask if it is true that they will send laborers and railway workmen to replace laborers and workmen of the French railways, who would then be sent to the firing lines to die for the Americans—who, I repeat, are at war with Germany! I ask again if the French are going to shed their blood for the others."

PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER: "I protest against such language, so highly offensive to our Ally!"

M. RAFFIN-DUGENS: "So France has not yet given enough of her blood?"

MINISTER OF FINANCE: "The Government concurs with M. the President."

M. BRIZON: "Mr. President, you have protested so often against my statements—the exactness of which events have subsequently verified—that you can begin once more without harm. But I leave to you responsibility for your protestations."

THE PRESIDENT: "I accept it entirely, as well as responsibility for all my actions."

M. BRIZON: "The French Government has, during this war, inclined the flag and subordinated the interests of France to British and Italian imperialism too often to incline them now before American capitalists." [Uproar.]

THE PRESIDENT: "That is a speech which ought not to be made here, and which all good citizens will judge as it deserves." [Cheers.]

M. JULES ROCHE to M. BRIZON: "You prefer to bend before Germany."

M. RAFFIN-DUGENS to M. JULES ROCHE: "Your capitalists have long since inclined before her."

M. BRIZON: "I ask the Minister of Public Works to declare publicly that American railway engineers will not relieve French workmen, to go to the firing lines in their place. I demand to be told if enough lives haven't been lost in France!"

THE PRESIDENT: "The expressions you are using here cannot be tolerated."

M. GEORGES BONNEFOUS: "If these words had been pronounced elsewhere their author would have been prosecuted."

M. RAFFIN-DUGENS: "You consider that we have not given enough of our blood?"

THE PRESIDENT: "That is not the question."

M. RAFFIN-DUGENS: "So France must be quite cleared out!"

THE PRESIDENT: "The Chamber cannot join responsibility with the speaker."

M. JULES ROCHE: "And the Government can only protest."

M. MAUGER: "Let us get back to our railway workers."

M. EMILE CONSTANT: "We are not fighting for America. America is fighting with us."

THE PRESIDENT: "The Minister of Finance has the floor."

MINISTER OF FINANCE: "The French, the Americans—all the Allies—are fighting side by side for humanity and justice. [Cheers.] Every word uttered against one of our Allies is a word uttered against France and Right." [Prolonged applause.]

From numerous benches: "The cloture! The cloture!"

Several Paris newspapers published the debate next day; but the censor got busy and subsequent references to it read like this:

x x x x x x

A calm analysis of grievances usually disposes of them better than suppression. So let us look into M. Brizon's. Even an American can understand and sympathize with it, to some extent. If we had fought and bled for three years—if our nerves were strained taut by suffering—and a powerful nation finally decided to get into the war on our side, shouldn't we feel a measure of impatience unless its fighting strength immediately became available? Wouldn't millions of our people regard any other aid than soldiers in the trenches precisely as Deputies Brizon and Raffin-Dugens regard the aid we have given up to date?

But what Brizon and Raffin-Dugens apparently did not know was that these American engineers were in France at the request of the French Government in order to put the lines into condition.

The military situation is not what it was in 1914 and the early part of 1915, when armies had to be sacrificed to stop the German avalanche at all costs. On the Western Front the boche is usually on the defensive. There is time for preparation without inviting disaster, no matter how galling delays may be for those now bearing the brunt.

A New Kind of Shell

GENERAL PERSHING will not be stampeded into precipitate action. No matter what pressure may be brought to bear, he will not go against the boche until adequately prepared. Battalions will go into the front lines on a quiet sector of the French Front for training, from time to time; but mothers and fathers and wives and sisters need not fear slaughter of American manhood for political or moral effect. And the first American troops to go into real action will dissipate our Ally's disappointment.

We are getting now the weight of numbers—not nearly so fast as we require, but they are coming in a steady stream. And a curious anomaly is presented: The first contingent had more green men than the newcomers. The majority of the latter have seen service on the Border, with patrol duty and policing in their own states since last winter thrown in for good measure. They look mighty fit, and they feel that way, their attitude toward the first division being the sort of patronizing friendliness a professional feels for an amateur. Haven't they a bigger proportion of trained men in their regiments? Then why should an upstart doughboy, with three months in France to his credit, presume to lord it over a recent arrival? Why should he? Hey?

Yet it is done.

A man who has been over here three months always thinks he is a veteran and acts that way to those just arrived.

"Say," cried a rear-rank man of the first contingent to a newcomer by the name of Dolan, whom he encountered in the streets of a French town not far from his own division headquarters—"Say, when did you rookies blow in, anyhow? I never knowed you was in France! Who left the door open?"

"Us—what?" inquired the gentleman from Charlestown thickly; and his face turned a rich purple.

"You rookies."

Private Dolan gave no further heed to his queries. He flung one of those Hub haymakers from the hip and knocked the soldier about eighteen feet. Then he went on about his business.

When somebody said to the doughboy, a few minutes later, "Here; sit up and take this!" he rose weakly and gazed all round.

"What kind of a shell was that, anyhow?" he murmured.

The newcomers hold themselves to be the equal of the first contingent as troops, and stoutly maintain that they will prove it on the Germans the first chance they get. I, for one, believe they will.

They are a fine-looking body of men. It may be against censorship rules to say so, but the fact is that the physique of the American troops is improving all the time. Recent arrivals are far sturdier than the first; they are the cream of the young men who were already under arms before the draft went into effect.

The newcomers are still talking of the quick and orderly dispatch of their regiments to France. They used to curse their Border service; but now they are disposed to bless it and to see in it a farsighted purpose.

"I'll never forget the way they botched up our trip to Texas," said an officer. "It took us a shamefully long time to get ready; and then, when we were ready, transportation fell down with a bump. There weren't enough trains, I guess; anyhow, we were kept cooling our heels until the men were sick of the whole business.

"Even when the trains were put at our disposal, there was more delay. Don't you remember how we had to sleep in the street all night at F——, Bill? Fact! Bill, here, will tell you the same. And it took us hours and hours to load. Then we backed and filled, and gave right of way to every passenger and fast freight that came along. Gee, it was fierce! Four days getting to the Border! And over eight in coming home, later!"

"And how did you make out this time?" I inquired.

"Like clockwork—just like clockwork! Of course we've had a lot of training since 1916. Perhaps you think these guys over here are soldiers; but they just aren't in it with our boys—are they, Bill? Anyhow, we'd had training in Texas, and afterward doing strike duty in our home state; so we were ready and in fine shape when the call came.

"Well, sir, we all figured it would be a repetition of what happened in the Mexican scare. But not much! We marched down to the railroad and there were our trains waiting for us. No fuss, no delays; we climbed aboard, company by company, and the minute a train was full it moved off. I timed the work. Fifteen minutes for each train, on an average. Perhaps that wasn't going some! Hey, Bill? It was exactly like taking a trolley home after the ball game, and just as fast. As soon as one train pulled out, another was ready. The whole regiment was on its way in a few hours and we made the run almost as fast as the passenger flyers.

"It was about three in the morning when we arrived, and we detrained quickly and boarded a ferry. The ferry took us to the dock where our ship was waiting, and we were out on the old Atlantic the same day. From the time we got orders to go to France until our arrival over here, everything moved like a well-oiled machine. This isn't hot air I'm giving you. You remember how we kicked about the Mexican mobilization! But I just want you to know that Uncle Sam has learned a lot of things since 1916.

"Thirteen days after we left our home town we were in France. I haven't got a single kick coming. The chow was good coming over, they never tried to be short with us, and everybody seemed to know exactly what he had to do. They kept us a few hours on board the boat after we docked, for an inspection; but nobody minded that. And they gave us a fine meal as a sort of farewell.

"You won't believe this; but when we reached camp there were fires going and our own cooks with supper ready. Headwork, that's all—headwork! If they handle all the troops like they did us, I'll take off my hat to the guys who have charge of transportation. But then, of course, we were Johnny-on-the-spot; we were right there every time it was our move. Huh! Sure—we always are. Aren't we, Bill? Have you seen our boys yet? Then come along with me. You've got something worth while to look at. We've got this first-division gang beat a mile. Haven't we, Bill?"

So I went along to see these Johnnies-on-the-spot. They had but recently arrived from their port of entry, where seven days had been spent, and there was no regular schedule of work in force as yet. The interval had been devoted to cleaning out barracks, setting up kitchens, policing the battalion streets, and making their bunks comfortable. One of their officers was off in a forest somewhere with a gang of forty doughboys. There he would remain for ten days felling trees for fuel.

Passing Time With the Gloves

"IT'S not such a bad detail," explained my conductor. "They've got a pretty fair shack to live in up there, and the men are used to the work. Did you know the French always saw down the trees instead of chopping 'em? That's to save wood—no waste in chips, you know."

A fine rain was falling; but some were batting out flies, others played football, and in one company street there was a crowd round a couple of welterweights, who were mussing each other up with eight-ounce gloves. It was a pretty fair exhibition, considering the slippery footing; but then, they were first-rate preliminary boys, one of them being Kid Toomey, son of Jacob Finkelstein.

Now, men who will go in for sport during leisure hours, regardless of the weather, are the kind needed in this business. Such will never be found moping sullenly in discomfort, or loafing in barracks with a grouch. And they will contrive to find some sort of healthy diversion even amid the slime and cramped living of the trenches.

The spirit of the newcomers was as good as a breeze from the home land. The trip abroad and the job ahead had not put the slightest damper on them. They fooled round in precisely the same fashion as they would have done in a home camp; and they seemed every whit as cheerful.

They seem surer of themselves than any troops I have seen over here. The newcomers don't think they're good; they know it! If confidence counts for anything they ought to clean up in this war.

"How's the chow?" I inquired of a cook who was explaining to a group round his fire a scheme of his own to beat Hindenburg—the cook's idea being that if the United States would send half a million men up through Alaska, and sneak up on the Germans from behind, the Kaiser would be luding out in the long grass inside of six months.

"Oh, it ain't so bad," he said; but it was plain that he lied out of policy.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothin' much. But these French guys get better'n what we do."

"Get out! Their rations aren't to be compared with yours."

"Where do you get that stuff?" he retorted. "Why, they have wine!"

It did no good to explain that the French always drink the cheap light native wine at meals, instead of tea or coffee; and that it would not sit on an American stomach. The poilus had wine; that was sufficient. And hundreds of our men were trading real chow for the stuff. A few weeks

(Continued on Page 59)

The Military Situation is Not What it Was in 1914 and the Early Part of 1915, When Armies Had to be Sacrificed to Stop the German Avalanche at All Costs

OUR LABOR PLUTOCRATS

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

There is Little Grumbling Over the War From the Men in the Mills and Factories in War-Industry Centers

IT WAS a Pittsburgh workman, a grizzled old fellow, a heater in one of the sheet mills, who gave me the first hint of what I am writing here. We met aboard a train. He had been over to New York on a visit; and what first attracted my attention to him was the difficulty he was having with the patent button faucets in the wash-stand of the parlor car.

The place was full of talk. Besides myself and the newcomer, there were four other men in the smoking compartment; and one of these, a Youngstown manufacturer, was holding forth on the war. To say the least, his views were not what could be called rosy. The Russians were "out of it"; the Italians "had begun to crack"; while the French had "all they could stagger under." Nor was that all—the United States was not much better off. We had no ships; our railroads had broken down; and, what was the worst in his opinion, labor had the country by the throat.

"Take it from me," said the Youngstown man, "we're facing a smash-up."

It was pretty sad. It was so depressing, in fact, that two of the others got up and departed silently. A moment later the Youngstown man, still grouching, wandered out; and, the fourth man following presently, I was left alone with the Pittsburgher. It was then I noticed his difficulty with the faucets.

"Friend," he said with a shy, embarrassed grin, "how d'ye wor-rk th' perjicketty thing?"

I got up and showed him. In turn I had also to show him how to set the patent stopper, fill the bowl and squirt liquid soap out of the glass container. His unfamiliarity with all this was sublime.

How anyone in these days of travel should be unacquainted with the ordinary conveniences of a Pullman car seemed to me inexplicable! And I was still wondering when I recalled his accent. It had in it a burr as thick as thistles.

"Scotch, aren't you?" I inquired.

He nodded. In Glasgow he had been born; but, as he made haste to tell me, he had lived for twenty-nine years in the United States.

"I'll be Amur-r-rican; aye," he averred proudly, the r's rolling from him like hail from a roof top; "Amur-r-rican—me, th' old woman and our yins."

The Scotch Heater's Pay

ONE thing led to another. This was the first time he had ever ridden in a parlor car, he volunteered; and, his face shining with soap and from the scouring he was giving it with the towel, he looked round at me with a chuckle.

"'Tis f'r th' old lady's sake," he bubbled; "f'r myself a plain day coach will be good enough yet; but this trip I wisht her to take pleasure in th' experience." Then he giggled, his gayety like a boy's. "Man, ye should ha' seen her! 'Twas near to a fight gettin' her aboord. I was mind o' th' time I fir-rst put her into our new automobile!"

"You must have struck oil," I suggested.

He gazed at me inquiringly.

"Oil?"

"Why, yes," I nodded—"the parlor car, the new automobile, the trip to New York besides."

Then he comprehended.

"Oil nothing! Man, it's wages—nowt but wages! Ye'll not believe me, maybe; but it's so. Every red copper o' it I got from th' day's work—me pay!"

Then he jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the front of the parlor car.

"Ye heard that feller, didn't ye?—th' one that was talkin' ruin and destruction. It was pure blither he was sayin'. Th' war we'll win—have no fear of it; though never mind that. Ye'll not hear the men that's workin' for wages growlin' and grumblin' like him. And all this talk of labor gettin' th' country be th' throat—it's rot! Us don't have to get th' country be th' throat. F'r this once we're havin' what we get f'r th' askin'."

He was right, in a way. In and round the districts where the big war industries are centered the grumbling one hears nowadays does not come from the men in these mills, mines and factories—not much of it, at any rate. In Pittsburgh, for instance—for that matter, from there all the way west to Chicago—a situation exists that has no parallel in our history.

It was as my friend of the parlor car said. The war does not spell ruin everywhere.

Now this story, the tale of the Scotchman I've just related, will be scoffed at, no doubt, by many. Automobiles for workmen, trips to New York—all that sort of thing they will deride as so much moonshine. There is another side to it too. The rise in wages has been so extreme of late in and round the Pittsburgh district that employers are beginning to grow nervous. What with taxes, the increasing cost of raw materials and the uncertainty of the war situation, their stand is that any further rise in the rate of wages will prove disastrous to them. Accordingly some do not court publicity of what their men are getting. Their idea is that too much dwelling on the situation will only nerve labor men to ask for more. But this is merely in passing.

My friend, the Scotch heater in the sheet mill, is not an exception. He is one of many—a multitude. Among the big industries on which the war depends there is only one, in fact, whose employees are not fully sharing this rise. I mean the railroads. True, the railroads have raised their wages too; but the rise is not so great as in other occupations—the steel and engineering trades notably.

The reason is that few roads are making enough to let them pay more. And that is the trouble with the railroads, the reason why there is an apparent breakdown in the district between Chicago and the Atlantic Seaboard: As they can't pay more, their men are leaving them to go into the higher-paid industries.

Here is an instance: One Eastern trunk line, which employs seventy thousand men, has been compelled during the last nine months to engage eighty-four thousand to maintain a working force. In the department of track labor this turnover has been excessive. The road carries a force of sixteen thousand trackmen; but to keep this average it has been compelled in the last nine months to hire no less than thirty-two thousand.

My informant—he was a high official of the road in question—made no effort to conceal the cause.

"It's very simple: Our base labor rate is twenty-five cents an hour. Over in the steel plants it is thirty-three. That's not all either. In some of the ammunition factories an army of our former employees have been getting from five to nine dollars a day."

The situation was not confined to the trackmen, however. With the train crews, engineers and firemen included, it was the same. Unable to compete with manufactories in the rate of wages paid, the road was, from his account, already in desperate straits.

I believe him too. One had need to take only a look at the congestion between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic to see that this road, and all the others as well, were in a bad way. And the cause of it is that one cause I've just given: The carriers can't get labor; and the reason they can't is that the men are able to get more money elsewhere.

The pooling agreement arranged by the roads is a direct evidence of this. If each of these carriers had men enough to handle the increased volume of business they never would have come to this. The situation is, in fact, so critical that more than one high official is openly advocating turning the roads over to the Government for the duration of the war. In other words, it is their opinion that the only solution of the difficulty is to militarize all the big Eastern carriers.

But this is the gloomy side of the picture. Let me get back to my friend of the parlor car.

The Surprises of the Pay Sheets

HE WAS, as I've said, a heater in a sheet mill. For close to three years now this mill has been working at full tilt every week day in the year. Most of that time his wages have averaged fourteen dollars a day.

It was pleasant to note the old man's satisfaction. He had begun in the mill as a catcher's helper; the job, in the old days, had averaged less than two dollars a day; but now he was enjoying an income that a good many business men and professionals might have envied. In short, ninety dollars a week was what he was bringing home.

This amount was not the full sum of his prosperity, however. He and his family, between them, were making as high as two hundred dollars a week.

His children, the yins he'd spoken about, comprised three sons and a daughter. One of the sons was a catcher in the mill; his pay averaged ten dollars a shift. Another son was a matcher in a mill across the river; and this boy was making seven to eight dollars a day. Then there was the girl; she was a stenographer in the mill office, and was getting fifteen dollars a week.

A pretty story went with this: Another son had also worked in the mills; he was married and had a wife and child; but when the United States went into the war he'd thrown up his job and volunteered. As soon as he had done this, his sister, the old Scotchman's daughter, had quit the high school to take a place in the mill office.

It was her way of doing her part. Though it was not necessary for her to work, she was supporting her soldier brother's wife and baby. Having told me what he and his family were making, the Scotchman eyed me with a grin. Frankly I was a bit skeptical.

"Ye'll not believe it, eh? Man, my fourteen dollars th' day will be but pin money to some! Aye! Take th' rollers in th' big mills; some o' they will be bringin' home their twenty dollars and twenty-five dollars a day!"

I dare say many will take this with a grain of salt. I know I did. When I got to Pittsburgh I asked a friend of mine, the paymaster in a steel plant, to show me one of his pay sheets. He grunted when I told him why.

"Twenty dollars a day, eh?" Grinning covertly, he laid out one of the sheets before me. "There you are!" he said dryly.

The first roller on the sheet averaged twenty-one dollars a day for the two-weeks period of the pay sheet. The next averaged not twenty-one nor twenty-five dollars; it was nearly thirty dollars a day! Then the paymaster hauled out of the pile of pay sheets another example. The mill was running full time; the pay was figured on the tonnage basis; and this day roller had to his credit three days when he had knocked out forty dollars to the day.

It began to dawn on me then that the old Scotchman had been telling the truth.

Forty dollars a day, however, is, I'll admit, the exception. There are few rollers in the Pittsburgh mills, though, who are not averaging from fifteen to twenty dollars a day when they are at work. They may be absolved, in fact, from any accusation of discontent—the growling and grumbling one hears over the war. Truthfully, you hear little of that in and round the steel plants. The men there may be trusted to carry on their part.

I heard while I was in Pittsburgh reports that rollers in the Youngstown mills had made as high as eight hundred dollars a month. I don't vouch for this, as I was not able to verify it. I do know, however, that men, clerks in the offices, have found it worth their while to give up desk jobs to take a place in the mills. One I was told about was getting seventy dollars a month at a desk. Now he is at work in a bar mill, making one hundred dollars a week.

The figures I've given are not for any particular mill; they are general for every mill, and every plant as well. In the sheet mills, shearmen, roughers and catchers are averaging round ten dollars a day. Each of the biggest mills requires a large gang of men to operate it; and the lowest wage paid was that of catchers' helpers—lads who were earning three-fifty to four dollars a day.

Labor Costs More Than Doubled

I ASKED one man, the general manager of a rolling plant, whether the rise in wages had offset the depreciation in the buying power of the dollar. The question, for some reason—I don't know why—seemed to irritate him.

"Offset it!" he exclaimed. "In the last ten years the base labor rate we're paying has exactly doubled. It was sixteen cents and a half in 1907; now we're paying thirty-three!"

However, if it was his belief that the rise in pay should be restricted to a commensurate drop in the dollar's value, he seems fated to disappointment. The increase from sixteen cents and a half to thirty-three does not mean merely that the base labor rate has been doubled; it means, in the aggregate, vastly more than that.

To explain: In and round the steel and iron district the rate of pay in the Steel Corporation establishes practically every other rate of pay which labor gets in that district—that is, other employers, if they wish to retain their labor, must meet the rise themselves. If they don't, they find themselves in the same fix the railroads now are in. Nor is that all. When a steel company raises its base labor rate it means that virtually every other class of workers in its employ also must have its pay raised.

Offhand one might assume from this that the amount of money now being paid out in wages is double that of 1907. As a matter of fact, it is far and away above it. The year 1907 was a lean year in and round the industrial centers. It was a panic year, it will be recalled, and the majority of the big plants were shut down. To-day, however, every mill—every furnace, too, provided it can get coke and ore, and labor as well—is running at practically one hundred per cent capacity. Every worker, if he so wills it, can now make full pay.

It is a poor man in and round the steel district who is not making ninety or even a hundred dollars a month. A job like that is to be had for the asking. The man does not need to be able to read or write; he does not even have to know English. All that is required of him is average muscular ability. Reports compiled on the situation show that there is a shortage of this class of labor in the Pittsburgh field of fully twenty per cent.

The railroads are not the only ones affected. In the engineering trade, plants that have war orders on hand are scrambling wildly for labor. Many of these have begun to bid against each other. It is the same condition that was present in England until the government was compelled to stop it.

One employer, the head of a big manufacturing concern, showed me in figures how this had affected him. His plant employs 6400 men; and in the last seven months it has been necessary for him to employ 6407 new hands to maintain a working force.

There are numerous instances like this. I found them everywhere in and round Pittsburgh. This is not cited, however, entirely as an evidence of the growing shortage of labor. The chief significance is that this class of labor has found other, more remunerative work elsewhere. The rate of thirty-three cents an hour is merely a base average. In other industries it is far higher.

The coal trade is an example: Forty-five thousand men are employed by the union mines in the Pittsburgh district, and the lowest day's wage paid an adult worker is $4.10 for an eight-hour day. This is for work done outside a mine. The lowest rate for adult inside labor is $4.75 a day.

The outside men, those getting $4.10 a day, are car cleaners—that is, laborers employed to clean bone and slate out of the loaded cars. Car trimmers—that is, those who stack the coal in the railroad cars—are paid $4.36 a day. The pay for dumpers, the men who tip up the pit wagons on the tipple screens, is $4.36. Inside the mine the men are getting much more.

In the course of my rambles about Pittsburgh I ran into an old acquaintance, the general superintendent and part owner of a mine in the upriver coking field. I asked him how the coal trade was doing; and instantly, his urbanity vanishing, he began to saw the air with his arms.

The coal business was going to the dogs, he informed me. "Dogs" was not just the word he used, but let it go at that. No one who owned a mine was making any money; the Government was choking them out of the profits and the miners were getting the rest. It meant, he said, that he no longer owned a mine; it was owned by the Government and the men. And he got red in the face while telling it.

Then he caught my eye. The instant he did so he began to saw the air more frantically.

"You needn't laugh!" he snorted. "If you were in my boots you'd laugh on the other side of your face! I'm paying my mule drivers five dollars a day. Trackmen, cagers, timbermen—it's all the same: five a day! D'you hear?"

Then he went off into another transport. Heartily and with all the earmarks of passionate emotion he began to damn the cutters and loaders in his pit. One of them, a cutter who couldn't read or write, much less speak, the English language, was knocking down three hundred dollars a month. Another, of the same sort, had made three hundred and twenty dollars the month before. "A damned Russian too!" exploded the superintendent. As for his loaders, so many of them were making round two hundred dollars a month he couldn't keep count of them.

"And listen to this," he growled: "Down in our district they ran up a new row of miners' cottages; and along with the row, before the men moved in, they had to put up eighty-six garages! Believe it or not, it's so!"

Having said this, he shot another look at me.

"I suppose you think it's funny, don't you?" he snorted.

It was funny to see him, that was certain

I did not see that row of eighty-six garages. I did see however, about the Pittsburgh district the evidences that automobiles are in use pretty generally among all classes of persons, foreign workmen included. On Sunday the roads outside Pittsburgh were filled with them; and I asked a garage man whether he knew any miners who had cars.

"Miners?" he inquired. "Why not? Even the Hunkies have so many it's worth your life nowadays to drive out on a Sunday or holiday!"

It seemed worth investigating. I did so; and several automobile agents confirmed the statement that many steelworkers—many miners, too—were their patrons. Not all the cars, either, were flivvers. On the Sunday I speak of I saw seven cars standing in front of one row of workmen's houses, and two of them were six-cylinder seven-passenger types.

Foreign-Born Bond Buyers

I HAPPENED to tell what I'd seen and heard to a man in charge of the labor employment office in one of the big industries; and he remarked that there was enough money sewed up in the belts and pockets of foreign workmen in and round Pittsburgh to float a Government loan.

"Because of the war," he explained, "they either can't send it home or they don't dare to take the risk. Some I've seen with as much as fifteen hundred dollars tucked in their jeans—a thousand dollars is ordinary; it's so general, in fact, that holdup men are having the time of their lives frisking these foreigners."

This, however, is merely incidental. That the great mass of workmen in the big industrials have a better knowledge of banking methods and how to use their earnings is evidenced by what took place during the flotation of the recent Liberty Loan. I do not know the exact figures—I doubt if anyone does; but one member of a Pittsburgh local committee I talked with estimated that fully seventy per cent of the individuals subscribing were employees of the steel plants, foundries, railroads and mines. The full force of this will be understood when it is known that a fraction more than sixty per cent of the workers in the industrial plants are foreign-born. Of this sixty per cent, too, only about ten per cent are naturalized.

In one plant where twelve hundred men are employed only one of them refused to subscribe. A strike was the result. The men, in a body, refused to go back to work till the one rebel, a boiler man, did his duty. To settle the difficulty the superintendent went down into the boiler room to discharge him.

"See here," said the superintendent; "when those men asked you to buy a bond did you tell them to go to the devil?"

"Yes, I did," the boilerman growled. "I ain't going to buy any more bonds just to please those guys."

"What do you mean by more?" the superintendent asked.

"I bought eleven hundred dollars' worth at the bank yesterday, and that's enough," was the reply.

The strike was called off

In the old days, the time before the war, any soft-coal miner who made fifteen hundred dollars a year was considered by his fellows in the light of a plutocrat. How many

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Workingmen's Homes in a Model Village Near One of the Great Industrial Plants

THE PROP

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

DAN GLYNN, only son of Margaret Glynn, and Herbert May were alone in the Glynn barn. They sat on two milking stools in the great bay of the barn. A golden haze pervaded the whole interior. The cows were out at pasture, and their stalls emitted the radiant haze in soft curling billows like sunlit smoke. This haze seemed like the breath of garnered grain, a life still surviving the summer of the earth.

The horses were all afield except one. They were working for the winter wheat. Only one long splendid tail switched like a battle plume in one stall. That belonged to Selim, Margaret Glynn's saddle horse. Selim never worked in the fields. He came of too high lineage.

Dan Glynn, great strapping boy, over six feet in height, of magnificent shoulder width and chest depth, sat on his stool, and his face was death white.

The other boy was older—he was scarcely a boy, being nearly twenty-nine—but he was so small and slight that he looked younger than the great Dan, who was twenty-one.

Herbert had a small pretty face, delicate in coloring, and a close crop of golden hair. He had very steady, almost hard, blue eyes. Herbert had a feminine beauty, and people called him Sissy to his face. He never seemed to resent it. He did not. A perfect knowledge of himself made him impervious to the taunt. He knew himself no sissy.

He was regarding Dan keenly and anxiously. Dan sat quite silent with that face of deathlike despair.

Suddenly Herbert spoke, and his voice matched his appearance. It was sweet, clear and small. One would have said that Herbert May had a good tenor voice, whereas in reality he possessed a strong barytone when it came to singing, though he seldom sang. He had little time. He had been employed for eight years on Margaret Glynn's great farm, and she saw to it that her employees earned their wage. He was only idle now because he and Dan had just returned from their examination by the local board. Both had been drafted. Dan was not exempt; Herbert was—his eyes were not good. Glasses would not remedy the serious defect was the opinion of the examining board. The examination had been rather cursory. Herbert was almost convinced that had he possessed Dan's physique his eyes would have escaped notice, especially as their outlook was apparently exceptionally clear.

That was what he said now. "If I'd been as big as you be they wouldn't have cared a durn about my eyes!" said Herbert. He was uneducated. Dan had been at a preparatory school, expecting to enter college. He was not quick at books, not quick at anything except a totally unprofitable imagination, a dangerous imagination. It was playing him tricks now. He nodded. A long shudder crept visibly over him. If possible he turned paler.

"Wish I had passed," said Herbert.

Dan did not answer. The dreadful shudder crept over him again like a serpent.

"Sick?" asked Herbert.

Dan shook his head. His hair was dark and wonderfully thick, rising in strong curls like springs above his forehead. His hair, like his body, seemed informed with vitality. One would have looked at him and said: "Here is a typical fighting man. His country can find none better."

Suddenly the strong young shoulders bent, the strong young head was bent on two muscular hands. Then the shoulders heaved.

Herbert regarded him with a complex expression. In it were great love—almost adoration—admiration and protection, also supreme bewilderment. He was bewildered, so bewildered that he felt almost idiotic.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've a good mind to run away and jump into that deep hole in the pond, and be drowned, and done with it," growled Dan.

Herbert stared, then he spoke again. He spoke timidly; flushing, he stammered: "Don't you—w-want to—go?"

Suddenly Dan's Face Was Upon the Anxious One of the Man in the Bushes, and It Was the Face of a Maniac—Wild, Unreasoning

Dan raised his head with a mighty gesture which belied his words.

"Who but a damn fool would want to go and be shot at?" he shouted.

"Better speak low. Your mother might hear."

"My mother! Don't she know? Pretty son I am for a woman like her. I am a living disgrace to her. She'd have me go if she knew I'd never come back—and I don't blame her!"

"Guess that's the way she'd orter feel," said Herbert in a sober, reflective voice. "This is a mighty big fight, you know."

"You bet I know! Haven't I read the papers? Haven't I lain awake nights seeing the horror of it? The liquid fire, the gas! Being blinded, being mutilated! It's hell they're fighting!"

"Guess that's what men were brought into the world for," said the sober voice. "Guess men have got to face hell, and down it if there's goin' to be a world left fit to live in."

"Easy for you to talk! You are not going."

"I want to, bad enough!"

Dan stared at him. His dark eyes looked preternaturally big in his deathly face. "Easy enough to talk!"

"I'm in earnest. I want to go more'n I ever wanted to do anything in my life. I never did do much in my life except be a pretty fair-to-middlin' farmhand; and now's the chance for the feller that's never had it before to raise himself up by his boot straps. Never'll come agin in my day nor yourn."

"Hope to God it never does! But if it does I shan't be here to see it." Dan spoke in a voice that was awful because of its despair.

Again the look of almost idiotic wonder came over the other's face. "Look here, mebbe you would look at it different if I was goin' too," he said.

"You—they won't take you."

Suddenly Herbert sprang to his feet. A curious transformation came over him. Little, insignificant, almost girlishly pretty man, he looked fairly martial. Courage like electric wires seemed to vibrate through him. He looked hard, strong. His sweet curved mouth became a straight line. "What'll you bet they won't?"

"They won't."

"Would you—feel—mebbe different if I was to go?"

Dan stared. "Maybe I might, a little," he admitted.

"You see I've been here ever since you were a kid, just a kid twelve years old. You've got used to me. Of course it ain't that you're afraid, but you are a high-strung sort of chap, and sometimes strangeness gets on nerves."

Dan nodded. He flushed a little.

"You better go in the house and sit down and have a smoke. This bein' examined is sort of tryin'," said Herbert. "You do that, and I'll go get the cows. The other men are pretty busy, and I ain't done nothin' on account of that examination."

Dan had hardly gone and Herbert donned his overalls when Margaret Glynn entered and stood in the golden haze. She was a middle-aged woman, very tall and large and nobly handsome.

"I suppose my son passed," she said in an even voice.

"Yes ma'am."

"And you did not?"

"My eyes made me get left."

Margaret Glynn looked at Herbert, and he knew what her look meant.

"He'll be all right as soon as he gets used to the strangeness," he said.

"He never will. His father was drafted for the Civil War, and he was exempted. The examining doctor was a friend of my husband's."

The woman's voice was sad and bitter. Herbert said nothing.

"My husband lived for years after," Margaret went on. "My son is like his father. I have tried to make him different, but blood will tell, and weak blood is sometimes the strongest to endure."

"It is strange to him."

"It will never be anything else. Dan would never fight like other boys. There is no fight in him—and look at him, look at his size and strength, and no fight when the world is at stake!"

"I am going too."

"You did not pass."

"I am going to pass; then he will get over the strangeness."

"Your eyes!"

"Let me go to the city to-morrow and be fitted with glasses. Then I'll get in all right. If I go he'll be all right. He ain't ——"

The pink-faced man hesitated.

"I know he is just the word you don't dare say," said the woman uncompromisingly. "He is a coward."

The man gazed at her resentfully. "He's your own son."

"I know it—and I still say it."

"I guess you ain't right, Mis' Glynn."

"You dare to tell me Dan is not a coward?"

"Yes ma'am! He ain't a coward the way you mean. Dan, he wouldn't be a bit afraid to die if he saw he ought to. He ain't afraid of what is; he's afraid of what ain't. He gets what is and what ain't mixed up. He's fit this war over in his mind about a thousand times; and a thousand wars would be too much for any man's spunk."

Margaret regarded him thoughtfully. "You mean he imagines things?"

Herbert nodded. "Yes ma'am. Poor Dan has lost more legs than a spider, and more eyes than a fly, and he's been burned up by more gas than all Germany owns; and as for trenches, Dan has been livin' in a trench all the while he's been sleepin' in his own bed and eatin' his good meals. Dan ain't a coward. He's just fit more than any mortal man can stand before he gets into camp. But if I go, too, I can fix it up all right. He listens to me. He gets his feet on hard facts. I have to work pretty hard sometimes, but I always make out."

"Go to the city and get fitted with glasses, and pass the examination if you can," said Margaret. "If I were a man I would go, and leave Dan to mind the farm."

"If you did he would be fighting with you harder than you could," said Herbert.

Margaret looked at him gratefully. "Maybe you are right. I suppose a man does understand another man better than a woman can. You see I don't know myself what fear is."

"I don't," replied Herbert May simply; "but I do understand what the fear of fear is. Do you want Selim?"

"Back him out, please. I've got to ride down to the village about that plumbing. I can't get the plumber on the telephone, and the gutters on the south side of the roof must be seen to before the next rain."

Margaret rode out of the golden haze of the great barn, and Herbert went after the cows. The men in the field taunted him.

"Hullo, Sissy!" they called out.

"Hullo!" returned Herbert good-naturedly.

"Pass?"

"Eyes."

"Sissy's got eyes too bad to see the Germans!" a lout of a young boy called.

Herbert, marshaling the Jerseys and Holsteins into a crowding, plunging army through the field, laughed. "You wait!" he sang back.

"Glynn passed, I suppose," another man shouted. "Bet he's tickled most to death."

Herbert looked back, and his eyes flashed with menace. "You speak like that again and you won't be tickled most to death," he said in a hard voice.

Every man there knew Herbert's temper, and in his heart was afraid of it.

"I didn't mean nothin', Herb," said the man, pale under his furze-like growth of reddish beard.

"Don't say it, then! Hold your damned tongue if you know what your hide's worth!"

Herbert went out of sight, flourishing a stick over the red-brown and mottled backs of the cattle.

"Pity he couldn't go to war," said the red-bearded one.

"Reckon he'd fight all right," said the lout.

"Fight? Fight? He'd fight, little and pretty as he is, till all was blue. Say, that little feller's got a dangerous temper."

The lout nodded. He had encountered that temper.

Herbert had his supper by himself in the kitchen with Abby, the maid. She tried to converse about the draft, but he was noncommittal. "Poor Mr. Dan!" said Abby.

"He's tickled most to pieces to go," said Herbert fiercely. "Like to know what you say poor for?"

Abby stared. She had lived in the Glynn family since Dan was born. She said feebly that it did not seem to her that Mr. Dan was just the kind to go to war.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" cried Herbert.

"He never used to fight like other little boys when he was a child."

"Don't follow he won't fight like a man, now he ain't a child and the biggest war on earth is on," said Herbert.

He pushed his chair back abruptly and ran up the back stairs. He was to take an early train to the city the next morning, and had some preparations to make. Dan came in while he was putting studs in a clean shirt.

"Get your kit ready. I'll be with you," Herbert said gayly.

"You don't know."

"Yes, I do know. Say, Dan!" Herbert when alone with the other man called him Dan familiarly.

Dan looked at him. The ghastly pallor had gone from Dan's face and his fresh color returned, but his eyes were tragic, full of shrinking horror.

"Don't you let on to your ma what you let on to me. No need of pretendin' you're crazy to go—lots of men ain't. It ain't goin' to be no peach of a job and anybody with sense knows it, but he don't need to say so. You'll fight if you have to. You know that."

Dan flushed. "Of course I will."

"Don't I know it? The trouble with you is you're fightin' now before you're drilled or know a darned thing about it. You jest say you'll fight if you've got to, and don't go round lookin' as if you didn't want to; and leave the rest to Almighty Providence and me."

Herbert chuckled as he put in the last stud.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Dan.

"Why, that sounded jest like the Kaiser, that's all; and I don't set up to be no Kaiser. All I set up to do is to fight him and what he stands for—and I'm goin' to do it!" He looked keenly at Dan. "So are you too!" he said.

Dan nodded, and his young face looked strangely confident, as if the courage of the other had been contagious.

Next morning Herbert went to the city, and all day Mrs. Glynn worked over her son's outfit. Dan kept closely at home. He read and smoked a good deal. Herbert returned rather late, equipped with glasses. He was radiant.

"Say," he announced to Dan, who met him in his little runabout, "I never knew before what it was to really see. I've been a darned fool not to get these glasses before."

"Suppose they get smashed?"

"I've got three pairs just alike. Reckon I can keep goin' between 'em all. I don't guess the Germans are all going to take aim at my specs first thing, anyhow. They might if they knew how much fight I've got in me. Ain't I growed sence mornin', Dan? Lord, I feel like a giant! I've got glasses, and I ain't got corns, and the lack of one and the havin' t'other goes a long way to making a man think he ain't a fightin' character. Lord, I'd face Golia'h and knock him into the middle of next week!"

Dan laughed faintly.

"You can laugh, but I'd do it!" said Herbert.

"Do you think you can pass now?"

"You jest hold your hosses till about this time day after to-morrer. I've got to have to-morrer off too. I've got a little work to do."

"What?"

"Never you mind."

Herbert got his day off, and spent it in his room. The next day he went down to the village, and returned triumphant. He had passed. Margaret Glynn called him into the south room, where she sat sewing. Dan was smoking in the little conservatory which opened out of it.

"Well, I'm off, Mis' Glynn!" said Herbert; and stood soldier-wise, his glasses reflecting the light.

She stared at him, incredulous. She paled a little. She was fond of the boy, who had grown to be a man in her home; and his attitude toward her son roused all the gratitude in her nature.

"How did you manage?"

"Doctor Wadsworth said he guessed I might have a try at it, anyhow."

"Doctor Wadsworth is always glad to get on the other side of other people. Did you have your eyes tested again?"

"Yes ma'am!"

"And passed the test?"

"Passed A 1 with these glasses."

"I'll see to it that you have things—things that I am getting ready for Dan too," said Margaret Glynn. There was respect in her voice.

That night Herbert dined with her son and herself. "If you are to be a comrade of my son's in camp it is time to make no distinctions here," she said.

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Herbert.

His table manners were excellent. Herbert's English was not unexceptionable; but many great soldiers have not been remarkable for knowledge of even their native tongue. After dinner, at Margaret's request, Herbert sat in the library and smoked with Dan while she sewed under the electric lamp in the south room.

"Say, old chap, how in thunder did you manage the test?" whispered Dan. He looked better. His voice was steady. Herbert grinned. "Never you mind. I passed!"

Nobody ever knew that Herbert had memorized the eye chart during a night and day. He considered that a bit of knowledge better kept to himself. Excellent as the glasses were, he had not dared quite trust them; but his memory, though he was uneducated, was reliable.

Luckily the two were in the same company and barrack in camp. They were not often seen together. Herbert kept himself to himself; and Dan made many friends naturally among the officers and the privates from higher walks of life. Herbert worked hard, and was underestimated. He did not resent the new nickname which was soon fastened upon him because of his pretty girllike face and small size. When Herbert heard the boys call him Mayflower he smiled imperturbably. Dan took it in a different fashion. He flushed and was suddenly silent. When next he saw Herbert alone he touched upon the subject.

"Say, Herb, do you mind the boys' calling you Mayflower?" he asked.

"Not a bit!"

"Because if you do ——" There was a strange expression on Dan's face. Herbert regarded him curiously.

"No need to get excited over that," he said easily "Keep your dander for the Germans. What do I care what they call me? I keep right on bein' myself for the little I'm worth.

"They can call me any old thing as long as it's straight American; and Mayflower is, all right. Might have drawn the line at cornflower."

Dan eyed him anxiously. "Sure?"

"Sure!"

The steady blue eyes gleamed through the spectacles at Dan, who realized, as always under that look of faithful affection and encouragement, a strange stimulus. Dan seemed to be slowly changing his very nature. The commands of his officers were as nothing to him beside the subtler ones of his mother's ex-farmhand.

Dan thrived in camp. He had a splendid physique, and the life suited him. Whether he would have flagged had it not been for Herbert he did not know. Sometimes when among the boys and at his gayest the old horror—born of the dreadful and splendid mother of horror, imagination came over him. Sometimes at drill it might have mastered him had he not met the other eyes, blue and steady behind the spectacles.

Herbert was not thriving, not physically. There was a strain of bodily weakness in him, though he was soul-strong. He caught a severe cold and was threatened with pneumonia. He endeavored to escape notice, but his cough betrayed him, and he was sent to the hospital. He escaped pneumonia, but while he was running neck and neck with it the tragedy happened in camp. A sentry was shot at his post one night, and the murderer escaped. The sentry had been one of Dan and Herbert's company. His bed had stood next to Dan's.

The sick man was free from any chance of pneumonia, yet far from well when he heard the news.

The nurse who told him could not understand his consternation. He had expected some, of course, for the whole camp was shocked, but he had not expected quite such an effect as this.

"My God!" said Herbert May, and sank back on his pillow.

"Was Lee anything especial to you—any relation? Did you know him before you came here?" asked the nurse.

"Never set eyes on him!" replied Herbert weakly, and had a coughing spell.

The nurse summoned the doctor, who found Herbert had a slight temperature.

"What ails you, Mayflower?" he asked facetiously. He was a very young man. "You hadn't a speck of temperature this morning."

"I'm all right. I want to get up."

"You stay just where you are, Mayflower, my son."

"I want to get up."

"Get up nothing! I'll have you sent to the kitchen and sweat your cold off scouring pots and kettles if you don't lie still."

The kitchen was the penance of the camp for all committers of small peccadillos. The kitchen appealed to Herbert. It spelled a way out of a difficulty for him. "Wish you would send me there!" he muttered.

"I'll send you to the guardhouse if you are so keen on the kitchen," said the doctor jocosely. "Here, drink this, Mayflower, and bloom in your bed till I say you may get out of it."

Herbert lay back. He could do nothing else, but he was wild with dismay. The desire to get well and out of the hospital was

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Herbert Looked Back, and His Eyes Flashed With Menace. "You Speak Like That Again and You Won't Be Tickled Most to Death," He Said in a Hard Voice

THE SALVAGE OF WAR

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHATEVER designation the great war may have in history no one will ever deny that among other things it is a war of contrasts. It provides the amazing spectacle of German and Turk lying down together; of ancient foes like England and France lined up on a common battle front of freedom; of American troops under arms marching through the streets of London; of industry reborn and society transformed. But no contrast, not even the flowering of thrift amid the ruins of colossal war expenditures, is so striking as the welding of waste and conservation. Of all the strange bedfellows of war, these are the strangest.

From time immemorial war has spelled destruction. Yet out of the vast vortex that to-day engulfs men, money and materials, there is coming a tremendous lesson in economy that will make peace more efficient and more orderly. The salvage of war has been reduced to a precise science and is a definite and inseparable part of army operations in the field. The hand that destroys is the first to renew. Here you touch the least-known of the many activities that go to make up the stupendous business of war.

Again, you get the example of a powerful war machine that began with almost nothing. The first salvage was casual and depended in the main upon the initiative or enterprise of individual officers. Now it is a full-fledged war-office department, with a complete and far-reaching organization all its own and dedicated solely to rehabilitation. It saves the British Government millions of dollars every year, and points at the same time a moral that nothing else could so forcibly impress. It is another Cinderella of the service—once rejected, even abused—that has developed into one of the permanent benefits of the huge conflict.

In former wars the human being was about the only thing regarded as redeemable. While there was life there was always the proverbial hope that the fighting man could be saved and possibly restored to some usefulness. As to arms, ammunition, equipment, food and stores of all kinds, the attitude was different. Why waste time on supplies that could be renewed? Everything spoiled or damaged went into the junk heap and was buried or burned. This is one reason why war became the one real synonym for waste. To preach reclamation on any kind of scale was almost unsoldierly—it sank to the basely commercial, though neglect invited the inevitable post-bellum scandal.

But that state of mind existed when war, as compared with present-day operations, was on a pygmy scale. With a host equal to half the entire population of the United States called to the colors in all the nations involved, and with an average daily outlay of $160,000,000, governments are inclined to try to snatch a few fagots from the titanic fires. The British efforts in this direction have created an agency of reconstruction that is a marvel of administration. The legend of the pig squeal phonographed in Chicago's Packingtown to prove that the pork barons waste nothing has a real parallel in the economies now practiced with army food alone.

Waste Replaced by Thrift

DURING the first six months of the war—or even longer—there was terrific waste. In the circumstances this was a very natural occurrence. With food and equipment the whole effort of the War Office was concentrated on one ambition—to fill stomachs, to clothe bodies and to arm hands. In the mad rush to stem the German advance there was no time to think of economy.

You had only to go to any one of the mobilization depots in England when Kitchener's first hundred thousand were being raised to find out that the British Government was looked upon by both the civil and military population as the Lady Bountiful. When battalions moved away from Salisbury Plain, or one of the other great training camps, nearly every house within a radius of fifteen miles was equipped with not only one or more army blankets but army food and stores of all descriptions. When scores of men went home on leave their rations were drawn by the quartermaster sergeants just the same. This food went to the garbage heap or to the camp followers. When an economically disposed officer remonstrated with his men about the ungodly waste the invariable reply was: "The government is rich and can afford it. Why worry?"

Major General F. W. B. Lasden, Chief Inspector of the Quartermaster General's Inspection Services—In Charge of Camp Salvage

Curiously enough, the first sense of saving manifested itself where there was the greatest destruction. This means that it began in France. It is not surprising also that it started with the Scotch, whose heroism under fire is equaled only by their thrift behind the lines. Instinct made the Highlander shy at the immense waste. He was not so keen as his English mate to discard a slightly soiled kilt or a damaged coat. His example was contagious, because, when all is said and done, thrift is a habit easily acquired.

Originally only guns and rifles were salvaged. The time-honored method of disposing of the débris of battle was to assemble it in huge piles and set fire to them. They proved to be costly bonfires. Along in 1915 began the practice of segregating the wreckage of the battlefields and hauling it back to so-called dumps. The uniforms were taken out and sold for rags at $250 a ton. Only the brass buttons were retained. Practically all the other refuse was destroyed.

One day the quartermaster general to the forces, Lieutenant General Sir John S. Cowans, had an inspiration. He said to himself: "If these uniforms are worth $250 a ton to the junk man they ought to be worth a good deal more to the army. Let us try to restore them."

As a result only actual rags went to the ragman and the near-rags were sent to Paris to be restored. Out of this grew the great Paris Ordnance Depot, which to-day employs nearly four thousand women on salvage and saves the British Government in actual money more than $12,000,000 a year.

Such was the beginning of British army salvage on any kind of organized scale. Long before 1915 had rounded out its twelve months of blood and disaster there was a salvage squad in every army unit. The work has grown steadily in scope and energy. To-day, almost before the flame and fury of battle subside these squads are on the battle ground gathering up abandoned steel helmets, rifles, belts, haversacks, bayonets, shell cases, unexploded bombs and grenades, clothes, leggings, shoes; in fact, every scrap of stuff that can be transported.

All this equipment is thrown into motor trucks or wagons and hauled behind the lines, where it is sorted out by individual items, loaded into freight cars and sent off to the various bases, to be reclaimed there or sent on to England to be salvaged. Everything must be redeemed or yield the British Government some return as junk or raw material. Only the dead remain where they fall. They alone are the unsalvaged. Formerly all the shoes to be salvaged were shipped to a certain port in the north of France; the uniforms, blankets, kilts, underwear and rubber boots were overhauled in Paris, and most of the ordnance went to England. As the litter of battle grew in volume it became necessary to increase the salvage depots, until there were three shoe-saving stations and half a dozen ordnance-reclamation establishments in France and in England. A small army had to be recruited for this work.

With the development of the salvage idea naturally came a definite organization for its conduct. The physical end is under the immediate direction of Army Service Corps officers who in civil life were engaged in some kind of business. The rank and file are enlisted men invalided out of active service or unfit for fighting by reason of physical disability or overage. For two years each army in the field had a salvage head and the entire work was supervised by the quartermaster general to the forces, who had a ranking representative at General Headquarters in France.

A Business of Huge Dimensions

THE scope of salvage reached such a point—its financial turnover represented many millions of dollars and the number of articles retrieved grew to an almost incredible total—that it has developed into what the British officers would call a separate show: that is, a complete and self-sustaining branch of the army.

The whole salvage institution is now under the control of a salvage board composed of the quartermaster general to the forces; the surveyor general of supply, whose acquaintance you made in the first article of this series and who is the general provider of the British armies: the master general of ordnance; the minister of munitions, and two commercial members. Here, as elsewhere throughout the whole army organization, you get the inevitable link with practical business. This board is the supreme court of salvage and sits on all matters of policy and administration. With the exception of the two commercial members every man on it is a direct and extensive beneficiary of its operations.

You can see the whole scheme of salvage set forth on one of the huge charts similar to those that outline the strategy of supply and transport and their allied activities. Once more you have the helpful pyramid indicating every step of a vast business system.

The apex of the pyramid is the salvage board, whose voice and interpreter is a director of salvage installed at the War Office. In the nature of his executive duties he corresponds with the director of supply and transport, who is housed under the same roof. Under him are five deputy directors of salvage in England, each one in charge of a separate department. Their opposite numbers in the field are called controllers of salvage. There is one with every army unit overseas, whether it be France, Saloniki, Egypt, Africa or Mesopotamia. In other words, the sun never sets on the British reclamation program.

The first and most spectacular department in the general organization deals with collection and field sorting. This is the unit that hovers on the fringe of battle and gets on the job before the smoke lifts from the hard-fought field. Its function therefore is battle salvage. In order to understand the whole reclamation process it might be well to explain here that there are two separate and distinct kinds of salvage: One is battle salvage—which deals with the débris of actual fighting and includes all trench materials, such as wood and iron, shell cases, guns, rifles, equipment, clothing, tools and other stores, that have been damaged in actual fighting; the other is the so-called normal salvage, which is materials, such as empty packing cases, gasoline cans and other articles, that never reach the battlefield.

As you examine this salvage system you find it reverses the procedure of supply and transport. With food and motor trucks, for example, you begin at the point of production and follow the commodity straight to the Front, where it is destroyed or consumed. With salvage, on the

Specimen of Special Money Paid to German Prisoners

This Money is Legal Tender at the Army Canteens

other hand, you begin with destruction or damage and retrace your steps to restoration.

All advanced salvage depots—here again you find the parallel with the supply-and-transport organization have a double function: The undamaged equipment is cleaned on the spot and returned immediately to the issue stores. The damaged goods are sent back to the base depots for renewal. This comprises what might be called the field-salvage organization

The next department deals with second sorting. A damaged belt or haversack easily repairable might be discarded as useless in the routine at the advanced base and thrown into the junk heap. In order to put a check on carelessness the stuff is submitted to a second inspection. If there is the slightest chance for salvage it goes to a home repair shop located in England, where if classed as absolutely hopeless it lands among the scrap and is distributed by the controller who deals with raw materials. You can see from the work of this department that the salvage organization lets no possible piece of salvageable material escape.

The work of the third section is concerned with transport, classification and distribution of articles to be repaired and of the scrap, metal and materials. It seems that all the goods to be salvaged land in England and are distributed to the proper factories and depots. It is in constant communication with the War Office as to its needs and as to available ports, because all army shipping is constantly up against the eternal problem of tonnage.

Here, however, there is not the usual hectic scramble for space, because the quartermaster-general's ships, which go over laden with food and ordnance stores, are employed to bring the salvage material back to England. There are no empty hauls. The task therefore is to fit the returning ship to the port nearest the reclamation depot to be used. Here is the way it works: The deputy director of salvage in charge of the third section is informed by wire from France, for example, that fifty eighteen-pounders are to be salvaged and await shipment.

The Profits of Salvage

THE deputy immediately gets in touch with the master general of ordnance, who naturally asks if they are worth repairing. If he is told that they are he then consults the state of work at ordnance depots. He may find that he can squeeze the guns into Woolwich Arsenal, and therefore instructs the deputy director of salvage to have them shipped there.

The next phase in the organization is the all-important wing that deals with statistics, overhead cost and accounting. A complete set of books is kept on every group of items salvaged. It must yield a profit in renewal or it is sold as junk or employed as raw material. The word "profit" in connection with salvage has a more or less elastic definition. It may mean an actual money margin or its equivalent in time or labor saved in getting the article fresh from a factory.

When you reach the fifth and final sub-pyramid in the salvage organization you are in contact with one of the most significant of all its ramified activities, for here you reach the plans for demobilization. You find outlined on paper the stages by which the enormous armament of war will be transferred to the uses of peace in the shortest and most efficient fashion. To look at only one angle, when the war ends England will find herself owning hundreds of thousands of cannon, large and small, and many millions of rifles. How to convert all this metal into plowshares will be the great problem. Much of this procedure is secret, of course. For one thing, however, it is planned to utilize the returning armies to bring this immense mass of material home with them

British Troops Gathering German Rifles After a Battle

Small Beginnings

THE reason is obvious. Just as soon as peace comes the average British Tommy is likely to throw away his gun and say to himself: "This war is over. The devil take the equipment. I am going to beat it back to Blighty!" Blighty, as most people know, is the soldiers' slang term for England

The big meaning of this demobilization salvage plan is that salvage will not end with the war.

As a matter of fact it will just begin. It is a hint of that mighty conservation of all resources that will make Great Britain a new world industrial power.

Having seen the outline of the salvage system, you can now go into the field and watch it at work. No branch of it is more imposing than the Paris Ordnance Depot. Here you get a very striking illustration of the growth of salvage as well as some idea of the immense financial profit that accrues to the British Government.

This depot began as a dump for mud and blood spattered overcoats, riding breeches, blankets and kilts. To-day it reclaims millions of articles of wearing apparel and equipment every year, is organized like a huge business and saves John Bull a sum greater than the net profits of a full-fledged American trust. I went to this depot one day last autumn. Before I passed through its carefully guarded gates the whirl of hundreds of sewing machines smote my ear. The place literally hummed with industry.

Freight cars were being shunted back and forth in the yards. Army trucks loaded with clothing rattled in and out.

When the luncheon whistle blew thousands of women streamed forth to get their *déjeuner*. I could not help realizing that this complete equipped establishment, vibrating with energy, grew out of a pile of battle salvage and dealt with the by-products of war.

The Paris depot, and in organization it is typical of all the other large salvage stations, is in charge of a once-retired colonel—a "dugout," as such a man is called—who has come back into the service, like thousands of his comrades. Too old to fight, he is doing his part amid the din and dust of the waste of war. Having encountered the stench of more than one reclamation depot I can

Some of the Salvage of the Battlefields Along the Marne and on the French Front

Above: To-Day Almost Before the Flame and Fury of Battle Subside Salvage Squads are Gathering Up Every Scrap of Stuff That Can be Transported

truthfully attest the fact that it requires more courage, certainly a stronger staying power, to work there than to go over the top.

All the articles to be salvaged are sent in special trains straight from the base depots behind the lines to the Paris depot. There are two stages of sorting: The stuff is first dumped into huge open sheds, where a motley assortment of Frenchwomen do the overhauling. Practically all the labor is recruited from the immediate neighborhood of the depot; it includes the wives, sisters, mothers, grandmothers, and sometimes the great-grandmothers—for the Frenchwoman's labors end only with the grave—of soldiers. The scene in one of these great sorting houses is as amusing as the air is stuffy. You can see a wrinkled French woman with her head done up in a shawl and wearing the tunic of a sergeant in the Royal Medical Corps. The old lady is usually very proud of the Red Cross on her sleeve. Another ancient dame is swathed in the folds of an army overcoat, still spattered with the mud of Flanders, while the third may be seen attired in the closely buttoned-up coat of a member of the Royal Flying Corps, which she has exhumed from some foul-smelling heap of soiled uniforms.

These women throw the repairable articles into portable bins, which are trundled off to the cleaning rooms, whence they go to the various reclamation divisions. As I have already intimated, the articles come straight from the battlefields and, like the wreckage in a mechanical-transport casualty park, are eloquent, if odorous, evidence of the life-and-death struggle in which they have figured.

Steaming Little Travelers in Kilts

EVERY article has a separate department in charge of a subordinate officer who has an adequate staff. The Paris depot is unique in the fact that it is the one salvage place where every square inch of material that comes in is reclaimed or used in some way. The only things not salvaged are the body vermin, which are slaughtered. I speak of vermin—no well-regulated salvage station is complete without them—because the Paris depot specializes in kilts, which are the favorite stamping ground for the little travelers. This is in no sense a commentary on the Scotch, who regard cleanliness as the next best thing to their proverbial godliness, but because the many folds in a kilt provide a safe and snug retreat for the pests.

Aside from the war on vermin—they are steamed out—the whole kilt renovation is a picturesque performance. Every Scotch regiment has its own particular tartan, which has some distinguishing stripe, check or color arrangement. After the skirts are overhauled they are sorted out by plaids. The sergeant in charge—a battle-scarred veteran of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—knows every one of the many Scotch tartans, and piles them up by regiments as they come in.

To get down to practical facts. A new kilt costs, on an average, $5.50. It is repaired, renewed and sent back as good as new for exactly fifty cents. When a kilt is not redeemable it is cut up in pieces and used to line overcoats.

No feature of work at the Paris depot is more animated than the reclamation of fur and sheepskin coats and leather jerkins worn by the motor-transport chauffeurs. During the first winter of the war thousands of these sheepskin coats were used. They soiled so easily and became infested with so much vermin that the leather jerkin was substituted and has been found to be much more practical and sanitary. These coats and jerkins are placed in huge wooden drums, into which sawdust is thrown generously. The drums are rolled by machinery and the dirt and other impurities literally dashed out of the garments. It mixes with the sawdust and is removed with it. The sawdust is then used for fuel. Five thousand of these garments can be cleaned every day. The number of leather jerkins cleaned during six months last year was exactly 298,612, which represented a saving in money to the British Government of more than $500,000. Since the depot was established 700,000 jerkins and 300,000 sheepskin coats have been cleaned and restored. I might add that the renovated jerkin and fur coat are much sought after by the British Tommy because they are softer and more wearable than new garments. Overcoats, or greatcoats as the British call them, are a big item at the Paris depot. During the six months preceding my visit exactly 304,193 had been redeemed. If the government had been compelled to buy these at first hand and at the army vocabulary or catalogue price they would have cost $2,375,000. These coats, turned back to the army at one-half this price, represented a net money saving, therefore, of more than $1,000,000, with all overhead cost deducted.

When an overcoat is beyond repair for a soldier it is dyed gray or black and served out to the Chinese, East Indian or Egyptian labor battalions, or to the prisoners of war.

At this depot I saw a pile of German topcoats, captured during a big advance, which were being salvaged. Eventually they will cover the backs of Hun prisoners, who will get the surprise of their lives when perhaps their own garments will be issued to them by their foes. Such is the irony of war!

The retrieving of clothes—the so-called service dress, which includes jackets, trousers and riding breeches—opens up a fresh vista of well-organized salvage. All garments are divided into three classes: The first, which is designated A, is for garments of the first class—that is, uniforms that can be worn by soldiers in training or behind the lines; the second class, catalogued as B, includes garments not so desirable, which are to be used by men in the trenches; and the third class—C—comprises the work clothes for men engaged in building roads or in any of the numerous manual-labor jobs in field or camp.

The supervision of this work required skill of a very high order. In charge of the whole job is a Scotch civilian who in civil life was head of a huge clothing establishment in London. Under him is a corps of trained French forewomen who classify the garments. With very deft fingers they stitch the class labels on the garments as they come by for inspection.

In this clothing department literally thousands of needles fly every day. The women are paid by piecework and, being French and therefore thrifty, they are in a constant contest with time. In order to speed each other up these models of industry work in friendly but highly profitable rivalry. The woman with the fattest check for the week is indeed the envy of all her co-workers.

The clothing output is in keeping with the production of the other departments. The average number of tunics or jackets overhauled during a six months' period has been approximately 202,000. If John Bull had bought these in the open market at the regulation vocabulary price they would have cost him $729,000. By turning them over to the government on a basis of half this price the saving is $364,500. With riding breeches and trousers the saving is correspondingly large.

Another huge item of salvage relates to army blankets of all kinds. During one period of six months, 1,555,803 blankets of all kinds were salvaged. Originally they represented a cost to the army of $3,889,505. Turned in to the government on usual half-price schedules they showed a saving of $1,944,752. Horse blankets renovated at the rate of 160,000 every six months, and representing a saving of more than $300,000 during that period alone, are merely an incident in the blanket department. Each year of the past two years the Paris depot has salvaged an average of 20,000 pairs of gloves, 60,000 cardigans, 130,000 pairs of woolen drawers, 120,000 shirts, 41,000 towels and 200,000 woolen undervests.

A complete follow-up system is in operation in every department. What is called a workroom-progress return for the week is issued every Thursday morning. On this sheet you can see the number of garments dispatched, the wages paid, and the exact cost per garment of every item salvaged. You find out, for instance, that the exact work cost per garment of salvaging 140,000 pairs of pantaloons was ninety-seven centimes, or about twenty cents. On the same sheet I observed that the cost per garment of salvaging 8629 kilts was 297 centimes, or about sixty cents. So it went. The total of garments of all kinds handled was 805,312, and the average wages bill for each article was about seventy-five centimes, or only fifteen cents.

Now take a final look at the books of the Paris depot and you discover that after deducting all expenses, including civilian labor, cost of material, coal transport, rent, machinery and wear and tear, the profits for one period of six months were $5,232,540. This average was more than sustained during 1917, when the total estimated saving for the year was about $12,000,000. One unromantic but useful item on the income side of this salvage ledger is rags. Every six months this depot sells not less than 500 tons at $250 a ton.

Tremendous Savings in Rubber and Leather

ASIDE from this huge saving in actual money the reclamation at the Paris Ordnance Depot—before the government established its wool control—had a very decided effect in keeping down the price of wool. If the British Government had been required to go into the open market and buy the millions of woolen garments represented by the number salvaged, there would have been a very appreciable increase in the price of the raw material.

In Paris you can also see the rubber-salvage factory. This is run entirely on its own account—that is, separate and distinct from the ordnance depot that I have just described. This plant has a peculiar significance because rubber these days is almost as valuable as jewels and every ounce of it is carefully conserved. The chief items salvaged are thigh boots used in the trenches, capes, coats, and ground sheets upon which the soldiers sleep.

The usual story of economy is repeated here. A pair of rubber boots that at wholesale cost ten dollars in London are redeemed here for sixty cents; a salvaged cape that cost five dollars is turned out as good as new for fourteen cents. You get a hint of the real saving effected in rubber when I tell you that before the Paris rubber factory was started the British Government got a bid from French contractors to restore thigh boots at eight dollars a pair! That was the lowest bid sent in.

Last year this depot salvaged 450,000 rubber boots alone. It is in charge of a temporary officer who took a three months' course of instruction in one of the largest rubber factories in England and who later established a school of instruction for the hundreds of women employed.

After clothing, the item of personal wear that represents the largest amount of salvage is shoes. The British Government not only makes its shoes—since the outbreak of the war 24,500,000 pairs have been issued—but it has gone into sole saving on a tremendous scale. The shoe salvage, which began very modestly at a northern French port, has grown to such an extent that the original plant now has a huge branch in the East End of London.

Both of these plants have the same system of operation. The French establishment, however, has elements of distinct human interest. It employs more than a thousand French and Belgian girls, who sing as they work despite the ungodly smell that comes from the battered footgear, plastered as it is with the mud of road and trench and sometimes filled with rotten straw or the old socks which the weary marcher has stuffed in to ease his aching feet.

All shoes in the army arrive at the salvage depots in sacks. When you see the contents dumped out you ask: "Is it humanly possible to repair this foul mass of tattered leather?" But it is—and in amazing fashion.

To begin with, the susceptibilities of the average

(Continued on Page 97)

PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

The French Pay Poor Peasants Three Cents Each for Collecting Empty Shells

THE EARTHQUAKE

I KINGS XIX, 11-19

My Household—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

II

HELEN, Margery and I had our breakfast next morning of coffee and rolls served in the sunny window of the sitting room by Mrs. Gavin, our caretaker. During the preceding evening, while our khaki-clad Jack had been with us, we had thought of nothing but the hideous gap his pending departure for France would make in our family circle; but now that he had gone back to camp we had time to face the concrete problems the war had evolved for us.

It had been the first night we had spent in our own home for nearly a year, and this was the dawn of a new sort of existence. Heretofore we had taken no thought of the morrow or, for that matter, of today. When we opened the house in the autumn we simply telegraphed to a firm of professional house cleaners to come, with their vacuum tubes, their rotary sweepers, their acids and varnishes, and get the place ready—usually at a cost of about three hundred dollars. Then we sent on ahead five or six servants, including the cook, to prepare the way, and arrived, in due course, in a perfectly ordered and well-running establishment.

When we returned from six weeks in Paris or London our motor met us at the dock. I found my dress clothes laid out in their customary place, and dinner was served by the butler and the second man just as if we had not been away at all. But now there was to be no butler and no second man. Our resolution taken the afternoon before was to be put to the test. Would Helen be able to manage it? Or, if she could manage it, could she stand it? However, I saw no weakening in her face as I lit my cigarette and glanced at her across the table.

"You had better send for René," she said, smiling. "The sooner you tell him he must go the better. I'm going downtown to engage a cook."

In spite of Helen's cheerfulness I realized what giving up her motor would mean to her; how physically dependent upon it she had become. I hated the idea of my wife hanging on to a strap in the street cars while the boors in the neighboring seats ignored her sex. Besides, how could Margery, with her many social engagements—she was coming out this winter—possibly manage to get along without it? And if we lost the peerless René, could we ever find another treasure like him? No; I would find some other and less drastic economy!

"Helen," I said, "I've been thinking it over, and I feel that it would be bad business for us to give up René. We couldn't replace him. Probably we can cut down on something else that ——"

But Helen had risen to her feet with a gesture of finality.

"No, John," she interrupted; "that has been decided, once and for all. It's a matter of conscience. I shall not keep the car this winter."

"Anyhow," I urged feebly, "you might as well run it for a few days while you are getting settled—say, for a week. It seems foolish not to, you know, when it's standing right there round the corner in the garage."

She shook her head.

"I don't want to begin using the motor. I don't trust myself. If I once started I mightn't want to give it up. Let me have ten cents for the bus, please!"

"You're a brave woman, Helen!" I answered. "Well, here's your dime!"

"You'll need a chore man, daddy," volunteered my daughter as my wife drew on her gloves. "The house is like an ice chest."

"Didn't we have one—an Italian?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered Helen. "I think Mrs. Gavin can find him for you. If you can't get hold of him you might start a fire in the furnace yourself."

Something Was Happening to the Indicator! Aha! The Black Arrow Had Moved. It Was Jumping Ahead Like a Taximeter!

I said nothing. Why not? If Helen could go downtown in the bus, surely I ought to be able to start a fire! But my heart was filled with more than mere misgivings.

"Well, what is Margery going to do?" I inquired lightly. "What's her particular bit?"

"I think Margery had better go over the linen and china and see if there is any of it left," replied her mother. "After that she can collaborate with Mrs. Gavin in getting lunch."

I bade my wife farewell at the front door and, having turned Margery loose among the china, sought the whereabouts of our chore man. But Mrs. Gavin had not seen Angelo that morning and was ignorant of his place of abode.

We had occupied our house for nearly twenty years, but only once before did I recall having descended to the lower regions presided over by that being so singularly misnamed the useful man. At any rate, I had always looked upon him as anything but useful—a fiction, a frill, a foolish concession to the unwillingness of the modern domestic to do any real work.

"Now," said I to myself, with a growing sense of virtue, of mastery of my own soul, "we'll begin to go at things in the right way—thoroughly, from the ground up."

The cellar stairs were dark and I had to reascend to the kitchen to procure a candle.

"You'll spoil yer beautiful clothes," warned the solicitous Mrs. Gavin. "You'll get ashes all over yerself!"

"You don't know me!" I retorted. "It's no trick to make a fire! Why, when I was a boy I always ——" But she had vanished into the mysterious distances of the laundry.

Our cellar seemed curiously unfamiliar as I stood with the candle elevated above my head, and dim noises from the street outside gave me the feeling of being immersed in an Egyptian tomb—like a helpless Rhadames without his Aida. A multitude of pipes of every size and crookedness writhed round a complicated apparatus which I felt reasonably confident was the furnace. Dust lay thick everywhere and scattered pieces of coal endangered my equilibrium at every step.

Timidly I opened one of the doors. It was choked with ashes and cinders. Curse the dago! I must clean out the grate before I could start the fire. I shall not describe the agonizing scene that followed, but at the end of a grueling half hour, reeking with sweat, and my hair, mouth and eyes filled with dust, I exultantly laid in the furnace a lot of newspapers and kindling and put on a shovel or two of coal as a starter. I then discovered that I had no matches; and as it did not occur to me to make use of the candle, which I had stuck on the coal bin, I was obliged to ascend to the kitchen again.

Mrs. Gavin controlled her features with difficulty.

"Have you turned on the water, Mr. Stanton?" she asked innocently. "You know it's a hot-water furnace."

I hadn't known it was a hot-water furnace. If it had not been for that missing match I might have burned the bottom off the boiler or blown the whole thing through the roof!

"Of course I shall turn on the water!" I replied haughtily, receiving the match box. "What did you suppose I would do?"

"There's an indicator too," she continued vaguely.

"Oh yes, of course—an indicator," I repeated helplessly.

Down in the darkness among the pipes I discovered at least five different handles by which I thought the water might be let into the furnace. One by one I turned them, without result. Apparently there wasn't any water. Perhaps it wasn't a hot-water furnace after all! Then I found a curious little valve, and on moving it received an answering gurgle, followed by a rush. Water! It was like finding it in the Sahara!

With the fast-dying candle I now searched for the indicator. I did not know what it was supposed to indicate, but I dared not disregard it. Yes; there it was, right on top of the furnace. Lifting the candle, I perceived that it had two hands—a red one and a black one. The red one pointed through the accumulated dust of ages to the number 100, while the black one apparently had its affections permanently affixed upon zero.

Meantime the water continued to run. Where was it running to? A furnace, like a human being, must have a limit to its capacity. I began to be worried. Suppose the water, having flooded all the hidden veins and arteries of the furnace mechanism, were now leaping gayly over the top of some tank or basin, to come presently pouring down the stairs, bearing Mrs. Gavin along with it, like a female Charlie Chaplin. Why had I ever tried to start the furnace anyway? I reversed the handle of the valve.

I was now just about where I had started, after the elapsing of an hour. Then I said to myself:

"Stanton, you have lived in this house twenty years. This furnace has kept you lukewarm in winter and made you swelter in spring and autumn. You would have suffered—perhaps died—without it. You need it in your business. You cannot economize on it without reckless extravagance in doctors. It is the axis of your domestic sphere.

"Either you or it must be master here! This is a test of character. Light that fire—or be forever disgraced in your own eyes and those of Mrs. Gavin."

Meantime that furnace was sitting there with its mouth wide open and its tongue in its cheek. I glared back at it resentfully. The indicator was still immutable. Then suddenly it dawned upon me that the water had run out of the furnace as fast as it had run in. I must prevent it, somehow. Down on my hands and knees I went until I found another handle, back of the damper. It yielded to my touch. Again I turned on the water. A clucking sound became audible. Something was happening to the indicator! Aha! The black arrow had moved. Cluck-cluck! It was jumping ahead like a taximeter! Presently it

pointed to 100, like the other arrow. I leaped upon the valve and shut off the water. At last!

My hand trembled as I closed the furnace door and lit the fire. Was it fatigue, was it excitement, or was it spiritual exaltation? I believe that it was the last. Carefully adjusting draft and damper, I climbed the stairs to the kitchen. I had the feeling of being a real man. I was the boss—the owner—of that furnace. No one could give me any back talk about furnaces—hot water or otherwise—again! No chore man could put anything across on me.

Mrs. Gavin seemed to have gone out, but as I emerged from the shadows of the passage I came face to face with an enraged and malevolent Italian—Angelo.

"Who you fell' dat getta my job?"

I have described my encounter with the furnace—accurate in every detail—in order that the reader may fully appreciate the parlous state of my ignorance of the physical mechanism of my own life. I had been utterly helpless in my own house. If anything, no matter how trifling, went wrong with the gas, electricity, plumbing, heating or elevator, I had to tell the butler to send for a gas fitter, plumber, steam fitter or electrician.

Emerging from that cellar, I had to admit that Angelo—like Gunga Din—was a better man than myself. I did not know how to turn the water on or off, or the gas and electricity, though the Commissioner of Gas, Water and Electricity was an intimate friend of mine. I was ignorant of the whereabouts of the gas meter and the electric meter, and I did not even know whether I had a water meter or not. I had no idea where the tank was—or if I had one.

I had never asked the price of coal; how much was ordered; or how much, in fact, I got. I paid my bills without question. The coal man, the woodman, the iceman, the milkman, the butcher, the grocer, the baker, and even the dry-goods man, could have sent me in bills to any amount for undelivered goods, and I should have paid them cheerfully.

My faith in the honesty of my fellow man above Forty-second Street might not have been able to move mountains; but I am sure it was worth thousands—to somebody. Yet in business I watched with an eagle eye the well-dressed gentlemen with whom I dealt and took nothing whatsoever on faith. As a business man I was from Missouri; as a householder in a great metropolis I was a simple-minded yokel.

Down in my banking office the people in my employ obeyed me with a jump, and received the "sack" or the "hook"—whichever is the correct technical substantive for the slightest incivility or carelessness. In my equally expensive and no less important establishment uptown my men servants did not hesitate to show by their demeanor what they thought of me and my suggestions—I cannot refer to my remarks as orders—as to how they should spend their time.

They had every other afternoon and evening out; they arrived at the house in the morning just in time to officiate at breakfast at nine o'clock; and their chief function seemed to be to stand in the front hall and hand me my hat and stick, after which they probably dawdled away the morning smoking in the pantry, reading the magazines or glancing through Burke's Peerage. The female domestics, though better workers, were no less exacting than the men in regard to time off.

I never knew exactly how many there were; but I know that on pay day the size of the check Miss Peterson had to draw always deeply affected my happiness. When, on the occasion of our annual migration to Newport, they left the house in a body to go to the train, their numbers suggested a parade of the Daughters of the Revolution. A silent and ominous antagonism characterized their deportment.

No one of my family ever entered the kitchen or exercised any authority there. The cook ordered all the meals. We did not give orders to her. We assumed a placating attitude, fearful, as it were, lest we might be discharged if we incurred her displeasure. As a man of financial affairs I was regarded as a success: as the head of a domestic household I was worse than a joke. And my wife, considering that the home is supposed to be woman's sphere, was as bad as or even worse than I was.

Our house was run independently of us, not by us and hardly for us. We were simple ignoramuses, totally unfit to assume the management of our own domestic economy, just as I had shown myself to be with regard to the furnace. Yet I had mastered it; and, if I had, there was hope that it might not be too late for us to assume the responsibilities of ordering our own meals and managing our own affairs.

Since the day I wrestled with that furnace I have sometimes thought that the Government to which I owed my allegiance was really no better prepared to cope with the practical possibilities involved in its being one of the family of nations than I was as a householder. If at any time a burglar had seen fit to enter my home he could have held me up at the point of his gun and relieved me of my valuables without the possibility of resistance.

I knew that New York had its quota of burglars, but I had no burglar alarm, no firearms and no watchman. If the burglar had come, and I had survived his visit, next day I should have hired a private patrolman and purchased a revolver; but the burglar would have had things all his own way for the time being. Like myself, Uncle Sam had been quite content to be a good business man, and in his family life had been entirely too easy-going.

My gymnastics in the cellar necessitated changing my clothes and a thorough washing up; so it was nearly lunch time before I could send for René. For eight years he had been a family institution. He had taken Margery to school in the morning and returned for her at one; had borne me downtown to my office at nine-thirty and called for me at five; had carried Helen out to luncheon and on her constant shopping excursions; and in the evening had transported us to the theater, to the opera or to dinner. The little car was kept rolling all the time. None of us set foot to the asphalt if we could help it, and meantime we had all gained substantially in weight—particularly my wife.

"René," I said apologetically, "I have some bad news for you. Mrs. Stanton and I have decided that we ought not to keep the motor this winter. We have got to make some sacrifices, and we feel that the car is such an expense we shall have to let you go."

I was very sorry to lose our lame chauffeur. We were all devoted to him, and for that reason had found him another place and paid him half wages during our absence. But, though I knew my friend, with whom he now was, to be anxious to continue his services, I was afraid René would show some resentment. He merely smiled regretfully and touched his cap, however.

"I understand, m'sieur,"-he answered in a sympathetic tone. "I am sorry, of course. But when all the world has gone mad, *que voulez-vous?* We must all suffer—eh? We must all make our little sacrifices. And, *vraiment*, m'sieur, you do not need a car in the city. There are very many taxis. By and by, when the war is over, I shall come back to m'sieur—perhaps."

"I hope so, René," I replied, touched by his manner. "But none of us can tell. We may never have our car again. Here is the check for your half wages."

I held out the slip of paper to him, but he hesitated.

"*Non, non*, m'sieur!" he exclaimed in half protest. "How can I take the money when I come not back to you? It was to be a—what do you say?—a bonus, if I returned. And now I do not return.

"*Non*, m'sieur, I cannot take it."

"But, René," I insisted—"how ridiculous! It was a contract. The money is yours. I have no right to it. I shall be very much displeased if you do not take it. So will madam. I mean it."

René fingered his mustache.

"It is very kind of you, m'sieur," he said simply, "but if I take it it will be only because of my country. Each month I send all but a few dollars back to France—all I can spare. Keep half, then, m'sieur, and buy for me a few of those bonds of Liberty—that bind all the Allies together. Yes, m'sieur, you shall invest for me here half of this money, and half I shall send to France."

"You are a good fellow, René!" I cried, holding out my hand. "Very well; I will do as you say. But don't forget us! Sometime, when you are not busy, come round and let us know how you are getting on."

I stood on the front steps and watched him, through the slight mist in my eyes, limping down the street until he turned the corner in the direction of Third Avenue. Surely the war had done something for René—something for all of us!

In the hall I met Margery, her hair a-fly, her hands black with dust, and an expression of horror, mingled with amusement, upon her face.

"Dad," she announced, "there's hardly a piece of china that isn't nicked! And as for the glass, I can't seem to find more than a few odd pieces of each kind. It was a new set last year!"

"Never mind," I answered, slipping my arm through hers. "There'll be all we shall need. I guess we won't do much entertaining this year. I like variety anyhow. What are we going to have for lunch?"

"Canned oxtail soup," she laughed. "Scrambled eggs and grapes. What's the matter with that!"

"Nothing," I agreed. "And the sooner I get at it the better satisfied I shall be."

"You know, this picnicking is rather jolly," continued my erstwhile dainty daughter. "It's lots of fun doing things oneself. . . . Hello! There's mother!"

She sprang to the front door and swept it open with a curtsy.

"Come right in, mum!" she mimicked. "Shure an' the missis'll be tickled to death to see yez! And lunch is after being ready on the table this quarter of an hour!"

"Well," remarked Helen as, a few moments later, we drew round the board presided over by Mrs. Gavin, "I've got a cook!"

"How much a month?" I inquired.

"Forty dollars," she answered triumphantly. "And we used to pay Julia seventy-five! Besides, this one will come without a kitchen maid, and that means a saving of thirty-five dollars a month more!"

"Great business! What other victories have you achieved?"

"A parlor maid, a laundress and a chambermaid—for thirty dollars a month each."

"Instead of ——"

"A butler at eighty, a second man at sixty, two laundresses at forty, a parlor maid, two lady's maids and two chambermaids, at thirty-five each."

"Helen!" I stammered, aghast. "Do you seriously mean to tell me that you can run the house with four servants instead of eleven?"

"I do! Of course we'll have to close up one of the bedroom floors entirely, and two of the three sitting rooms. I may even leave the furniture covers on in some places. You won't mind, will you? It will cut the house almost in half. Four servants can handle it easily.

"Anyhow, most of the seven others were what you always called 'dog'—'side,' I believe, is the English equivalent. Of course I don't mean to claim that your bells will be answered so quickly, or that you'll get French cooking, or that I won't have to keep you waiting sometimes when you want me to go out with you in the evening—I shan't have any personal maid, you know; but think of the

"If I Can Reduce My Servants' Pay Roll by Three Hundred and Seventy-Five Dollars—Over Seventy Per Cent—I Ought to be Able to Do Something With the Butcher's and Grocer's Bills"

saving—a hundred and thirty dollars a month as against five hundred and five!"

"And the food they would have eaten!" I added with a glow of satisfaction. "Heaven knows what quantities!"

"That is another matter," remarked my wife judicially "one I shall have to look into. But if I can reduce my servants' pay roll by three hundred and seventy-five dollars—over seventy per cent—I ought to be able to do something with the butcher's and grocer's bills."

"'Who can find a virtuous woman?'" I murmured admiringly, "'for her price is far above rubies.'"

My wife threw me a grateful smile.

"We shall probably have our ups and downs," she admitted. "Mrs. Russell has been having a terrible time You see, she kept her whole staff of domestics and cut down the kitchen table to almost nothing. She insisted that it was too much trouble to try to get new servants. And this morning, when the butler gave notice and so did the cook, she was so paralyzed with fright that she told them to go ahead just as they had before."

"That's a fine way to get behind the Administration!" I retorted in disgust. "What do you hear of other people?"

"All cutting down or living in hotels. The employment offices are full of domestics looking for places—even men. I didn't have any trouble. Our chief difficulty is going to be about the supply bills. . . . John, you look tired! What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," I evaded her. "It's all right. Feeling our journey a little, I guess. Then I have had my talk with René—and I built a fire in the furnace."

"I'm so glad you did," she replied. "The house was too cold."

"So am I," I muttered, but for a different reason.

When the new servants, in due course, made their appearance I was unable to observe any difference between them and the old. It is quite true that it took our one maid somewhat longer to serve dinner than it had our butler and second man; but personally I felt much more at ease than when every mouthful I ate was being watched and criticized by the imposing gentlemen who had hitherto condescended to pass me my food in return for their board and lodging, in addition to a monetary consideration almost as large as my paternal grandfather's salary had been as a clergyman.

Moreover, as the days passed I did not notice that the meals were any less abundant or appetizing than before. Like most men, I cared nothing for variety. What I wanted was solid food, well cooked. And this I had in plenty; in fact, after the lapse of a week I asked Helen whether she was not rather extravagant in her providing.

Seriously, I had not noticed any particular change in our manner of living, except a few trifles, such as that after the soup we now had fish or meat, salad or dessert, instead of all four; that when we had chops they did not wear pantalets; and that our desserts lacked the architectural magnificence and Cinquecento ornamentation that had previously characterized them.

"Extravagant?" answered Helen, opening a drawer and handing me a little pile of slips. "Perhaps I'll get the ordering down finer as we go along. As it is, we are living on about a third of what we used to spend. Most of it went on the kitchen table; but there was a tremendous waste on our own. I suppose you've noticed that we don't have very much left over when we get through? No? Well, Julia's idea—the idea of most cooks in big houses, I guess—was that the serving of a luncheon or dinner was an esthetic affair. How the table looked was just as important as how the food tasted.

"For instance, she always served a complete circle of lamb chops, no matter how many of us were going to eat them; and the roast beef or saddle of lamb had to be big enough to look well on the dish. Quantity was an end in itself; it was part of a properly ordered meal. And we always had meat twice a day and fancy fruits from the grocer. Haven't you missed them?"

"Missed what?" I asked.

"The meat and fruit."

"Haven't we been having them right along?"

Helen could not repress a smile.

"What is the use of keeping house for a man anyway," she exclaimed with assumed peevishness, "when he doesn't care two cents whether the table is pretty or not, or whether he eats steak or baked beans!"

"But I'm crazy about beans!" I replied.

"Then you ought to be perfectly satisfied," she laughed. "You've had them three times this week!"

"I am," I answered. "I don't want anything better. And that fillet of sole you gave me last night ——"

"Flounder, at sixteen cents a pound!" she interrupted.

"But, Helen," I protested with sincere admiration, "how did you know how to do it? You who've always been used to the best of everything and have hated to have anything to do with servants, or even to go into the kitchen!"

She looked at me quizzically.

"Oh, John!" Murmured Helen. "Don't You Think You Might Get a Little Tired of a Woman Quite So Competent as All That?"

"John," she said, "you don't think I'm an absolute fool, do you? Don't you suppose that I—and all rich women—have always known that we did not eat simply in order to satisfy our hunger and keep ourselves strong and well—but for appearances? It didn't take any brains to realize that. The food served in the dining room has always had a decorative quality—just like the linen and silver and china. And there was a convention about it also. There had to be a certain number of courses. Why, I never used to sit down to lunch, even by myself, without having some sort of hors d'œuvre, soup, an entrée, salad and dessert! You don't imagine I thought I needed them, do you? Now tell me: What do you have for lunch downtown?"

"A slice of roast beef and a cup of coffee."

"Exactly!" she retorted. "You eat what you need to satisfy your appetite, and no more. Well, we women used to eat the kind of food a seventy-five-dollar cook thought she ought to prepare and an eighty-dollar butler would be willing to serve without losing his self-respect. Can you see old Chatterton serving a slice of roast and a cup of coffee?"

I couldn't, by any stretch of my imagination.

"No," I admitted; "nor can I imagine him *eating* a lunch of just roast beef and coffee! I am sure he never condescended to touch anything but pâté de foie gras and vintage champagne."

"Pretty near it! I've been studying our old market books. You probably won't believe it, but in one month last year we ate in this house over one hundred and fifty pounds of roast beef and a hundred dollars' worth of fruit!"

"You say we ate it?"

"Why, yes; I suppose we must have," she answered doubtfully.

"Helen," I adjured her, "don't fool yourself! We didn't eat it; we were just charged for it!"

Down at the office I timidly recounted to my partner, Lord, some of the high lights of our recent domestic revolution.

He listened with only polite interest, intimating that I was way behind the times. It appeared that most people of our means had also awakened to the absurdity or at least the high cost of table dressing.

"Don't talk to me about it, old man," he begged. "Honestly, it makes me ill! I've just figured out that this blooming hidebound conventionality about eating has cost me over fifty thousand dollars in the last ten years. How I wish I had it now!"

That is what the first jar of the present earthquake did to the Stanton ménage, to my partner and to numbers of my friends. It has jarred us harder than some other people, because it has actually reduced our incomes. We have been forced to cut down. It is far less to our credit than to that of those who have done so voluntarily, for the sake of helping the starving millions of Europe or of buying Liberty Bonds. But, whatever the reason, it is a good thing Waste in food is the most wasteful of all waste, for the reason that it is constant—three times a day, year in and year out.

Even before the present campaign for domestic economy instituted by the Food Administration, tremendous saving had been going on as far back as 1915–16. I am credibly informed that last winter New York City's refuse had been reduced by thirty-three per cent, and that the official scavengers found they could get through their work two hours earlier each day!

Hotels and hospitals that had paid considerable sums to have their swill taken away found it a substantial source of income. The unseparated fats had lined the garbage pail with gold!

The war has set everybody thinking about things that the Europeans studied and systematized, as a matter of course, centuries ago. The Frenchman, the Italian, the German and the Englishman long ago discovered that for the worker it is, in general, easier to save than to increase one's earning capacity and that a careful adjustment of expenditure to needs in daily life would, in due time, bring comfort if not wealth. We in America waste billions every year—that is to say, we spend billions upon many things we could go without if necessary, and of which we now avail ourselves to excess.

But even the appalling size of these wastes, which Lord showed me one afternoon at the office, did not bring home the wastefulness of American life as much as the saving that Helen had achieved in my own house. I realized, at last, the reason why thrift on the part of the mistress of the household is lauded throughout the pages of Holy Writ I suppose the original respect paid to the wealthy was due to the belief that riches could only be attained by industry and thrift, and that the rich man, to that extent anyhow, was a virtuous citizen and one to be proud of. Down under our hides, even if we won't admit it, we still have something of the same feeling—always, of course, conceding that millionaires, as a class, are a parcel of crooks.

Crooked or not, however, we have always insisted that the rich man should spend his money freely—perhaps in order that we might get some of it. The "tightwad" was and is our national detestation. On the stage the close-lipped stingy financier always went to jail, and the lavish, roistering young spendthrift was played up as a hero. It was considered a sort of duty for the rich to be wasteful. Lavishness was felt to indicate a sort of spiritual superiority to lucre.

One may be inclined to doubt whether the millionaire who floods the Tenderloin with champagne shows as much contempt for his money as he does soulful appreciation of what it can buy. One is tempted into somewhat foggy metaphysics in pursuit of the alluring desire to give the devil his due in this respect. But, anyhow, we all do hate a mean man.

Well, the war has made us discriminate between meanness and thrift. Thrift is the prevention of waste; meanness is saving for oneself alone. But war is waste "elevated into a religion." They say at the Rockefeller Institute that the cost of the present war for one week would stamp out tuberculosis all over the world forever!

All of us are now educated to the tremendous results that can be effected by slight economies on the part of the individuals composing a nation of a hundred million people. Thanks to Mr. Hoover, we dream dreams and see visions—of mountains of sugar and rivers of milk—all created by our mere abstinence from one cup of tea or coffee a week. After all, it doesn't require a great deal of imagination. Multiply almost anything by one hundred million and we are quite naturally left gasping.

One hundred million loaves of bread takes, in the making, a powerful lot of flour—which might be sent to the Allies. The war has jarred that into the heads of a lot of good people who never thought of it before. More than that, it has brought home to everybody a startling conception of the tremendous latent power for saving—which, after all, is the equivalent of production—possessed by the American people. And, because it is so easy to accomplish a gigantic result by the simplest means, everybody ought to start in, as a matter of course, to help.

As a result, thrift is going to be elevated to its ancient niche among the cardinal American virtues. Of course, with some this will be due to mere self-interest. When eggs are too high people go without omelets. But principally it will be due to the nation-wide recognition of the fact that waste is wrong—and under present circumstances a crime!

The amount of stale bread thrown away daily in New York City reached into the tons. The only reason for this was that more bread was baked than was needed.

So it was with everything that was served by the piece. The cook always sent up at least one extra chop—for looks. If she ordered ten pounds of roast, the butcher—presuming upon her good nature or relying upon her connivance—sent her twelve and a half or thirteen. It was cut in the kitchen and served in the dining room. People helped themselves to two slices because one slice didn't seem enough, though two were obviously too much. Pie was cut into huge segments in the pantry before it was passed. Housewives habitually served twice as much of everything as was necessary in order to earn the proud title of "liberal providers." Puddings, more than half the time, were sent back to the kitchen only partly consumed.

Nothing in metropolitan centers ever reappeared upon the dining-room table, once it had been taken away. I speak, of course, of establishments where a number of servants are employed. These servants ate and still eat five or six meals a day, without any restraint upon their power of consumption. They began with a heavy breakfast, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, consisting of tea and coffee, hot bread, eggs, bacon, oatmeal, jam and fruit. At ten or half past they had and have a second or supplementary breakfast of bread, milk, coffee or tea—"Just a bite, you know, madam!"

Dinner at twelve sees the kitchen table groaning under the burden of the chief or third meal of the day—soup, roast meat or fish, vegetables, tea, coffee and milk, cake, pie, pudding, jam, preserves, fruit. Along about two-thirty the famished domestic is moved to avert starvation by a fourth resort to the larder, and a secondary luncheon of tea, coffee, milk, lemonade, cake, the remains of the pie and the fruit, and any unconsidered trifles from upstairs that may have been salvaged by the butler or parlor maid.

Thus they are enabled to endure the pangs of hunger until five o'clock, when the regular supper is served, followed by another—or sixth—meal at nine or ten o'clock, just before the friends go home, consisting of everything that is left in the house which they have previously overlooked.

To meet these useless and extravagant demands, cooks are accustomed to order huge quantities of raw and canned foods, which, in addition to being a temptation to waste, constitute an equally strong one to dishonesty upon the part of those employees who, though they share in the general gastronomical privileges below stairs, live out and have others less fortunate dependent upon them at home.

How well I remember discovering in our area our cook's aunt—a massive lady from Galway—with a basket hardly concealed beneath her shawl, in which were a fourteen-pound roast, a milk-fed Philadelphia capon, several packages of tea, sugar and coffee, various jars of preserves and cans of table delicacies and a handful of my best cigars! But that is long since past and quite by the mark.

The war has brought up mistress and servant alike with a jerk. My sober guess is that, in the section of New York City between Fifty-ninth and Ninetieth Streets and Fifth and Madison Avenues, not fifty per cent of the mistresses of households knew what their servants had for dinner, or how many persons sat down to table in the servants' dining hall—including followers, brothers, sisters, aunts and cousins just over or temporarily out of a job; how many times a week meat was served in the kitchen; what proportion the bills for the maintenance of the help [!] bore to the total cost of keeping up the establishment; or whether the price of flour was five dollars or twenty dollars a barrel. Well, they know now—some of them!

Ladies who have always assumed that it would be indelicate to refer to a pot roast or a rump steak now daily visit their ice boxes and direct the activities of their cooks. The régime of the Queen of the Kitchen is over, unless she is one of Mr. Hoover's anointed. It is a paradox of interest that in some households employing a large number of servants, where from five hundred to one thousand dollars a month is spent for food supplies alone, the monthly budget has grown steadily less, with the advance in prices, since our entry into the war.

The reason is not far to seek. Where heretofore there was no restraint upon the cooks, now, for the first time, at least some attention is being paid to the quantity of supplies ordered, their quality and cost, and the use to which the remnants of food left over from each meal are put. One lady tells me that the moral effect of her nodding to the cook in the morning is enough to save her about ten dollars a day. If it saves ten dollars in money, what must that nod save toward the flour and sugar we must send to starving France and Belgium?

This is highly encouraging as far as it goes; but, so far as I have observed, only a small minority of people of my acquaintance—unless their incomes have been reduced—have materially cut down their scale of living. Those who, like myself, have been compelled to do so have bowed to necessity; but I know of but few of my friends who are reorganizing their households and enforcing genuine domestic economies in order to buy Liberty Bonds or give the money thus saved to war relief.

They are, no doubt, buying Liberty Bonds and giving generously to war charities, but they have not reached the state of mind in which they feel called upon to endure discomfort, or even to inconvenience themselves in order to furnish additional money for the support of the Government or for relief work. The earthquake simply hasn't jarred them enough. It will take something hotter.

We saw the same phenomenon in times of peace. Rich women who believed that Christ measured the value of giving by the sacrifice involved, and taught that to save one's soul it might, in some instances at least, be well to sell everything one had and give the proceeds to the poor, were entirely satisfied to continue to roll round in their

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The Biography of a Million Dollars

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XV

PROCTOR BILLINGS had called me over to the bank the first of that week; and the minute I went in I knew there was something on, he was so terribly polite and polished. You could quite often tell that one way that something was coming—good or bad. You very likely didn't know which. But that was the one way he had of warning you—of showing his feelings in any way. When he was extra polite—look out for something!

He sat there a minute or two, putting another gold-engraved cigarette in his holder. Then he showed me the cut flowers on his desk.

"Orchids," he said. "I'm trying them in my conservatory a little. Aren't they good?"

I guessed then it was something pleasant he had to tell me. And right after that it came out.

"You know what I think?" he asked me.

"No—what?" said I, waiting for him.

"I think I'm going to take up that option."

"What option?"

"That one on your stock."

"For that million dollars!" I said, stiffening up.

"Yes," he said, very cool and calm. "I think now I can get us both our million dollars for that stock."

"Go on!" I told him.

"Yes."

"Apiece?"

"Yes."

"How?" said I.

"That Universal Motors combination they're forming—just as I thought they would," he went on, explaining. "They'll take in one motorcycle company if they have the chance."

"How do you know?"

"I have had it from headquarters," said he—"from New York. Our same people are running it—Magnus & Company, the ones who financed us. You know that, of course.

"And I believe," he said, "if you and I manipulate it as it should be done—if we stand out together we can get our million apiece for our stock here. If we want it now!" he said.

"If we want it!" I said. "Oh, no; we don't want it! You don't; do you, boy?" said I, slapping him on the shoulder.

He took it like a little man. He even smiled a little.

"Yes, I think I would take it," he said, taking his cigarette holder out of his mouth slowly.

"Oh, no! We don't want it," said I. "Cripes—if I saw a million dollars for that stuff of mine," I said, "I'd grab it and run down the road so fast you couldn't see me in a month for dust."

"And I think, in addition," Billings went on, making another smile, "I could get you placed at a big salary in the motorcycle end of the company. I'd drop out, of course, when they left town here."

"Where'd they go?" said I.

"To Detroit, I suppose. They'd want to fit it in with the rest of the plant. There's where the money would be for them—on saving on the overhead costs and the agencies."

"Look," said I; "wouldn't they want to pay it out to us in stock?"

"Not to me," said Billings. "Cash only!"

"Same here!" I said. "I don't know anything about that other thing. You wouldn't know what you got hold of any more than fishing at night."

"Shall I go ahead then?"

"You bet you shall!" said I.

I was feeling my oats pretty well when I went out through that waiting room that morning—that old private cooler where Proctor Billings had them wait for him to see them. And the pictures of the sheep. I had to smile, thinking of everything, going out.

But I struck a snag right away I'd never dreamed of—with Polly.

"What do you think of this, Pol?" I said. "Eh? A million dollars in cash—if we can get it! And we might at that! What would we have thought five years ago? Great business, eh?"

"Great," she said, getting excited. "I-I'm awful glad you're going to get it, Bill. I-is it all to be in money?"

"It will be if we take it."

"That—that's fine," said Polly, brightening up a lot. "That'll mean you'll have a chance to get out and rest up for a while."

"Not so you'll notice it," I said. "Not if what we want goes through. I stay with it—as manager."

"Oh," said Polly, pulling off. "Then I don't care about it. It don't interest me."

"Don't interest you!" said I.

"No," she said. "It don't mean anything to me—a million dollars—any more; only a lot of figures. We've got all the money we want—long ago, and more. What I'm interested in is you. What I thought was you were going to stop for a while."

"Well, I guess not!" I said. "If I can help it. Why should I? I never felt better in my life. I'm as fresh as a daisy."

"Why—why should you?" said Polly, firing up again. "Well, if you lived with yourself you wouldn't have to ask that question. You're all to pieces," she said, her voice getting sharp. "Your digestion's gone. Your nerves are jangling all the time. Why wouldn't they be? U-up all hours of the day and night, at the factory. O-out every day and half the night, eating heavy meals at that Lembach's. You can't stand it. Nobody can. You're different entirely. You're like a bear with a sore head. Nobody can look at you but you get up and want to bite them."

"I must be a nice thing to live with, according to you."

"You are," said Pol. "And it's a shame too," she said after a while, "when you're naturally so good tempered—when you aren't all to pieces! That's why I wanted to jump up and laugh out loud when I heard it. I thought you were going to sell out for good."

"You laugh too quick," I told her.

"Bill," she said, coming over and putting her arm round me. "You've been going too fast. You can't do it. You don't see it, but I do. You don't want to get laid out, like Pasc, do you—a chronic invalid?"

"I'm not Pasc," I said.

"No," she said. "But you're flesh and blood just the same—if you don't think so. You can't stand this always I know; I can see."

"I wish you'd stop giving out that moan about Pase," said I, getting sore. "I'm sick and tired of hearing it I'm not like Pase in the slightest degree, and you know it. I'm no broken-down bag of bones."

"N-no," she said, hurrying it out. "You're big and fat and puffy. Just as bad the other way just as bad exactly."

"Oh, piffle!" I said, shaking her arm off.

"There you go again!" she said.

"Well, this hasn't been done yet," said I. "Very likely it won't ever be. The probabilities are we'll stay right here and keep on going the way we are now."

"And as for going to Detroit," said Polly, "I wouldn't stand for that, anyhow."

"You wouldn't!" said I, staring at her "Well, drop it It hasn't happened yet!" And I got out.

It made me pretty sore, what she said. But there was something in it. I was ugly lately. I felt worse all the time—like a vicious dog.

"I don't know what's got into me lately," I said. "My digestion's all out of whack. I guess that's it—all right It must be. I'll have to be a little more careful"

Two days afterward I heard from Proctor Billings that our thing would probably go through price and all. And the thirty-thousand-dollar-a-year job for me—if I wanted it!

I felt pretty good, naturally. I stopped into Lembach's for lunch, and I ate more than I ought to—grilled clams, I think it was; that was their specialty Or something else pretty heavy When I got through I had to go home. I had one of those headaches again

"I don't see what it is, Pol," I said when I got home "I never used to be like this. My stomach seems to be all shot to pieces."

"You'll find out what it is," she said, "if you keep on going like this."

"You may be right," I said, rolling. "Cripes!" I was in awful pain. "I'll have to cut it out some, I guess. I'll have to get out and eat simpler."

"I'd like to see you!" said Polly—"while you're doing what you are now. I'd like to see you stop when anybody wants you to—anything! No, you won't stop ever. You'll do exactly what you please, without regard for me or anybody else. I-I'd like to pound you!" she said, getting red, clenching her fist. "I wish I was strong enough. I'd beat you into a thousand pieces—till you had some sense!

"Oh, Bill," she said, throwing her arms round me again and reaching up with the other hand, trying to feel my forehead. "Why are you such an idiot?"

And I pushed her away from me.

"Get away!" I said. "Let me alone, will you? If there's anything makes me tired it's a woman pawing round you when you're sick!"

"Have it your own way," said Polly, shutting her mouth together and leaving the room.

"You bet I will!" I said. And I turned my face over to the wall—and took it, for the next three hours!

There were several days that she and I didn't talk on that main subject to both of us. We kept off it. We always had, on things like that, since we'd lived together.

"That's one thing I won't do," said Polly, right after we got married. "We won't have any arguing going on in this house. We're both too quick tempered. I didn't marry to start a debating society. If anything comes up we can't agree on we'll just drop it and cool off." And that's what we always did, or she did—dropped the thing and cooled off, and kept her mouth shut.

But this thing couldn't be dropped. It came up all at once and it got going fast and had to be settled. Within a week Proctor Billings sent for me to sign up and confirm that option, that he could have my stock to hand over to those New York people.

"It's all right," said Polly, when I told her what I was going to do and her mouth tightened up I could stand for it, I suppose, all but one thing!"

"What?"

"Going out to Detroit."

"Don't be an obstinate fool. That's one of the best parts of it for me—in a business way I'll just be getting good and started when I get out there."

"I won't do it, that's all. I warned you beforehand" she said, "and I won't!"

"You won't, eh?"

"No," she said, tightening her lips again; "I won't!"

And we stood and glared at each other

"I won't," she said—and her face got white, starting round her mouth. "I told you I wouldn't and I won't. I won't pull everything up again and move the third time in six years—way out there."

And I didn't say anything for fear I'd be sorry

"Oh, Bill," she said, almost crying. "Just when we got started so well here! When the children have got their little friends! In three years Junior will be all ready to go to Yale with all the rest of the boys."

"And what else?" I stood and asked her I could see there was something besides that; that this was only excuses—the way women do—covering up the main thing. "What else?"

"No, sir," she said, getting kind of hysterical. "I-I won't. I-I won't go to Detroit and you won't go either! If I've got to bury you—if you can't take the money they offer you and get out and rest, I'd rather stay just where we are and keep the business. I'd rather bury you here, where I've got friends, than out in Detroit, where we haven't got any!"

"So that's it," I said. "That's what's on your mind"

"Yes—yes it is," she said. "If you want the truth, I'm worried to death about you and you know it."

And then she kind of broke down.

"Well, then, you've got to get over it," I said, keeping away from her. I was going to break her of that if I could. "Because if I'm sick it's mostly in your head. Cheer up!" I said. "Your imagination's got loose and is running away with you. I'm not going to die right off!"

"Well, you wouldn't want to be a half invalid all your life like Pase," she said, easing up a little and staring. "Just for nothing at all—just for rushing round and tearing round for more money—when we got the chance now to get out with more money than we will ever know what to do with."

"Well," I said, "if that's all the matter, just get it out of your head! I'm good for a long time yet."

"You don't sleep decently, your digestion's all gone, and you're smoking all the time," said Polly. "I know You've got to stop it. You're going too fast—just as poor Pase was. Only in a different way. You have been, faster and faster, every year since this started!"

"Fast, your grandmother's foot!" said I.

"All right," she said, her voice getting sharp again "But remember what I say: If you go to Detroit you'll go alone! I won't, nor the children either! You can go and kill yourself if you want to. But I'll stay right here with the children. You can't budge me!"

"We'll see about that!" said I, breaking out again. "Not on your life," I said: "you don't dictate like that to me!"

So that next day I signed up and confirmed my option with Proctor Billings who was to deliver it to the New York people. For he was putting through the whole thing with my consent. He knew how. They didn't know me in the transaction—those New Yorkers—practically at all, though they did promise me—with Billings' consent—that five years' contract as manager at Detroit of the motorcycle end, that Polly was so rabid over. I went right along I went over it with my lawyers and I decided that next day to go ahead under the old agreement—and take the new job at the same time.

"We ought to hear from them—get the money—in a month," Billings told me

I went home that night. I didn't say anything to Polly, nor she to me, about that. I didn't have to. We knew. It certainly was a rotten mess. And it went on that way for almost a week

We didn't talk much on anything—she and I—just went on living, saying nothing, with this thing always between us. We wouldn't either of us give way, I could see that She was spunkier and more set than I was, if anything

"I'd Have Got Out of My Grave," He Said, "and Come—if I Couldn't Come Any Other Way"

Daytimes I was away from the house most of the time But we slept together in one bed at nights, just the same as always, scarcely talking to each other except when we had to—and saying nothing at all on this one thing we were both thinking of. I woke up one night and I thought I felt the bed shaking. I thought she was crying to herself—without any noise. And then I made a motion, and it stopped Two nights after I thought I noticed the same thing

By this time, if I told the truth to her, I was kind of sick of it all myself. I was feeling kind of rocky anyway, and this row at home didn't help much when I got to thinking it over. I was almost tired of my bargain already. It seemed to me Polly might be half right about the thing It might be kind of a fool operation, after all, for us to pull up and go out there to Detroit after living all our lives in that one place and getting used to it. And that kind of got me arguing out the whole thing again with myself

"What's the advantage of it?" I said to myself—lying there, thinking at night, listening to see if she was going to start that silent crying again. "I believed we could have made more money, too, sitting right here and running the business ourselves Running it ourselves," I said to myself, "and staying here where you're known and can be somebody instead of going out there and being a small toad in a great big puddle. A million ain't so much," I said to myself, "compared to what you'd make here. And what's thirty thousand dollars a year for five years?"

But that wasn't the only thing—or the main thing with me. I began to see that as the days went along. The fact was, when it came right down to it, I hated to give up that business we'd worked so hard to build up.

I felt that way at first—a little. But it kept growing on me And it grew worse as I saw, right beside us, what Pase and Zetta were doing with themselves since he got out—all the time getting worse and worse, until finally it came up that time at their new redundant housewarming.

XXI

THEY had been there several weeks then in that new house of theirs they'd built next to ours. Every morning pleasant days—you'd see Pase come out and sit round the lawn Polly used to call my attention to him, before our row became quite so bad.

"You think Zetta's changed," said Polly. "It's been nothing to him. See him," she said. "Isn't it awful! Doesn't he look and act just like an old man!"

"There's nothing to him any more," I said

"Sitting, staring off," said Polly.

"Still at it! He's still got that carburetor on his brain," I told her; "that change he's working on for the poor gasoline and for the aëroplane. He can't quite fetch it, I guess."

"Maybe—maybe he never will!" said Polly, watching him sitting there on a bench he had, under an old maple tree, getting out his stub and scrap of paper again.

"Not so bad as that," I said, "I guess."

Then she didn't say anything answering me. "Poor fellow," she said to herself, under her breath. "He always looks so tired!"

"Ain't it funny!" I said, watching him. "It's burning him up."

"I don't see anything funny about it," said Polly, speaking up.

"It's a queer thing to watch, just the same," I said.

"You can see a carburetor in his eyes if you look close—so Zetta says," said Polly.

"I believe it," I said. I could almost see from that distance his old pale-blue eyes peering out from back of those old lean cheek bones, searching round a thousand miles off for something they could never quite find. "But he's lucky in one way, at that, to have something to think about. Luckier a lot than I'd be if I ever had to knock off business."

"Maybe," said Polly, "though I don't believe it. But that's the way it's hard on Zetta. She don't have that, either—something to think about. And you never see them together at all. She says she tries her best every day with him, and then gives him up finally to his carburetor."

"And goes off riding with her chauffeur!" I said.

"Yes," said Polly, "most every afternoon."

"It's a darned outrage," I said, "for her to behave so!"

"It doesn't look very nice," Polly answered me.

"Are they still talking about it?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"Just as much as ever?"

"More."

"She's a fool," I said. "Just a plain fool—she's gotten to be!"

"It's a shame too," said Polly. "There isn't a thing wrong about her except this awful restlessness—like a disease."

"I don't know which is worse," I told her, "being crooked or a plain fool. I don't know which does the most damage. I'm through caring about her now, anyhow. The thing I care about is old Pasc, sitting there, chasing his invention round inside his old skull. That's all I care about now."

"I don't. I'm sorry for them both," said Polly. "You can't blame it all on her," she said. "He's got to take his share—he and his everlasting carburetor."

"Following round after it," I said, and grinned, thinking.

"Like a man who sees a ghost," said Polly, "beckoning, and has to follow it, in the old stories those old people used to tell. And the worst of it is," she said, going back to Zetta again, "you can't stop her. He won't see it—ever; and the more she thinks all the folks talk about her the more she'll go right ahead, faster than ever, defying them. Everybody's talking—naturally, everywhere."

"Do you think," I said, "they'll turn out—the neighbors round here anyhow—at that dinner party when they open up the house?"

"I think so," she answered me, "probably. With what little we do—and with Mrs. Billings. But she isn't helping us—not very much."

"The reckless fool!" I said, thinking of Zetta again. "You can't blame the women exactly! You know what they're calling those two down at the garage—that row of eyes and clean collars and dirty mouths along that wall?"

"No," said Polly.

"The soul mates!"

"They are in a way too," said Polly; "in one way. Both of them—both desperate—kind of rebels. You won't see it," she said, "not since you had that row with him; but that boy of Tom's isn't all bad."

"He's bad enough," I told her, "so if you went tearing round with him like that I'd kill you."

"Maybe," said Polly.

"No maybe to it," said I.

We'd done all we could. I'd gone to Billings after Pasc had shown me how he'd like it if Zetta could get in with nice people, like Polly had. I'd practically gone and asked Billings if he wouldn't get his wife to help out a little, and come anyhow herself. For they were neighbors, you might say, and kind of leaders on High Hill; and what they said went. And Billings said he'd see what he could do. And Polly heard somewhere else that she was coming, and even helping out a little—though it came pretty hard.

But Zetta, of course, wouldn't help any—or hardly come half way; especially when she took a dislike to anybody, the way she had to Proctor Billings' wife.

"You talk about Billings—the human icicle!" she said to me. "He's nothing to his wife. Male and female icicles," she said, laughing that harsh laugh of hers; "and, what is it now? the female is more chilly than the male, or something like that!" And she made up a stiff face like Mrs. Billings'.

I had to laugh in spite of myself.

"Let them see me," she said to Polly about the same time, "driving out if they want to. What do I care? I'll go where I please and do what I please, so long as I know I'm straight. Whose business is it?"

We two were pretty well worked up, especially Polly, as the day of that party of theirs came on. We weren't sure that we'd get the women to recognize her and come—up to the very last minute. But the Thomases didn't care apparently. Zet was as indifferent as ever, and old Pasc was round, looking off, with his eyes in a vise, trying to tear that last wrinkle about that carburetor from the back end of his brain somewhere.

It was that way clear up to the day of the dinner party itself. Zetta talked absolutely indifferent. It made you mad, almost, when you thought of all the trouble we'd taken for her.

"I don't care. I wouldn't have cared if they'd all stayed away and hadn't accepted. I wouldn't have done it at all. I wouldn't care that—if it wasn't for Pasc and you, honey!" she said. And she grabbed Polly in her arms and kissed her.

"But I'll be good. I'll be stiff as any old maid you ever saw," she said to her, coming round again in that old-time, good-hearted way of hers. "Just tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it."

And she had done just what she said she would—for days—till that very afternoon of the dinner party.

"Do you know what she's done?" said Polly when I came home to the house a little early to see if I could do anything.

"No. What?"

"She's gone out riding this afternoon in that runabout with Tom's boy. Just now!"

"The devilish fool!" I said, getting up out of my chair. "Can't she stop for a minute?"

"She told me she just had to."

"Had to! The whole town will have to see her. This afternoon!"

"No," said Pol. "It was quite dusk when they started. Pretty dark."

"It's now four-thirty," I said. "Nearer five. Think of it—two hours before the dinner!"

"You're a Damned Good Man, Bill Morgan," Said Old Tom, Staring at Me, "But You Can't Make Me Take Your Money While I Can Earn My Own"

"The real fact is," said Polly, "she's nervous. She hates meeting them all to-night, like poison—all those women. And she thinks this will set her up—brace her—give her fresh air!"

"Yes," I said then; "and what if anything happens? If they had a blowout or got held up in any way! What's she thinking of? It's dark as night right now! What's Pasc doing?" I asked her.

"That's the worst of it," said Polly. "Do you know what he's doing—really? He's working on that thing of his—now! To-day! He's in one of those fits—those trances when he thinks he's discovered something. He's forgotten there is such a thing as a dinner party."

"Sitting there alone," I said, "like an absent-minded child in the dusk."

"Yes. In his room upstairs."

"She ought to be killed," I said.

But I thought, of course, it would come out all right, someway. It was six o'clock, pretty nearly, when Pasc called up and said Zetta and the driver hadn't come yet.

"What!" said I. "Not come!"

I looked round. Polly stood right back of me.

"What is it?" she asked; and I told her.

"You let me talk to him," she said, and took the telephone away from me.

"I'm worried," said Pasc.

"I don't blame you," said Polly. "Now here—listen. I'm coming over to your house and see that things are going right. I've been there all day, anyhow. And Bill will start right now to see if anything's happened to them—any tire trouble."

"Well, I wish you would," Pasc told her, "if you feel you can."

"You know we do," said Polly. "You know that's exactly the way we do feel."

"For I'm getting kind of worked up," said Pasc.

"Look," said Polly. "Which way did they go?"

And he told her where he thought. It was a common road they often took, out through the woods—that Rocky Cove road, where she went out to tear off the miles in that fast car. I knew it—a lonely place, but pretty good for a country road.

"Hurry up, Bill!" said Polly. "You haven't got any time!" And I ran out to the garage.

"Gad!" I said to myself, driving out the runabout, "what does this mean?" I didn't know what to think. I knew there was that road house beyond there. I thought of that first—that road was the shortest way there. She might be out there—drinking a cocktail—taking a bracer, and taking too much. And yet I couldn't think that either. I'd never seen her drunk—not more than gay.

"I don't know what to make of this," I said to myself, scared, "unless it's an accident."

I was in a nice fix. I didn't want to ask anybody of course—not near the town anyway—if they'd seen them. And out farther it was too dark anyway. I kept plunging on down the road I thought they'd gone on, trusting to Providence. I went deeper and deeper in the woods. And all of a sudden I turned the corner—and I saw it!

I saw this headlight on the side of the road, tilted up into the trees. And this figure standing in my headlight.

I hadn't more than turned the corner when it jumped up and stood there—this woman—still, in that dead-white light. Held up her hands—and stood there. And I saw them—those hands!

I held up—with a bump. I saw those hands!

"What is it? What's happened? Are you hurt?" I said, jumping out.

"No," she said.

"Not a particle? Your hands?"

"No." And she stood there for a moment, still.

"Look!" she said, and started and kind of staggered, turning round. "Look!" she said—like a child showing you something it's found. And I started after her.

"We were going round the corner," she said. "I was thrown!"

The car was clear over—wheels up.

"Look," she said, straining at the side of it. "Can't we raise it?"

"Stop!" I said. "You can't do that! Not in a million years!"

"I tried to get the jack," she said, panting. "But I couldn't get to it."

We talked like people breathing, rather than just speaking, hoarse and whispering.

"Where is he?" I asked her. It was dark under there—in the woods. Black as your hat—except for those twisted headlights—cocked up into the trees; and my lights pointing down the road. "Where is he?" I said.

"Under there! Look," she said; "you can crawl in here." The car was kind of tilted on the bank.

"How long's it been?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't remember. But here!" she said, hurrying—showing me the place where the car lay up against the bank. "I got in there—I got in there! But all I had was matches. They went out—under there—in the wind. I reached him, but I couldn't get a-hold of him—to pull him out."

"Wait—wait!" I said. "I've got my pocket flashlight in the car." And I ran over and got it.

"Hurry!" said Zetta. "Hurry! I'll back round your car till you get that light too."

And I went down under so I could poke my head in. I could see the matches there on the ground, where she'd been. And I turned my eyes up. I looked with my flashlight! And I backed right out, quick!

"He didn't seem to breathe," said Zetta, "when I put my hands on him."

"No!" said I. "No! Look," I said, thinking forty times to the second. "Nobody's been here, of course?"

"No."

"And nobody's seen you riding—that you know of?"

"No," she said.

"Sure?"

"It was almost dark when we started."

"Come on!" I told her.

"Come?" she said to me. "Where?"

"Home," I said.

"And leave him there!"

"Come on," I told her. "There's no time to lose."

"But suppose ——" she said

"There's no supposing to it."

"Suppose," she said, "he might be still alive?"

"Alive!" I said. "That!

"Come on," I said again. "The first thing you've got to do is get home. He's dead," I said. "You know that as well as I do! Jump in now!" I said, taking her round the waist and pushing her toward my car.

"Come on," I told her when she stopped. "Look, aren't your hands cut—any?"

"No," she said.

"Sure?"

"Yes," she said—and she shuddered

"Wipe them off," I said, "on the grass there—what you can! And come! Come on," I said, starting pulling her again. "Be sensible."

"What are you going to do?" she said, holding back. "Leave him! Leave him!"

"Yes"

"But suppose ——" she said again.

"There's no supposing about it," I said; "you know it! You saw him!"

And she shivered against me.

"Somebody'll be along in a few hours," I said, pulling her, "anyway. And you can thank God they haven't been along before. Before I did! And now the quicker we get out of here the better!"

"Where are you going? What are you doing?" she said, resisting me all she could when I put her in my runabout.

"You're going home," I said, "with me! He's dead. But you aren't. Nor the rest of us! You're going home. You're going home and get ready for that dinner party! You know what will happen," I said, holding her when she started struggling again, "if you ain't there. If they all come there—and find you're out here—in a car, with him—smashed up against a tree—joy riding! You know what it will mean. You're no fool," I said. "You know what's been brewing about this, and how long. This will be the end."

"What do I care," she said to me in a kind of low voice, "what they say?"

"It isn't what you care," I said, "now. It's what we care—the rest of us. You've got to care for us!"

But she wouldn't give in, still.

"And the newspapers," I said. "Think of it! Smearing it all over the face of the earth—on all of us. Come, you've got to!"

"And sit up there—hours at dinner, and smile!"

"Yes."

"At that Mrs. Billings—and those others—those awful things!" she said, drawing back.

"You've got to. You've got to go home and go through with it."

"No, sir; I can't," she said. "I won't."

"Zet," I told her, taking her by her wrists, "be a sport. Remember," I said, shaking her, "you ain't the only one that's got a stake in this. Remember the rest of us. Remember Pasc ——"

"But what's the use?" she asked me. "What's it for?"

"We're going to take a chance," I said, "that nobody'll ever know that you were here. It's a long one, but we're going to take it just the same."

She let up some on her drawing back. I felt her body yield a little.

"Come," I kept urging. "Zet! You've got to. Think of the rest of us—if you don't of yourself. If you ever want to hold your head up again in this town," I said, "or Pasc! Pasc ——" I said.

"Come on," she called out all at once, sitting back in the car without my holding her.

"That's right," I told her. "That's the girl. Now," I said, closing the door, "we'll get home."

"Don't talk!" said Zetta. "Don't talk to me!"

I turned and started—with a bang—jumped into high and went! Round the corner, away from those two bright green spots, those ugly headlights cocked up into the trees—out into the dark! Down the crooked road we went—I let her out for home—racing as if the devil was after us. Saying nothing, neither one of us.

XXII

"BILL!" said Zetta just before we got there.

"Yes."

"One Million and Sixty-Five Thousand, Three Hundred and Seventeen Dollars and Thirty-Seven Cents," I Said

"Not a word—not a word to Pasc until it's over. Unless we have to!"

"You're right," I said.

"I'm afraid he couldn't stand it. He couldn't go through with it—especially the way he's been feeling lately. He'd show it some way."

"What'll we tell him?" I said, thinking for the first time how it was going to affect him, the shock of it.

"You leave that to me," said Zetta.

"What will you tell him about your dress and hands?"

"I'm going to stop at your house a second and wash up. You go on ahead of me," she said, "so the servants won't see me."

And I got her in; we walked right in, with my latchkey, nobody the wiser.

"Polly's over to your house," I said.

"Get her on the phone," she told me, "while I'm washing." So I did.

"What is it?" said Polly.

"It's all right," I said. "Just tire trouble.

"It was more than that," I said, lowering my voice. "But you tell Pasc that!"

"Yes," said Polly, whispering herself. "She's all right?"

"Absolutely—yes. It's him!" I whispered back. "But now, listen; she's going to walk over now, from here, to the side door. She said not to let the servants see her."

"That's all right," said Polly. "That's all right, anyhow. I lied. I told the servants she was over at my house resting, to get rid of the excitement. But hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry up! There's only half an hour now! And you better come over with her, I think, and take care of Pasc for a minute."

"Come now," said Polly at the door when we got there. "Hurry up. Have you overslept?" she said louder. "You crazy thing!" And they two went upstairs together.

"What was it, anyhow?" said Pasc.

"Tire trouble," I told him.

"Oh," he said back, in that absent-minded way again. "Well, I certainly was glad you helped me out, got her home in time!" he said; as if it was all right and the most usual thing in the world for a woman to drift in at that time for her first big dinner party in her own house.

"I've got to run back and change my own clothes," I said when I'd told him that Powers would be back with the car later.

"You're good friends, good neighbors," said Pasc, letting me out; "you and Polly. I don't know what we'd do without you."

I had to rush my head off, at that, especially without Polly there to help me dressing. I was one of the last ones to get in. Zetta was down, all dressed up and fixed up, and Polly standing with her.

"Christmas!" I said to myself when I first saw them. "Women certainly are the great things—at a time like this!"

I never saw Zetta look so well in my life—her eyes so bright or her lips so blood red. And I never heard her talk more or easier. And Polly just the same! And yet I could see, myself—looking at her—that she knew! That Zetta'd told her. It was different with me. I was all in—all over myself. I almost started eating my oysters with a teaspoon, thinking—thinking of that light cocked up in the trees calling for help—and wondering when the telephone would ring. I didn't say anything much.

"She's such a very lively woman, isn't she?" said the woman next to me, looking up—that old man Rutherford's wife, who made his money on mail boxes; that woman who gushed so much over everybody, and then went off and bit them in the back.

"Who?" said I, coming back to earth again. I'd just thought I heard the telephone! "Who? Mrs. Thomas? You bet! She's the liveliest thing ever happened."

"So vigorous and vivacious," she said.

"Yes," I answered, listening still.

"So vigorous—so full of life. She scarcely knows how to keep it in, does she?" she said, giving me a look to see how I would take it.

It made me shiver, listening, to think what they'd do with her—the women—if they once got their teeth in this thing.

"Bubbling over," she said, sheering off when she didn't get any rise out of me. "Especially to-night; and her dress is so lovely. That wonderful color—so striking!"

"Yes, indeed," said I, talking like an idiot.

I was wondering all the time whether I ought to have left that light going in that car—whether somebody would find it too soon.

And yet it wouldn't have worked right, what I wanted to do, unless I'd done just what I did.

I sat listening for that telephone all the time. Polly had given them orders to call me; she'd told me that just before we started in to dinner. "Look out for it now," she said, "every minute."

I sat and listened all the time, like a fireman waiting for a third alarm, taking a glance every now and then at my watch under the table.

"This thing," I said to myself, "ought to be over by eleven o'clock. And it might be they wouldn't run across him or they wouldn't recognize him till afterward, way out there ten miles away.

"Gad, I hope so!" I said to myself; and hung on, waiting.

"She seems to be having such a lively time to-night, doesn't she?" said this Mrs. Rutherford. "I love to see her. She's so lovely to look at, and kind of unaffected. That's what I like about her. And your wife, Mr. Morgan," she said, laying it on as thick as she knew how; "I think she is so lovely."

"Glad you do," said I, sitting up. For just then the telephone rang.

One of the servant girls they had waiting on them came round and spoke to me.

"Hello," said a big husky voice at the telephone. "Your name Thomas?"

"Yeh," I said, right off—taking a chance at what was coming.

"You missed your car?"

"No. Why?" said I.

"What's your number plate?" he wanted to know.

And I gave him Pasc's.

"That's the one. It's yours all right. That's the one!" said this fellow on the phone, talking up as if he was glad to know it. "Your chauffeur's been out this evening—on a joy ride. Once too often."

"Too often!" said I after him.

"A red-headed man—a young fellow?"

(Continued on Page 63)

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War and Business

THIS period has been likened to 1861. In its first year the Civil War gave a heavy jolt to business. Representative railroad stocks declined about one-third. Business failures multiplied. Then business began to be powerfully stimulated both by the immense demand for war production and by cocktails in the form of paper money. In 1862 stocks had advanced more than fifty per cent, failures had shrunk to only a tenth of the preceding year's figures. This continued the next year, and the next. In 1864 representative railroad stocks were nearly three times as high as in the first year of war; bank clearings at New York had multiplied by four.

But there was no Interstate Commerce Commission then, no price fixing, no war-profits tax. Business reaped a huge harvest from the Civil War. Not only has the reaping machinery been very drastically geared down now, but some gravel has been poured into the gears.

Nothing else shows the evolution of political ideas more clearly than to contrast 1917 with 1861. There was hardly a notion then of limiting anybody's opportunity to gain a private profit out of war. The ironmaster pocketed his hundred per cents and was considered a good patriot for supplying the Government with so much iron. Unquestionably he considered himself a good patriot.

The United States could not now conduct a great war for thirty days on the unlimited profits plan of 1861. The people would not tolerate it. Their opposition would paralyze its arm.

That is hopeful. The time is not far distant when people will not tolerate war at all, save for self-defense, and when they will insist upon such limitation of armaments, published diplomacy and international organization that they cannot be fooled and rushed into a war overnight on a bogus plea of self-defense, as the people of Germany were.

German Shipping

THE Kaiser cannot win. His government recently appropriated three hundred million dollars to help rebuild the merchant fleet which, in July, 1914, was second only to England's. But, unless the odium that now rests on the German name is removed by an acceptable peace he had better save his money.

There will be no market in North America, South America, Asia and Africa for the Lusitania brand of German dyes, or the Deported Belgians electrical goods or the Edith Cavell cutlery.

A highly evolved industrial country like Germany, dependent upon foreign trade for its prosperity, cannot live in a world that hates it.

The blockade of Germany does not depend upon the Western Front, or even upon the Allied fleet. It is something that no military power can batter down. It can be lifted only by a German reformation of such sort that the resources of the country shall never again be at the arbitrary disposal of the irresponsible government which trampled Belgium.

Undoubtedly many intelligent Germans know this. They know that the country's industrial organization is progressively disintegrating; that it can never be rebuilt without the good will of the world. They know that if German trade is outlawed and boycotted throughout the British Empire, America and Asia, precarious possession of some thousands of square miles of devastated territory, whose inhabitants detest their Prussian masters, will be a poor offset.

There is no way out for Germany save through an acceptable peace.

The Bungled Tax Law

CONGRESS, you remember, began considering a war-revenue bill as soon as war was declared. It had the measure in hand for six months. During that time various most important changes in it were announced.

That was an unnecessary waste. Whatever taxes the bill finally levied must be paid out of the taxpayers' 1917 income. People and businesses that were going to pay the taxes naturally wanted to know what the taxes were to be at the earliest practicable moment, and shape their affairs accordingly. There was no good excuse for keeping them in suspense for six months and until the year was three-quarters over.

The bill was passed in October. Examination of it immediately showed that it was so poorly worded in some sections that the best expert talent could not tell how it would apply. The Treasury Department appointed two boards of experts to assist in elucidating it. The expert boards are puzzled.

The moment Congress reconvened, some of its ablest members of both parties proposed that the new law should be thoroughly overhauled, or even repealed and replaced by a new one, not only that some manifest blunders might be corrected but that the country might have a tax law expressed in clear, precise, indubitable language. So there will probably be a further period of uncertainty—all the more burdensome since businesses are waiting to close up their accounts for 1917.

This is quite scandalous. Spending six months on a vital war bill and then making such a muddle of it that its workability is doubtful, even with the assistance of outside experts in addition to those in the service of the Government, should remind Congress that there is nothing in the country which needs reorganizing for war purposes more than itself.

It must contain ability which could have made a far better job of formulating a war-revenue law. Let it put that ability in charge.

Liberty à la Russe

ACCORDING to all accounts from Russia, setting up a truly free and radical government is quite simple. First, rigidly exclude all save your own followers from any share in the government. Next, suppress opposition newspapers. Then manipulate the election machinery so as to make it as difficult as possible for any save your followers to get seats.

Then abolish the courts and supplant them with judicial machinery whose sympathy with your aims will not be hampered by any reactionary respect for statutes and precedents. If opposition still manages to prove inconvenient, put it in jail.

Substantially it is the recipe the extreme left applied when it got in control of the French Revolution. Probably it is the recipe the extreme left will always apply when it gets a chance. It is logical enough; for that intense and impassioned radicalism is the most illiberal thing in the world.

In practical effect a Czar's government or a King Louis' government is more liberal than the government of a Robespierre or a Lenine. There is some urbanity in the mind of a czar or a king—he can tolerate a degree of opposition; but to your real dyed-in-the-wool, whole-hog radical all opposition is of Satan.

In any country the current literature that is devoted to the extremist radicalism is the most rancorous and intolerant. If you wish to hear a preachment of hate, fury and social division go to the orator who professes the most passionate devotion to brotherly love and social solidarity.

Unused Waterways

SEVERAL years ago New York began rebuilding the old Erie Canal, from Buffalo to Albany, which had long been nearly useless. The state has spent something like a hundred million dollars on the project and the work is about done. From Albany to New York City and tidewater there is one of the finest natural waterways in the world.

It is calculated that the completed canal can carry twenty million tons of freight over a route where the movement of freight is suffering a frightful congestion. If the canal were in full operation it would release some hundred thousand freight cars that are badly needed elsewhere.

Between Albany and New York City the movement of freight is put at fourteen million tons annually. It now moves tardily over cluttered railroads paralleling the river. These railroads at present are enforcing some sixteen hundred embargo rules in an effort to keep themselves from being completely swamped.

The waterway is there; but it is moving very little freight, because it has no equipment to speak of. There are no barges; docks and terminals are lacking. With proper barges, freight might move now in unbroken bulk from Buffalo to the berth of an ocean steamer in New York Harbor—that is, with only one handling between Buffalo and Liverpool or Havre; or it might move in unbroken bulk from Buffalo as far north on the Atlantic Seaboard as Boston and as far south as Norfolk; for the barges would be seagoing to that extent.

So the New York Chamber of Commerce proposes to petition the Federal Government for immediate assistance in building a fleet of canal barges.

Suppose we had had an intelligent, scientific program for the development of inland waterways—instead of inebriately throwing away millions after millions year in and year out on piecemeal, pork-barrel, logrolled river-and-harbor appropriations.

It is absolutely certain that we should not now be suffering from this freight congestion. But Congress has always refused to adopt an intelligent, scientific program, under the guidance of an impartial expert commission.

Conserving Timber

SINCE 1860 the United States has deeded to private owners fifty-four million acres of commercial timberland in the Pacific States—mostly, in effect, giving it away. Present market value of privately owned timberlands in those states is estimated by the Forest Service at more than a billion dollars. A fortune for the asking!

But the fortune had a string to it. First and last, there has been much speculation in these timberlands. At times and places prices have been unduly boomed. Many millions have been borrowed on short-term six per cent bonds. Western owners are carrying nearly nine hundred billion feet of standing timber, far the greater part of which cannot be marketed for many years. One result is periodic, demoralizing competition and a great waste of timber resources. Timber is carelessly cut and comparatively little effort is made to reforest cut-over lands.

In the Southern States there are sixty million acres of cut-over pine lands, and the area is increasing at the rate of two million acres a year. Eventually much of this land will be used for agriculture, but a great deal of it could well bear another timber crop before it is needed for farming. But private ownership, borrowing money at six per cent, cannot wait to grow a timber crop.

On the other hand, the public still owns, in the national forests, and so on, over six hundred billion feet of standing timber, which is "carried" at very slight overhead expense and is not cut except as the market requires it. The cutting is done in a way to insure conservation of the supply and cut-over lands are reforested as seems advisable. The public-ownership plan, therefore, looks to a stable condition in the lumber trade and to indefinite renewal of the country's timber supply.

Parting with title to timberlands was a huge mistake. It is a matter for the serious consideration of Congress whether that mistake should not now be partly corrected by recovering for the public some portions of the privately owned timber. It would cost something; but the present situation promises, in the long run, to cost a great deal through exhaustion of timber resources.

The Forest Service takes a rather pessimistic view of the timber outlook if the present situation is to be continued.

Was He a Blockhead?

WHAT would you say of a man who insisted that government should turn the postal service over to a private corporation, which would run it for the profit it could get out of it; who urged that government should not even coin the public money, but leave that to competing private interests; who said that government should not look after sanitation or improve highways—in fact, that government should do practically nothing except preserve public order?

Probably you would say, offhand, that he was a blockhead.

The man who did say that, and much else to the same effect, had one of the strongest and keenest intellects of the nineteenth century, his name being Herbert Spencer.

Admittedly—he argued—whatever government did was done in a bungling and extravagant fashion as compared with private enterprise; so why extend the bungling and extravagant agency at the expense of the more efficient and economical one?

Spencer's opinions on government are valuable now merely for historical purposes—and as a reminder that, whatever your opinions on government may be, people fifty years hence very likely will say they were the opinions of a blockhead, if you are so careless as to leave them on record.

MAKING WEALTH WORK

By Albert W. Atwood

UPON one item at least in the conduct of this war nearly everyone who isn't rich agrees, to wit: The rich man should be soaked good and plenty. Upon other points of war procedure there may be differences of opinion, but in regard to the proposition that a certain rather limited number of citizens should be made to pay right up to the limit there seems to be only a loud shout of unanimity—the ayes have it without a count.

In that number must be included the merely well-to-do no less than the actually wealthy. It seems to include the more prosperous if hard-working lawyer and physician along with the idle rich, the leisure classes and the "privileged" classes, whoever they may be. Of course it embraces every shade and degree of millionaire, also the owner of a "swollen" fortune, and within its ranks are welcomed almost any "capitalist," middleman, speculator, food profiteer and manufacturer who can be shown to have "excess" profits.

What is more, the prevailing opinion has been translated into action with a rapidity that resembles the unreality of a dream. The rich man is being made to pay to a tune that three years ago would have been regarded as the rankest socialism, and no one seems especially perturbed about it, not even the rich man himself.

When the revenue bill, perhaps the most revolutionary the world has ever known, was under discussion in the United States Senate last summer, the members of that body wasted many precious hours and got very much heated over the question whether incomes in excess of, say, $2,000,000 a year should be taxed fifty per cent or sixty per cent. Those who advocated a fifty per cent tax were denounced as reactionaries, as spokesmen of those cold-blooded exploiters, the capitalist classes, willing to send our poor boys to death in the trenches of Flanders but unwilling to touch the sacred dollars of profiteering munition makers; and those who urged a tax of, say, sixty per cent were just as hotly denounced as pacifists and anarchists, seeking slyly to stop the war by imposing too heavy a burden upon industry.

Altered Views

REALLY, this is hardly an exaggeration of the petty differences that separated the radicals from the conservatives of last October. Glancing back through the perspective of only a few months one now realizes that the reactionaries of October would have been looked upon a few years ago as the maddest of Bolsheviki. It was no longer ago than 1913 that just as bitter a fight took place over the advisability of taxing incomes above $1,000,000 as much as ten per cent, and the advocates of such a measure were regarded as extremists. "A more wrong-headed policy," said one of the leading newspapers of that day, "can hardly be imagined and, though futile for its avowed aim, it is fraught with great mischief."

What was but yesterday considered dangerous and revolutionary now becomes unthinkably old-fashioned and remote, in face of a surpassing national need. War is an all-devouring monster that consumes otherwise sound and tenable theories no less than lives and munitions. Only two or three years ago Senator Wadsworth, of New York, who typifies as much as any member of Congress the inherited wealth, social prestige and inherent conservatism of old settled communities and landed families, was arguing against the proposal to tax large incomes a slightly higher percentage than small ones. He said it was class legislation and that it would instill in the masses of the people an idea that they could get something for nothing. On September 6, 1917, the same senator casually dropped this unfeeling remark about the rich: "I have never suffered any anguish over the sufferings of the rich during the war or at any other time. There is no means, whether by taxing or otherwise, by which we could starve the rich if we wanted to. They can always manage to survive by living on their capital."

I make no charge of inconsistency—indeed, Senator Wadsworth was one of the staunchest defenders of the rich in the very last session of Congress—but there is a striking change in attitude which the war has forced upon the whole nation and which is reflected in the speeches of the senator from New York State. Another senator remarked somewhat oratorically: "Our merchant princes won't sit and whine and protest." And he was right too. Only a few weeks later one of the country's conspicuous multimillionaires announced that he would devote all his income above living expenses and taxes to war charities. Some years ago Premier Lloyd George, the then chancellor of the exchequer, made a statement in Parliament that holds even truer to-day of this country: "I think that the general feeling among the rich people is that they can afford to give more and they are prepared to give more."

The final test of any man in wartime is ability to serve. The man who is physically fit and without dependents to burden the state is selected for military service. The trained chauffeur finds his place driving a motor lorry. The chemist studies gas warfare and the engineer builds roads behind the lines. The chef makes soup for a regiment. Ten million men are being classified to discover where their respective abilities will render them most useful. Two states have actually passed laws requiring that all men should work and making it a statutory offense to be a chronic loafer and idler. In the vast wartime scheme of selection and organization of ability wealth has its distinct rôle. It must do the paying. That is what it is able to do. So we have two great taxes upon wealth—one the gigantic haul upon profits as they emerge from the wealth-creating process, and the other an even severer draft, from the personal point of view, upon the incomes that have passed on to the individual.

But not all wealth can be taxed just alike any more than all men can be made to do the same form of war service. It is almost as foolish to tax every income on the same basis as to expect Thomas A. Edison and a nineteen-year-old college sophomore to serve their country in the same way. The principle of selection applies almost as much to wealth as it does to human beings. The cottage owned by a poor widow who takes in washing is just as much wealth as the heaped-up millions of an Astor or a Vanderbilt, but who will say that it should be taxed the same? The widow's income from taking in washing is income just as much as the tens of millions of John D. Rockefeller, but who will maintain that it should be accorded the same treatment?

A Principle of Taxation Reversed

FOR years practically every European country, along with the Australian states, has imposed heavier income taxes upon those who inherit their property or who merely live upon their incomes than upon those who actually earn their living. As sane and steady a man as former Premier Asquith said years ago that to tax earned and unearned incomes on the same basis "is flying in the face of justice and common sense." Yet our Congress last fall, as a piece of its general muddlement and bewilderment in the face of problems almost too vast to grapple with, actually turned this principle upside down and put a law on the books that taxes the successful worker far more than the drone.

Because of the enormous demands upon the country's taxable income this was the very time when Congress should have adopted an important principle of taxation, long urged by authorities and smoothly incorporated into the law of other civilized countries for years. It not only failed to make the change, but in a state of obfuscation actually reversed the principle. Claude Kitchin, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, appears to have been chiefly responsible for this much-discussed so-called joker, and he alone still seems wholly proud of it. Perhaps Mr. Kitchin did not fully realize what he was doing, but other members of Congress are beginning to wake up to what they carelessly voted for, and they are not proud of it.

For sixty years tax reformers in England urged that smaller taxes be levied on incomes that came from personal exertion than on those derived solely from the ownership of property. But the proposed reform was denounced as unworkable. Gladstone opposed the idea because he said the various kinds of income were so myriad and complex in their relationships that it was "beyond the power of man to

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represent them in arithmetical results." He said that though at the two extremes there might be "lazy" incomes and "industrious" incomes there was practically none perfectly and entirely lazy.

Objectors pointed out that there could be no hard-and-fast lines, that all forms of income tend to overlap. There is the man who must work like the devil to make his property pay a cent. There is the more or less active superintendence of property. There is the man who merely observes ordinary care and caution in making his investments; and finally, there is the chap who merely hires someone to invest for him and who does no work at all. Clearly there is a sharp-enough distinction between the extremes at either end, but how about the gradations in between?

But finally, about ten years ago, a committee of experts in the British Treasury became so thoroughly convinced that the distinction could be made that the reform went through. Strangely enough the plan has worked without any particular difficulty. Indeed, most people have been delighted with it, for it has really reduced the taxes that most people must pay. After all, even in a country like England, the number of people who live on inherited or accumulated wealth is small as compared with those who earn their living.

The English law makes no distinction at all on incomes above $15,000. It takes the view that if a person receives more than that sum in one year he has enough so that no distinction should be made in his favor. Of course $15,000 goes much further normally in England than it does in this country and represents a far higher scale of living, socially speaking. On small unearned incomes the tax is almost twice the rate on similar earned incomes. If a person is actively engaged in business or agriculture or is a partner in a firm his income from that source is considered earned. If a person is a silent partner in a firm or a mere stockholder in a corporation which he does not help to manage, the income from that particular source is regarded as unearned.

It was extremely difficult for the English authorities to find the exact words to express what they had in mind. Gladstone's reference to the lazy income was manifestly undignified. On one side are those incomes derived from personal exertion, from mental or physical activities, from labor as set off against property; incomes, at the most, dependent upon life and health, temporary, perishable, terminable, variable, fleeting and precarious. On the other side are the realized or funded incomes from property, government bonds, and the like; incomes that are spontaneous in themselves rather than the direct result of toil on the owner's part, more or less certain, imperishable, permanent and even perpetual. But the select committee that formulated the distinction, while considering all these possible words, decided that "earned" and "unearned" were most accurate.

Italy and France have gone even further, making at least three distinctions. The Italian law classes incomes as temporary, permanent and mixed. In France the highest rate is levied upon income from real estate and securities—an especially high rate on foreign securities—a lower rate when the recipient is directly engaged in commerce or industry, and a still lower rate on wages, salaries and professions. In one of the Australian states incomes are classified as those derived from personal exertion, from property and from companies. Several of the German states also "differentiate," as the tax authorities say.

Professional Men Penalized

NOW, of course, no sane person wants to see railroad presidents, editors, lawyers, physicians, engineers, accountants, architects, actors, artists, highly paid skilled workmen, and other professional, occupational and salaried workers go scot-free from taxes, even though they do earn their living by the exercise of their brains or their muscles. The fact that such people work hard does not excuse them from paying taxes, even though there is a constantly growing class in the community whose only industry consists in cutting coupons and watching their fortunes grow. But likewise no sane person can see any reason for putting an extra tax, or penalty, of eight per cent in addition to the normal and superincome taxes upon these useful and industrious citizens without also placing it upon the mere scissor wielders and beneficiaries of large inheritances.

The reasoning of Congress on this point was most peculiar. In the last few hours of the session Chairman Kitchin and possibly a few other leaders were struck with the brilliant thought that the principle of the excess-profits tax on corporations could and should be extended to professional and salaried men. Let us brush aside the obvious but minor objection that salaries and fees have not risen to anything like the same extent as corporate profits because of the war. There are several far more deep-seated objections.

Kitchin and his associates reasoned that if a corporation is allowed an exemption of nine per cent on its invested capital before the tax begins an individual might in the same way be allowed an arbitrary exemption of $6000 before his excess-profits tax begins. But they forgot that a corporation takes out all the expenses of management, wages, salaries, supplies, repairs, depreciation, and so on, before it even begins to report any profits at all. This the individual does not and cannot do. To put the individual on really the same footing as the corporation as regards excess profits it would be necessary to allow him to deduct his personal living expenses, such as food and lodging. What is even more to the point, before there can be any fair comparison the individual should be allowed to lay aside a certain sum to support him in case of illness, when his earnings cease, just as a corporation is allowed to lay something aside for depreciation to offset the wearing out of its capital.

Or to put the case more plainly, it is manifestly ridiculous to consider the earnings of, say, an artist or a pianist as business profits in the same sense that the earnings of the Standard Oil Company are profits unless the artist or pianist is first permitted to lay aside an annual sum for life-insurance premiums or old-age pensions.

A physician or an engineer might earn $20,000 a year and yet earn nothing excessive in the sense that a corporation does when it earns twenty per cent on its stock. It may be reasonable to take nine per cent and say "This is a normal rate of return on capital," but there is no such thing as a normal or reasonable return on the talent of an Edison, a Caruso or a Goethals.

What Mr. Kitchin Overlooked

CONGRESSMAN KITCHIN defended his pet measure with great vehemence and vigor but with an extraordinary neglect of logic. He says the manufacturer or merchant puts just as much brains and talent into his business as the professional man and yet is taxed at high rates upon his profits.

"The merchant, farmer, manufacturer or other business man puts into his business exactly what the lawyer, doctor, or other professional man does, his personal services, his brains and labor, and in addition puts in money and property, takes financial risks, makes financial sacrifices, builds up industry, gives employment to labor, produces for public use. The lawyer, doctor or other professional man puts into his occupation no money, no property, takes no financial risks, makes no financial sacrifices, builds up no industry, gives no employment to labor, produces nothing."

Yes, but if the professional man dies his income stops absolutely, whereas with a little reasonable care and foresight property may be made to go on earning after the owner has died. A factory, a drug store and a farm have some value even if the owner becomes blind or paralytic, but a superintendent or doctor or lawyer is a very poor earner if these misfortunes come his way. The difference in principle between incomes founded on personal exertion and on property is radical and fundamental. One kind of income dies with the person, and the other survives through fixed or funded investment. But that is not all. The personal, or wholly earned, income depends upon a form of capital, the human being, that is gradually being used up; but money capital within reasonable limits and allowing for depreciation is fairly permanent.

Of course, not all investments prove safe or permanent, whereas there is great mental satisfaction in having a trade or profession. The skilled mechanic or the talented artist or surgeon has a world of riches of the psychical kind in merely being able to do his work well. Men who live on their incomes wholly are always more timid than those who work. They often spend less freely, conscious that if their investments turn out badly they will have nothing. The highly trained artisan or professional man takes a freer view of life, conscious that he can always put his training to use.

But these refinements of reasoning only beg the great, main question. Investments may turn out badly, but with a little common sense and elementary care the majority of one's investments may be kept intact. More important is the fact that the man with capital can live on the capital itself even if it earns nothing, whereas the wage-earner, salaried man or professional worker is just as subject to unemployment as an investment is to going without its dividend, and in addition is subject to total incapacity and death.

Doctor Smith is a surgeon who by the hardest and most wearing kind of work makes $20,000 a year. It is a large income, to be sure, but he spent nearly ten years in college, university and the hospitals of Paris and Vienna. His father and mother skimped and sacrificed to give him this splendid education, and when his father died Smith had to wait on table at a student boarding house to earn enough to attend classes. When his studies became too arduous to permit him to do any outside work he was obliged to borrow heavily from his mother's brother. After he came back from Vienna it was at least five years before he had a large-enough practice to pay back his loans. He was unable to marry nearly so soon as he wanted to because he couldn't afford such a luxury.

Doctor Smith is doing well now with his $20,000 income, but his expenses are very large. He must keep up a big establishment in an expensive part of the city to secure the paying type of practice. He has been earning $20,000 a year for only a few years, and he has not as yet saved much. Suppose his health breaks down in a couple of years. Then he will have barely enough to live on in poverty from the cash-refund value of his life insurance.

Now here is Mr. Jones, who inherited a small factory in a Connecticut town. It was worth about $200,000. By good management, care and industry he has raised the value to $400,000. Perhaps he has put just as much brains, labor and personal service into that factory as Doctor Smith has put into his profession. His income is somewhat more than Doctor Smith's. But if Jones' health breaks down his factory can be sold or managed by someone else. He won't make eight per cent on his money any more, but he can easily make five per cent, which will give him the same income without doing a stroke of work that Doctor Smith receives for the hardest kind of work. Besides, Jones never had to deny himself a single luxury the way Doctor Smith did, because he did not have to pay enormous life-insurance premiums each year to insure him from being a pauper in case anything went wrong. He knew he had his property to live on anyway.

The startling, indeed the absurd, injustice of this feature of the revenue bill is fully revealed only when Mr. Jones ceases to be the manager owner and becomes merely the idle or leisure owner. Mr. Kitchin seems to have overlooked this gentleman altogether. Apparently the conference committee that drew up the bill was so afraid that high priced lawyers and surgeons might not pay enough, even though their personal income taxes run up to sixty-three per cent if they earn more than $2,000,000, that it never thought of the people who live on incomes which they do not earn at all. At least Mr. Kitchin has been suspiciously silent on this point.

When the bill came out of the conference Senator Wadsworth, who is the last person to be accused of socialistic tendencies, denounced the "grave and gross injustice of inflicting a penalty upon industry and permitting the drone to escape. As you have fixed this bill," he said, "if a man has not earned his income he pays only a certain tax, but if he has earned it he pays an additional tax."

Senator Simmons, chairman of the finance committee, had been defending the bill and all its provisions, but after listening to Wadsworth remarked: "I agree with the senator absolutely in that proposition, but the time was too short to change our methods of taxation so radically."

Judge Hull's Good Work

NONSENSE! Senator Wadsworth had urged that a distinction be made between earned and unearned incomes in the session of 1916, a year before. Even more to the point is the fact that Judge Cordell Hull, one of the few members of Congress who really know anything about taxation, had urged the change not only in 1917 and 1916 but in 1913. One might suppose that Judge Hull's advice would receive some consideration. He was one of the first congressmen seriously to urge an income tax. Years ago, when he was first elected, he would talk income tax to members of the House until they were so bored that they would actually turn their backs upon him and walk away while he was speaking. But it was only a few years later that he was called upon to draw up the first income-tax law, thus becoming in more senses than one the father of the most important single feature of our revenue system. Moreover, he was largely responsible for much of the technical work on the subsequent amendments to the income tax law.

Not only did Hull urge in three separate sessions that a distinction be made between earned and unearned incomes, but in a last effort to put sense into the bill, on October 6, 1917, he pointed out that the British chancellor of the exchequer, Bonar Law, had rejected as both unsound and unworkable the attempt to include salaried and professional men in the war profits, or excess profits, tax.

There is no way of computing to what extent the idle rich are enabled and indeed urged by law to escape taxation. We know there are between four and five billion dollars of state and municipal bonds, favorite investments of this class, upon which no taxes whatever are paid. This is likewise true of $2,000,000,000 of three and a half per cent Liberty Bonds, which are more and more drifting into the hands of the rich. The Federal Farm Loan bonds are not subject to taxation, and the personal-income tax on many billions of dollars of corporation bonds is paid by the corporation itself and not assessed upon the individual holder. The dividends upon many billions of dollars of stocks are not subject to the income tax, on the theory that the corporation itself pays taxes. Altogether Judge Hull estimates that fifteen to eighteen billion dollars of privately owned property in this country escape taxation because of various exemptions of the sorts which have just been described.

In New York State alone something like $1,000,000,000 of property that has an appraisable value and is marketable passes by inheritance each year. There are many small estates, of course, but everyone knows that great estates increase year by year. However unreliable the

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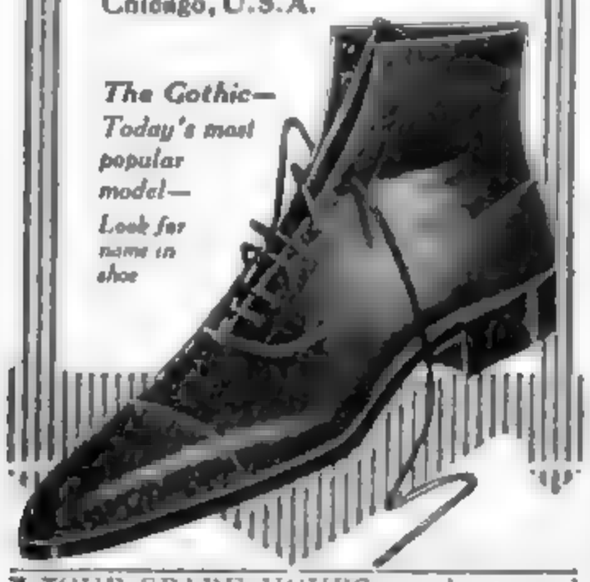

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figures may be that purport to show that two per cent of the population own sixty-five per cent of the wealth, the fact is conceded by all that there is at least a tremendous congestion of wealth at the top, so to speak. And it is a generally recognized fact that much of the wealth embraced in the larger fortunes consists of tax-exempt securities.

"It is theoretically correct to say that I am taxed as a part owner in the corporation in which I hold stock," is the comment of a successful accountant who is also something of an investor. "But as a matter of fact we all know it isn't so, psychologically, humanly and practically speaking. I am getting about the same income to-day that I did before the income-tax laws were passed; and as I have changed nearly all my investments in that time and as none of the corporations have reduced their dividends or interest payments in spite of the corporation taxes it is absurd to say that I have personally contributed a cent to the support of the United States because the corporations themselves pay taxes."

Progressive Taxation

No sensible or honest citizen desires to confiscate the incomes of the idle rich. Even the drone who lives on inherited wealth performs a function in our capitalistic system by investing his surplus income in necessary enterprises. Absolutely to discourage the accumulation of savings and the process of investment by taxation or any other machinery would be both dishonest and foolish. But the European tax distinction between earned and unearned income rests upon the universal belief that, after all, incomes derived from physical and mental labor have a more solid justification, and that the incomes of the leisure class stand on less defensible ground. It may be right that some fortunate individuals and their descendants, perhaps forever, should live in leisure without doing a stroke of work, but it is not right in the same degree as earning one's living.

To intrench the idler, to favor and put him ahead of the direct producer, the worker and toiler, by means of lower taxes or none at all, is a form of topsy-turvy, Alice-in-Wonderland sort of proceeding which would seem impossible if the forbidding technicalities of taxation did not prevent greater public curiosity.

It is a remarkable tribute to the readiness of the rich to do their part in paying for the war that so few objections have been made to the extremely high rates in the new income tax. On incomes above $40,000 a year the rate is graduated all the way from twelve to sixty-three per cent. Ever since the time of the Greeks men have hotly debated the wisdom and justice of taxing the rich man more proportionally than the poor man. Somehow the war seems to have put an end to this classic debate, though the real victory for the believers in "progressive" as opposed to "proportional" taxation came in the Lloyd George budget of 1910. That really broke the back of the anti-progressives.

The winning argument was and is the simplest thing in the world to understand. It is that any tax, even a small one, hits the poor man relatively far more than any tax, even a heavy one, hits the rich man. Enormous taxes, provided they stop short of confiscating everything, do not prevent the rich man from having enough food and clothes or even all the luxuries he wants. They merely allow him a smaller margin of surplus to invest. Whereas a very small tax may prevent the poor man from getting the necessities of life. Ten per cent on an income of $1000 a year hurts more than ten per cent on $100,000. This argument has been expressed all the way from the dry mathematical demonstrations of the Austrian economists to the more oratorical language of Senator Norris, who says:

"Under no possible luxurious system of living can anyone expend in a year, in any legitimate way, these huge incomes. The man who has a million dollars a year can do everything and anything that could be done if his income were doubled. It is impossible for anyone to spend more in living expenses. If these men had to count their incomes they would have no time left to spend them. The owners would not realize that the tax was levied, so large are their incomes, if it were taken without the owner's knowledge and if publicity were not given to the law."

Of course even the most radical legislator has to admit that when you take away half a man's income you seriously reduce the funds that go into investment. This is a serious objection, but the real question is whether the uses to which the tax money shall be put are not more vital than to maintain the investment fund at its usual level. It may be a pity to reduce the bond-buying power of this country by $10,000,000 a year because Mr. Rockefeller has only ten instead of perhaps twenty millions to invest, but it is more important to raise funds to win the war than to let Mr. Rockefeller invest as usual.

When the Lloyd George budget was hard pressed by Tory opponents its author pointed out that the uses to which the money would be put insured the growth of a numerous well-to-do class. He said that education and health regulations cost much money, "but they have made infinitely more. If property were to grudge a substantial contribution toward proposals which insure that security which is one of the essential conditions of its existence, or toward keeping from poverty and privation the old people whose lives of industry and toil have either created that wealth or made it productive, then property would be not only shabby but shortsighted."

It might be added that if the French nobles and merchant classes had paid large taxes to educate and improve the condition of the peasants, and if the Russian nobles and business men had done the same, there might not have been any French or Russian revolution, with the attendant loss of most of their property by the rich.

The idea adopted in this country appears to be this: Soak the rich man as much as possible without losing his coöperation and without discouraging him altogether. It is a good sign that thus far no one in a responsible position has seriously suggested the actual confiscation of all incomes above a certain figure. A number of irresponsible suggestions to the effect that all incomes above $100,000 be taken had no weight with Congress, radical as certain sections of that body appear to be. Much was loosely said about the conscription of income, but in fact no proposal went above seventy per cent.

The Danger Line

No matter how large a man's income may be a sort of common sense and honesty hold back the most advanced democracies from confiscating even the very highest increment, or "bracket," of that income. It is all very well for tax rates to graduate and progress upward with dizzy rapidity from one or two per cent on small incomes to sixty-three per cent on incomes above $2,000,000, but there is a saving grace in democracy which suggests the wisdom of leaving some possibility of making more than any artificial maximum to men like Ford and Schwab. There is a shrewd, instinctive common sense in the American people which teaches them that though the love of achievement or of power and domination will drive our captains of industry on to continued production, even though great chunks of their wealth are taken away from them, there may be a point beyond which it will not pay to gouge them.

High rates always sound higher and more confiscatory than they really are. Many times in this article the rate of sixty-three per cent on incomes above $2,000,000 has been referred to. But this means sixty-three per cent only on that portion of a man's income above $2,000,000. Each portion below has a descending rate.

Of course it was possible the more gracefully to impose high supertaxes on large incomes because the exemption was lowered from $3000 to $1000. Instead of being paid by less than 400,000 people the Bureau of Internal Revenue hopes that the new income tax will be paid by at least 6,000,000. It is hoped to make the tax on small incomes as democratic as universal service or the Liberty Loans, to make its payment a matter of patriotism. A great campaign of education will be undertaken by the Treasury Department in regard to income taxation, with the hope that millions will pay it as freely and readily as they bought Liberty Bonds.

"I do not believe that even the smallest of income-tax payers will object to doing their share if they only realize and understand the causes of this war," said Judge Hull, who has been asked by Secretary McAdoo to act in an advisory capacity to the collectors of internal revenue.

Judge Hull believes that Congress decided wisely in levying the chief burdens of war taxation upon "wealth, luxury and pleasure," instead of upon necessities. Though severely critical of many phases of the present revenue law he feels that Congress, historically speaking, has not had the experience in framing great internal-revenue policies that the British Parliament has had. It has been so easy in the past merely to raise customs dues ten per cent or soak another fifty cents on a gallon of whisky that Congress has never studied the underlying scientific principles. It has merely fixed rates.

"The country and Congress will now turn their attention to big internal-tax problems," he says, "which they have never done before. Equitable laws will gradually be developed. Big changes don't and can't come all at once."

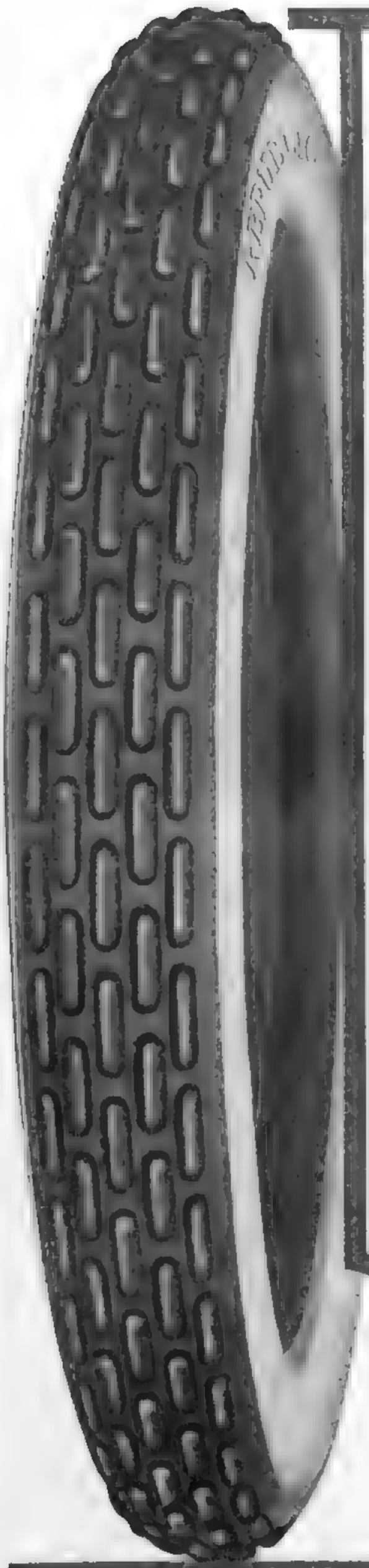
No Tax Without a Flaw

Though he takes this charitable view Congressman Hull admits that Congress did not wake up to the size of the task until too late to retrace its steps and recast the obviously faulty bill. It did not realize until too late, he says, that months of work on the part of accountants and other experts were needed. He is especially disturbed because Congress failed to create a board of business men to act with the Treasury authorities. Secretary McAdoo has tried to remedy this defect by appointing an advisory board, but naturally this board has only advisory powers and none of the actual legal authority which the English board of referees is clothed with. Before the great English budget was passed the chancellor of the exchequer announced the appointment of twenty-seven distinguished business men, bankers and accountants, with power to administer certain features of the excess-profits tax where expert knowledge of varying business conditions was needed. This board was given wide latitude in administering the law in the case of exceptional businesses, and there is no appeal from its rulings.

If our congressional leaders had announced that such a board of referees would be incorporated in the law and had announced it before the law was passed there would have been no semipanic in the securities markets and none of the fright among business men that accompanied the passage of the revenue bill.

It is well to remember that if the war continues our taxes will increase and that many new taxes will be imposed. Above all, the American people should bear in mind that no tax is perfect, and that no tax system can be devised that will be without injustices and inequalities.

Gladstone was once asked which of two taxes he preferred. He replied: "I never think of them except as of two attractive sisters, who have been introduced into the gay world of London, each with an ample fortune, differing only as sisters may differ, as where one is of lighter and one of darker complexion, or where there is some agreeable variety of manner, the one being somewhat more free and open, the other of a shy, retiring disposition. I frankly own, whether it be due to a lax sense of moral obligation or not, that as chancellor of the exchequer I have always thought it not only allowable but an act of duty to pay my addresses to them both."



Maximum Grip In Winter Driving

We know that most people give little thought and attention to treads.

They generally assume that tire treads are the same in their non-skid efficiency.

This is not true. Republic Staggard Tread is different—no matter how much alike others may be.

The Staggard Studs on Republic Tires are the result of real scientific study.

The design of the individual studs, their dimensions and their placing give *maximum grip* with *minimum friction.*

The studs allow the tire to roll practically without friction. No sharp corners meet the road bed.

But these same studs fight against all side movements of the tire and grip the road tenaciously.

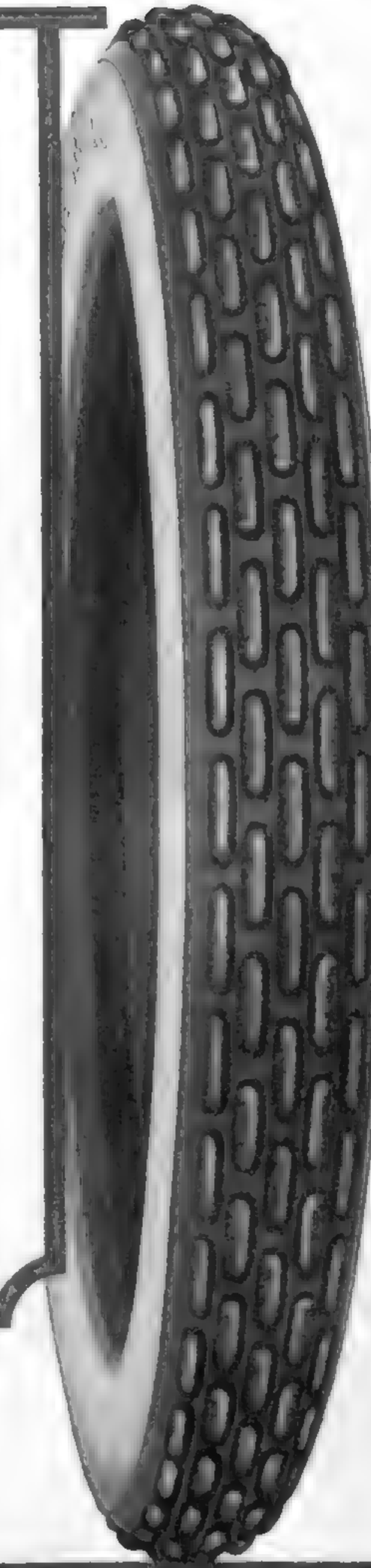
In winter driving the anti-skid strength of Republic Tires is especially appreciated.

Republics are made by the Prōdium Process. They last longer and resist wear to a remarkable degree.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread



Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

LANDING VENUS

By Russell A. Boggs

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

"Ja-h! None of That!" Cautioned the Man at the Door. "My Name's Gilfrey Here"

THE general manager of the W. & O. touched a match to the tip of his cigar and leaned forward in his chair. "I tell you, Gribble, this pay-roll padding is getting to be a serious thing," he said, looking across to the opposite side of his private car, where sat the superintendent of the Wyoming Division of the W. & O. A big, heavy man was the general manager; gray haired and with a positive, square face.

Superintendent Gribble, slender and nervous looking, nodded. "Yes," he admitted; "that's right."

"So we've got to put a stop to it," went on the big man. "That's why I wired for you to meet me here this morning. We're going to send the pay car out this week—and pay in cold cash!"

"In cash!" ejaculated Gribble. He looked his surprise at his superior.

"In cash—cold cash," repeated the general manager. "We're going to make every man call at the car for his money and produce evidence to show the exact amount due him; and that amount is exactly what he'll get, no more and no less, in spot money."

"It has been a long time since we paid in cash," said Gribble, not quite over his surprise.

"Six years," said the general manager. "But I believe we'll do some good by ringing in this method so unexpectedly. It'll give us a kind of check on the pay roll, anyway—and maybe we can put an end to some of this padding. What do you think of the plan?"

"Well," said Gribble with a short laugh, "I expect it'll be all right—if someone doesn't run off with the pay car!"

"I believe we'll be perfectly safe there. Only a few of us will know of the change from the old method. The car will start north from here next Saturday morning and go up over your division. Have your police force instructed and on the alert. I want you to go along with the car so that you can either identify the employees yourself or see that they are properly identified. I'm counting on that to help find out where the money has been going."

"I understand; I'll be here to meet it," said Gribble. And then, as the general manager said nothing for a moment, the superintendent glanced at his watch, then looked questioningly at him. "And is that all?"

"Yes," said the general manager; "that's all I wanted to see you about. Keep the thing under your hat. Don't let anybody know anything about it, except, of course, your police."

"All right," said Gribble; "we'll try to do our part." He walked to the door that opened onto the rear platform of the coach. "There's a train of empty stock cars going to pull out in a few minutes, north bound, and I want to ride it up over the division and see how things look. Good-by."

"Good-by," replied the general manager.

II

AT THE junction point where the W. & O. turns north into Wyoming's foothills Palmer Barrett, mounting to the top of an empty stock car—one in a train of similar cars that was just pulling out of the yards—found perched there another traveler much like himself: young, tall and lean. "Going north?" said Pal affably, seating himself on the car top.

"Going north," affirmed the other with equal affability.

No more was said between them until the freight had rolled out of the yards and had settled down to a steady trundle through the open country. There the odor of the sagebrush surged up to them, borne on the pure, sweet air that swept down from the mountains lying just ahead.

"Smells good," said Pal's fellow traveler then, lifting up his nose and inhaling deeply.

"Smells good—you bet!" returned Pal. He turned a keen eye on the other's wide hat, tanned, hard cheeks and eager eyes. "This is home to you, I'd say."

"Home is right!" confirmed the other. He smiled a little sheepishly at Pal. "I been East," he explained.

Pal grinned back understandingly.

"Oh, East!" he said.

His companion was silent for a little bit; then:

"Omaha's some town," he stated.

"There's more there than the stockyards," agreed Pal.

The man who had been East slapped his leg.

"Say, ain't that so!" he laughed. He scratched his head meditatively. "My, I certainly did drop money fast in that burg."

"You can do it there," assented Pal. "Didn't you win any?"

"Only just enough to draw me on—and then I lost that too. A man's apt to get foolisher'n hell when he gets started. I ain't regrettin' it none, though. But I just had enough left to pay my fare back to that junction we just left. That's why I got to beat my way the rest of the distance."

"Going far?"

"Venus, thirty miles farther up. My job's waiting for me there. I ride with the Bar-K outfit."

"I'm kipd of looking for a job myself," said Pal.

"What's your line?"

"Oh, most anything. I've been railroadin' lately, though."

"Operator?"

"That's what I claim."

"Come up to Venus!" cried the Bar-K rider enthusiastically. "Charley Fitch is just itchin' to get away from there. He wants to go South, but the company claims they have no one to relieve him. It's a good job—and not much to do."

"Sounds good enough!" laughed Pal. He cast his eye back over the train and saw a man coming toward them.

"Here comes a shack," he said.

The Bar-K man looked round. The train had come to a long level stretch of track and was hitting the ball at a lively clip. The Bar-K man's eye rested uneasily on the oncoming brakeman.

"He doesn't look friendly," he said.

"Now don't you worry," said Pal. "I'll square it up with him."

The brakeman paused on the car next to theirs; he eyed the two travelers with displeasure.

"Where you guys going?" he demanded.

"Venus!" said the Bar-K man.

"North!" said Pal Barrett.

The brakeman scowled.

"Well, you'll both have to get off," he ordered. "You can't ride this freight."

Pal Barrett looked from the brakeman to the whizzing telegraph poles.

"We're making, I'd judge, pretty close to round twenty miles an hour. I don't much care to get off at that speed," he remonstrated.

"Gettin' off's your lookout. You both go ahead and hit the cinders!"

Pal's mild eye grew harder.

"Swing 'er down then," he said; still pleasantly, however.

"Swing 'er down? Like the devil! Climb off—quick!"

"I don't believe I will; not at this rate of miles." Pal turned away from the brakeman as if the matter were closed; he reached swiftly and smoothly into a rear pocket; a handy little flat gun appeared.

"I'll tell you what," he observed to the Bar-K rider: "I'll bet you I can knock a chip off the outside insulator glass on the lowest cross-arm on six straight telegraph poles, and not spoil a glass. If you take me up, say when."

The Bar-K rider had at first looked a little bewildered at Pal's performance. But suddenly he seemed to comprehend and his eye lit up; he winked slyly.

"Now!" he gulped joyfully.

Pal's pistol pointed upward and cracked; a piece of glass flew neatly from one of the before-designated glasses. The pistol spoke again at the next pole, and another chip of glass flashed in the sunlight. So at the next pole, and for the three after that.

"Six!" said Pal, dropping the point of his gun.

"Six!" said the Bar-K man. "Nice shooting!" He faced round to where the brakeman had been standing. "Say ——" he began, but broke off short. The brakeman was not standing where he had been; his back was turned to them and he was making all possible speed back over the cars, toward the caboose.

"Pretty slick!" cried the Bar-K man, turning to Pal, his face covered with a wide grin.

"He's one of the exceptions," said Pal, smiling also. "Now and then you do run across one of these boys who have to be shown." He shoved the pistol into his pocket again. "There're lots more useful ways to break your bones than by unloading from a freight going as fast as this one is."

As if struck by an afterthought Pal took his pistol out again and refilled the cartridge clip.

"He may have gone for help," he explained to the horseman. "I may have to give another demonstration."

Sure enough, five minutes after the brakeman had disappeared into the caboose he reappeared on the top of the cars again. With him this time were two other men. One of the new men was evidently the conductor; and the other, judging by his appearance and clothes, apparently was an official.

"Here comes the help," said the Bar-K man.

"Sure enough," said Pal. "Looks like an official with 'em. I'll bet that explains why the shack was so anxious to get us off.

"However, since we're still hitting about twenty per we'd better stay on, I guess. Anyway, let's see what's on their minds."

The approaching party of three stopped on the next car at almost the exact spot where the brakeman had stopped.

"You men will have to get off!" shouted the official-looking man peremptorily.

"We'd rather ride," returned Pal soberly. "But if you'll swing the train down a little we will get off."

"'Get off,' I said!" shouted the official. "I'm Superintendent Gribble. You had no business getting on!"

(Continued on Page 33)

Ball Bearings—in the Nation's Service.

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NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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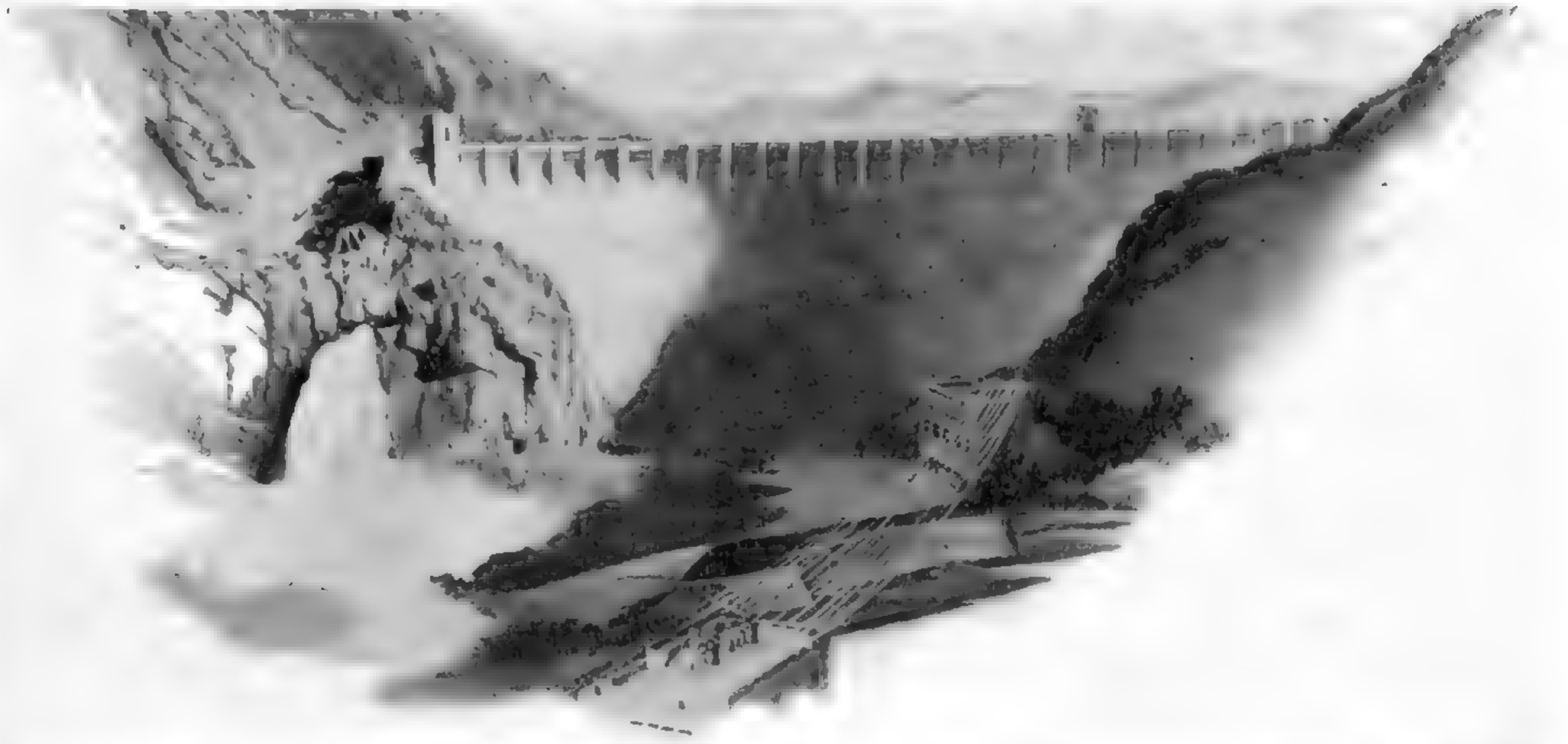
Saving to Serve



The service of the Roosevelt Dam is not at the spot where the engineers have massed the waters—it is vast leagues away in rose-gardens that bloom on the desert; in a thousand fields and orchards which glorify the waste reclaimed—in the fruits on your breakfast table.

The electrical wizard's service is not in New Jersey. It is wherever darkness overtakes you and you turn on an incandescent light.

The pin—distributed throughout the world—shows a little thing in the widest usefulness.

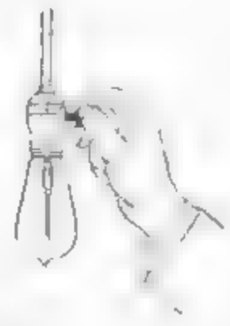
The least of things becomes great when multiplied by the millions it serves and the number of times it serves them.

To give emphasis to a useful thing—not to exalt its makers—is the purpose of this announcement, which in itself is service.

A piston ring scientifically designed and manufactured to save the power that would otherwise be wasted and convert it all into piston force—plus a vast system of national distribution aided by advertising—has been made an adjunct of engine power the world over. For seven years it has been identified by the name McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring.

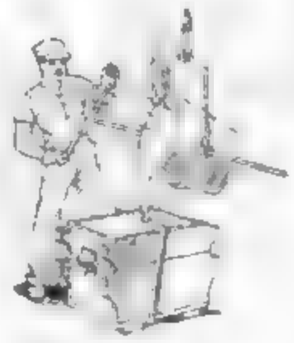
Wherever pistons have work to do their needs are met by the "Everywhere" of these power-saving rings. In farm, industrial, and transportation machinery, in tractors, trucks, vans, motors, perhaps in your own automobile, they are pulling their share of the load, helping to feed, clothe, convey—to serve mankind.

The "Everywhere" of these rings means that they are *on hand* where *you* are or within easy reach. McQuay-Norris service consists not only in the making of a perfect utility, but in the systematic distribution of it in continuous supply—in obtaining distributors to serve every territory, enabling them to carry stocks and ranges of sizes proportioned to locality needs.



Further, the service consists in aiding every user of an engine quickly and accurately to determine his piston ring requirements, by a book assembled and compiled annually for distributors and garage men, giving the size of piston rings for the multitude and variety of motors in all fields.

Service looks beyond profit to the satisfaction of doing a thing worth while. The makers of these rings have made exhaustive research to obtain the right materials—a soft gray iron softer than a cylinder, so that it will not wear the cylinder walls, yet enduringly elastic.



In a painstaking spirit they have created, not an ordinary factory for a rough process, but literally a laboratory where scientific principles are worked out in practice. Here have been developed all of the elaborate facilities for work that must meet the most exacting refinements of measurement and quality tests. It is the fruit of this laboratory work which has been put everywhere at your disposal—at every point of distribution.

To produce the rings seventeen operations, with accompanying trials, micrometric checks and cross-checks, are required. The nicety of watchmaking enters into every process of making and measurement. Nothing has been spared to make the finished product absolutely worthy of its name — Leak-Proof — an ultimate unit of perfect power-efficiency and fuel-economy.

McQUAY-NORRIS

In an interesting way our Engineering Department has told the whole story of the varied and mighty function of piston rings. It will well repay any motor owner to send a request for the booklet, "To Have and To Hold Power." Address McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., 2836 Locust Street, St. Louis.

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McQUAY-NORRIS Leak-Proof PISTON RINGS

McQUAY-NORRIS Superoyl RINGS

(Continued from Page 30)

He swung round to the brakeman and conductor. "Put 'em off!" he commanded.

The two trainmen hung back.

"He's got a gun!" remonstrated the brakeman.

The official snorted.

"Go ahead!" he cried to the conductor. "Put 'em off!"

The conductor held back.

"I don't know," he stammered; "the brakeman says——"

"Fools!" raged the official.

The conductor's face flushed.

"You go first!" he suggested sullenly.

The superintendent glared.

"Be careful how you talk!" he stormed.

Pal Barrett pulled his handy little gun from his pocket.

"I'll have to put an end to this suspense!" he chuckled to the Bar-K man and raised the point of his gun.

Crack!—and a piece of glass flew from an insulator. Crack!—and another piece flew off from the next one. Thrice—and four times the glass slivers flashed in the sunlight.

"That's enough!" said the Bar-K man. "They're going!"

Pal looked round and beheld the three in full retreat for the caboose. His eyes sparkled.

"So they are!" he said, and reloading his gun he replaced it in his pocket.

"I'll hand it to you!" said the Bar-K rider admiringly, holding out his hand. "Shake!"

Ten minutes later a lonely block office flashed into view.

"That's Wiley," said the Bar-K rider. "Venus fifteen miles away—next stop."

They rolled past the office and beheld the operator peering out from his window. As the caboose passed they saw an arm stretched out from it and a white paper flutter to the ground. The operator came out, picked the paper up, and reëntered his office.

Pal looked at the Bar-K man.

"Wiring for more help!" he grinned.

The Bar-K man smiled.

"That'll be at Venus," he said. "There's a water tank just this side of the station and there's often a bull hangin' round the place lookin' for 'bos. They'll be stopping at the tank to give the engine a drink."

"And the policeman will climb on," said Pal.

"And we'll climb off!" said the Bar-K rider. "That'll be home, anyway—just where I want to go. But how about yourself?"

"Yes, I'll get off too," answered Pal. "I want to look at the job."

"I'll bet this superintendent will just be tickled to death to let you have it," doubted the horseman.

"Don't you think any little thing like that'll bother me," answered Pal. "There's lots of tricks in this business."

About forty minutes later the freight slowed down for Venus water tank; and directly the engine stopped opposite the spout a man came hurrying down along the train, peering up expectantly—a heavy-set, big-footed man.

"That's the lad!" said the Bar-K man, and clambered swiftly down the opposite side of the train, followed by Pal.

The heavy-set man saw them, and himself swung between two cars to the same side.

"Hi there!" he yelled. "Stop!"

"Not just yet!" murmured Pal, and sprinted toward Venus' one street.

On the street stood one general store and post office combined, one saloon, and two other frame buildings, ostensibly dwelling places. The station stood farther north, a good two hundred yards from the nearest building. At the rear of the saloon stood a small shack, apparently a stable. Toward this Pal and his fellow traveler ran. The heavy-set man set out in pursuit.

"Stop!" he yelled again.

The fugitives gained the corner of the stable and turned it. "Round here!" said Pal, jerking the Bar-K man round the next corner.

A door stood open and into this they popped.

"Now leave the rest to me!" said Pal to his wondering friend.

"Don't mind me; you're the boss!" panted the Bar-K man.

"You're Next, Friend With the Bag! Let That Fall to the Ground Too!"

Squeezing against the side of the stable, in the semidarkness just inside the doorway, they heard the wheezing of their pursuer as he reached the corner round which they had just come. He turned it; came to the door. Pal Barrett leaped out through the dark doorway and into the glaring day. His leap was quick, sure and light, like a cat's; he landed face to face with the heavy-set man.

"Were you looking for me?" said Pal Barrett.

Involuntarily the heavy-set man had drawn back a step, startled by the sudden apparition. But now he gathered himself together. His eyes shone triumphantly.

"Sure!" he said. "You're under arrest!" And he laid his hand on Pal Barrett's shoulder.

Pal's body bent slightly—the heavy-set man's feet flew out from under him. Pal straightened up lightning quick, his hand shot out—the heavy-set man sprawled flat on his back in the dirt. Pal stooped and ran his hand over the fallen man's clothes; he rose with the policeman's pistol in his hand.

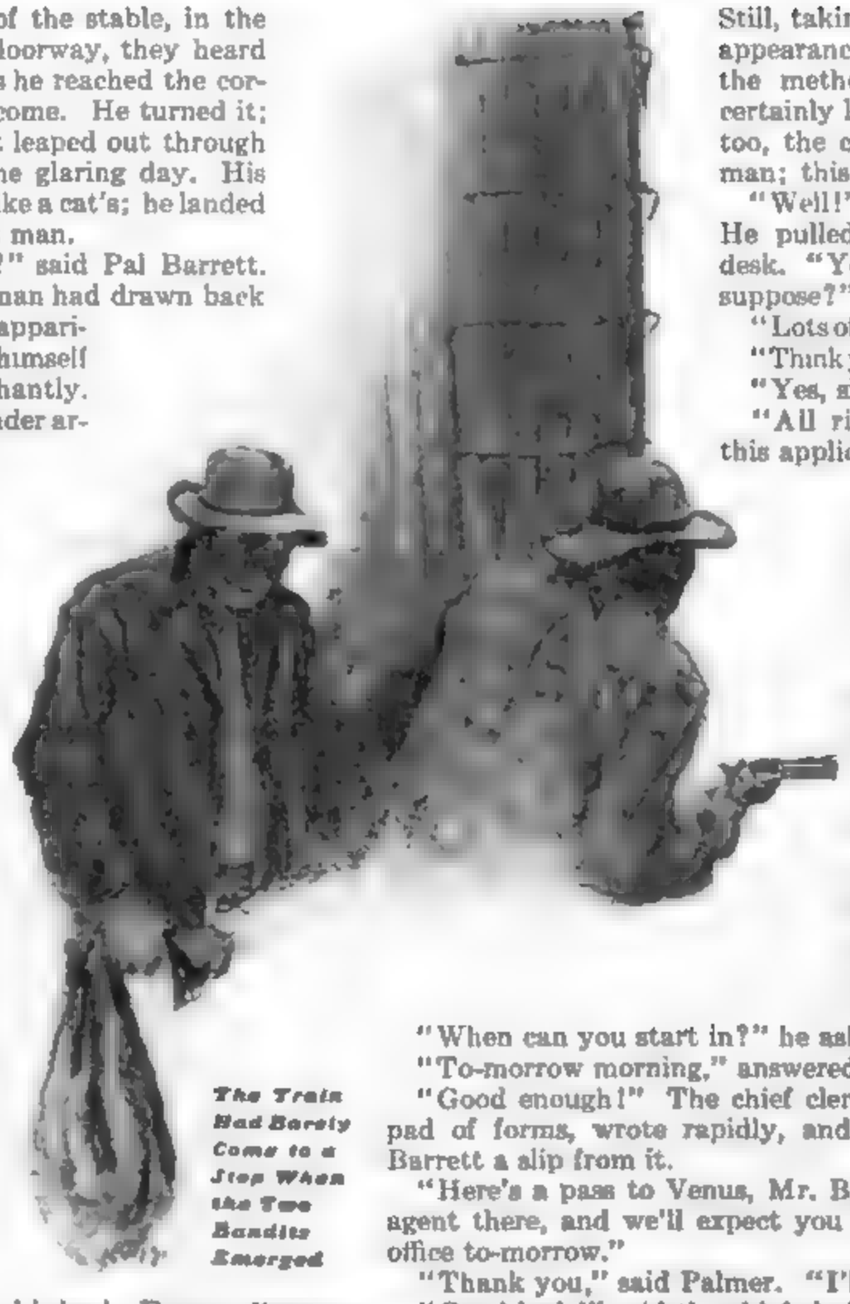
"Get up!" he ordered shortly.

The policeman did so, his face flaming.

"Now you go right back to your railroad," ordered Pal. "Tell your superintendent that I sent you. Come back here in half an hour and you'll find your pistol hanging on that nail by the door. You sabe?"

The policeman's eyes gleamed wickedly; he chewed his lips in helpless rage.

"Going?" demanded Pal.



The Train Had Barely Come to a Stop When the Two Bandits Emerged

The heavy-set man turned on his heel. From a distance of thirty feet he paused to venture one remark.

"We'll see about this again!" he grated, and went off, muttering.

From the doorway the Bar-K man looked out appreciatively.

"I like your style," he said to Pal. "But don't you think you've maybe overdone it?"

"I'm not sure; maybe," said Pal. "But a fellow once told me that a railroad policeman's authority does not extend beyond the confines of the railroad's property or right of way. He may have been wrong—I don't know myself. But I've often thought I'd perhaps try it out sometime. It's an interesting point—if correct."

"It beats the dickens where you get all this stuff," said the Bar-K man. He stepped out of the door.

"And now where?"

"Well," replied Pal Barrett, "we'll wait till the freight pulls out. Then you can take me down to the station and we'll talk to Charley Fitch."

III

MR. PALMER BARRETT approached a disengaged clerk in one of the outer offices of division headquarters. "Can you tell me if Superintendent Gribble is in?" asked Palmer.

The clerk obligingly nodded his head. "Yes, I can tell you. He's not in. Won't be until to-morrow morning."

Palmer's eye flickered.

"Is his chief clerk in, then?" he asked.

"Yes. Go right in that door." The clerk pointed to a door at the opposite side of the room, marked Private.

"Thanks," said Palmer. He went across the room, opened the door and went in. A thin, hard-worked-looking man glanced up from a littered desk.

"I came to see about that job at Venus," said Palmer without preface. "The agent there tells me he wants off and can't get away because you have no one to relieve him. I'll relieve him."

The chief clerk regarded Barrett in some wonder. This abrupt shooting to the mark was rather out of the ordinary. Still, taking in Barrett's general appearance, the chief clerk found the method not bad; Barrett certainly looked capable. Then, too, the chief clerk was a busy man; this directness saved time.

"Well!" said the chief clerk. He pulled out a drawer of his desk. "You've been an agent, I suppose?"

"Lots of times. Operator too."

"Think you can handle Venus?"

"Yes, sir; dead sure."

"All right. Please fill out this application."

The chief clerk took a form from the drawer, laid it on the opposite side of his flat-top desk and motioned Barrett to a chair.

Pal sat down. Five minutes later he passed the sheet back to the chief clerk.

"All fixed up," he said.

The chief clerk glanced swiftly over the application. Evidently he found it satisfactory. He looked up at the applicant.

"When can you start in?" he asked.

"To-morrow morning," answered Pal.

"Good enough!" The chief clerk took a little narrow pad of forms, wrote rapidly, and in a minute handed Barrett a slip from it.

"Here's a pass to Venus, Mr. Barrett. We'll wire the agent there, and we'll expect you to take charge of the office to-morrow."

"Thank you," said Palmer. "I'll be there."

"Good luck!" said the chief clerk.

Standing, a few minutes later, in the big doorway of the main waiting room on the first floor of the division-headquarters building—this floor being used as a passenger depot—Pal perceived a man approaching him from the direction of the train shed—a heavy-set man whose eyes were fixed on Pal with a rather gloating expression. Pal looked at the fellow closely; it was the policeman who had tried to arrest him and the Bar-K rider.

Pal spun about and went out the doorway. He crossed a busy street, kept on down it for half a square and turned into a deserted alley. He could hear the policeman's heels thumping along just behind him as he rounded the corner of the building, which stood flush with the sidewalk.

Barrett took two steps down the alley, whirled round—and once more was face to face with the heavy-set man.

"Second and, I hope, last time!" said Pal abruptly, aiming his index finger directly at the policeman's face and within an inch of his nose.

"Now looka here, Stealthy Steve," pursued Pal swiftly. "This following of me about has got to stop—right away, at once and without delay! I simply will not have it. It annoys me. It makes me cross. What do you mean, anyway, following innocent folk in this awkward manner?"

"Don't you get fresh, youngster!" snarled Stealthy Steve—a little taken back, nevertheless. "You can't bluff me! I'm going to pinch you for trespassing on the W. & O.'s property."

"This is absorbing!" said Pal. He dropped his hands to his sides. "Now if you think you can make the pinch—go ahead! But while you're doing it watch your foot!"

His eye, level and hard, rested on the policeman. The policeman gulped, made as if to lunge forward, changed his mind and stood still—an unlovely picture.

"That's right," smiled Pal easily. "I see you're not altogether lacking in wisdom. Now go away so that I can get a breath of good pure air."

The policeman, inwardly raging but lacking the nerve to vent his rage, backed away to the corner of the alley. He backed round onto the main street, leaving but his head craning into view. There he seemed to feel secure enough to chance a word.

"There'll be other days and times!" he advised savagely. "I'm not through yet!"

"Run along, before I take your gun away from you again!" said Pal. "But first, this: If there should be another time something's liable to happen to you—something unexpected and sufficient. Now, trot!"

The policeman trotted.

Three days later Officer Gillsey, heavy-set and big-footed, of the W. & O.'s police force, burst into Superintendent Gribble's office. Superintendent Gribble looked up in surprise at Gillsey's precipitate entrance.

"How did that fellow ever get on the job at Venus Station?" burst out Gillsey.

"What's the matter, Gillsey?" asked Gribble. "What are you talking about? What fellow?"

"That fellow who shot up the insulators from the stock train last Monday—the guy we tried to pinch at Venus!"

Gillsey was too much stirred up to betray any humiliation over his own undoing on that day.

"What!" The superintendent sat up in his chair. "What do you mean 'On the job at Venus Station'?"

"Yes, sir! Working down there in Fitch's place!"

"Are you positive?"

"Positive, yes! I saw him there myself, this morning."

"Well, I'll be dashed! I don't know anything about it!" Gribble pushed the button on his desk to summon his chief clerk.

"Did you send a new man down to Venus to relieve Agent Fitch?" demanded the superintendent when the chief clerk entered.

"Yes, sir," answered the chief clerk. "Fellow by the name of Barrett—Palmer Barrett. He was in here Tuesday seeing about the job, and I sent him down to relieve Fitch on Wednesday."

"Well, what do you think of that!" exploded Gribble. "Of all the nerve!" He hammered his desk with his fist. "I'll fire him! I'll kick him out so quick he'll not know which way to look!" He bounced to his feet. "Wire him!" he exclaimed angrily to the chief clerk. "Tell him to get out! Tell him we'll have a man down there to-night to relieve him!"

"Yes, sir," acquiesced the chief clerk, amazed at his superior's vehemence but refraining from questioning. He started out of the office.

"Here, wait!" called Gribble suddenly, as if some new thought had come to him. He seemed to debate a minute.

"Never mind," he said then; "I'll attend to it personally. I'll be down there to-morrow on the pay car and I'll hand him his money and the bounce, together! It'll be some satisfaction to do it myself—and I'll do it right!"

"Yes, sir," said the chief clerk. He went out.

"I'll show that smart Aleck that he can't put anything like that over on us!" ranted Gribble to Officer Gillsey after the clerk had gone. "The nerve of him! He must think I'm easy! But just wait till I land on him!"

Officer Gillsey smiled smugly; there was something about the whole situation that he seemed to find subtly satisfying.

"Yes, sir," said Officer Gillsey. "I'll be there to see that too!"

IV

TWELVE miles north of Venus there is a good-sized town, located, like Venus, on the W. & O. The name of this good-sized town is immaterial; it has two hotels, of which the Palace is the second and worse.

To this town, on a Friday evening, two horsemen had ridden in from the hills, traveling separately. They had gone to the Palace Hotel separately, registered separately and had been assigned to separate rooms.

Nevertheless, at the hour of nine on the same evening the horseman with the scar on the back of his neck had quietly betaken himself to the room of the horseman with the slightly crooked nose. And ten minutes later the two were joined by another man, heavy-set and big-footed.

The door of Room Twenty-seven opened and shut behind the last comer; the two horsemen, seated at a little table in the center of the room, looked up expectantly as he entered.

"Hello, Buzzard!" they greeted in unison.

The man at the door scowled and held up a warning finger as he snapped the latch and turned the key in the lock.

"Sh-h! None of that!" he cautioned. "My name's Gillsey here."

Time was, though, when Officer Gillsey had been known evilly as the Buzzard. This the two knew well; therefore they laughed—good naturedly, however—as he took the one other chair at the table.

"Just as you say!" laughed the neck-scarred one. "But what's a name more or less among friends? However—as the poets say—how goes it, Mr. Gillsey?"

"Pretty good, Kil!" replied Gillsey. "And how with you, boys?"

"Oh, up and down! Eh, Eddie?" And Kil looked at the crooked-nosed one.

Eddie nodded.

"That's right. Let's have something to drink." He made a move toward the room telephone.

Again Officer Gillsey held up his hand.

"Here—sit down! This is supposed to be a strictly secret conference; we want no prying eyes." He hauled a bottle from his pocket and set it on the table. "Try this."

"You're the same old Buz—that is, Mr. Gillsey!" proclaimed Eddie admiringly. "Always so thoughtful!" He took the bottle and raised the liquor aloft.

"To your good health—and our success!" he offered, and drank.

The other two also took a nip, and then Gillsey, the last to partake, placed the bottle in the center of the table and hitched up his chair.

"Let's get down to business," he said.

"That's the talk!" said Kil, leaning forward, elbows on the table. "We got your letter all right, but we lack the details, of course. For instance: Where do we tap this pay car?"

"At Venus," said the officer. His voice lowered guardedly. "Now listen!"

For some minutes Officer Gillsey talked low and earnestly across the table top, emphasizing and elaborating certain points with an energetic forefinger. Kil and Eddie listened eagerly, their shifty eyes fixed on the speaker's face. Once Kil interrupted.

"Who-all will be in the car?" he asked. "Besides yourself, I mean?"

"The paymaster, the superintendent and the supervisor," said Gillsey; "and one guard at the front of the car."

"And the conductor and the brakeman, and the engineer and the fireman on the engine!" added Kil. He regarded Gillsey with some disdain. "Only eight, not counting you! But of course that's nothing!" He leaned back in his chair. "Still, didn't it maybe strike you that we might have our hands full?"

"Full? Shucks!" scoffed Gillsey. "They'll not be looking for anyone to try to stick 'em up—not round the depot, this way. They'll be so surprised and buffaloed they'll just eat out of your hand. All you'll have to do will be to gather up the kale, and then beat it!"

"I don't know; it may be all right," said Kil doubtfully. He wrinkled his brows darkly at Gillsey. "Heaven help you if you're leading us into a blind alley!"

"I'm not," assured Gillsey hastily—"not a chance for anything like that. You don't need to fret about anyone on the pay car messing things up. And the reason I picked Venus as the place is because it's such a good place to make a getaway."

Kil's frown did not quite vanish, however.

"There's the agent at the station too," he said.

"Oh, him!" Gillsey permitted himself a vindictive grin. "You boys'll have to rope him up before we get there, so's he can't spread the news. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yes—I guess so," assented Kil.

"And when you're roping him up you don't need to do it too gentle," said Gillsey. "The rougher the better!"

Eddie's narrow, cruel eyes grew hard; he had apparently caught the vindictiveness in the officer's face and words.

"Ain't he a friend of yours?" asked Eddie slyly.

"Not much!" ejaculated Gillsey. "I owe him a couple!"

"What's he done?" questioned Eddie.

"No matter about that—it's too long a story just now," replied Gillsey. "But you just hand him several for me, and I'll not forget it."

"Leave it to us!" said Eddie.

"Speak for yourself!" growled Kil; his frown turned on the mean-eyed Eddie.

"Come on, forget the grouch!" urged Gillsey. "I'll go over these plans again and you'll see better how simple it all will be."

He bent over the table once more and again went over what he had said before Kil's interruption. Then finally he spread out his hands to signify that he had reached the end.

"And then to the division of the spoils!" he finished. "There's nothing to it!" He looked at Kil. "How about it?"

Kil's fears evidently had all been dissipated; his face, as well as Eddie's, was glowing with anticipation.

"All right," he agreed. "It'll do. Eh, Eddie?"

"By Godfrey—yes!" cried Eddie.

The officer's face was gloating.

"And it'll be worth while! Thousands! I've been waiting a long while for this chance!"

Greed and expectations glistened in the eyes of all three; Eddie rubbed his thumb and fingers together.

"It's been so long since I've felt any real big money!" he murmured.

"Here too!" said Kil, smirking. "It will be nice!"

"It will!" agreed Gillsey. He got to his feet. "Well, since it's all settled I'll have to be going." He moved toward the door. "Everything is lined up right then—everything is understood?"

"Perfectly!" assured Kil. "Eh, Eddie?"

"Have no fear," said Eddie. "We'll be there with bells on!"

"Good!" said Gillsey. "She ought to go off slick as a whistle." He reached for the door knob.

"What's your hurry?" remonstrated Eddie.

"I got to catch that night train south and ride it down to the junction to meet the pay car in the morning," explained Gillsey. "I'll see you boys to-morrow!"

"You will!" promised Kil.

"Sure thing!" said Eddie.

THE mountains creep down close to Venus town—if town it can be called. A few miles' canter back from the railroad, over sharp ridges, and a rider will find himself among the big hills. North and south they stretch, towering and rugged; full of secure hiding places if the rider seeks such.

At one-five on the afternoon of Pal Barrett's fourth day as agent at Venus Station the operator at Wiley block office had OS-ed a train to Pal. Officials may say that this and that train shall travel incognito. But news has a way of traveling along the line just ahead of such trains, so that their arrival is seldom so unexpected as officials would have it. Hence, after the operator at Wiley had completed the OS of second Number Sixty-seven, he explained.

"It's the pay car," said the operator. "Be up there in about thirty minutes. Watch for it and get your money. They're paying in cash."

"I'll watch," answered Pal. He smiled to himself; the money wouldn't be much.

In the interval of waiting Pal decided to make up his daily remittance; and ten minutes later he was standing at the front of his office, leaning over the telegraph table, his back to the open ticket window. Before him on the table he had a small brass open-wick torch, and over the flame he was heating a stick of wax with which he was making the seals on the large envelope containing his remittance. Business this day had been poor at Venus Station; the envelope contained but ten dollars. There were no regular trains due for several hours; the station and its immediate surroundings were deserted by everyone but the agent.

As Pal heated the wax for the last daub on the envelope he heard horses tramping by the platform outside at the rear of the station; and a minute later he heard human feet tramp into the waiting room and come up to the ticket window. He turned round to see what was wanted, and beheld a gleaming eye peering through a hole in a mask made from a blue bandanna handkerchief, the mask being squeezed up close to the edge of the window. And sticking through a square in the iron grating of the window was a businesslike pistol, the point of the pistol being in line with Pal and the gleaming eye.

"Put 'em up!" said the owner of the blue mask, alias Kil.

The pistol was steady, its angle was true, the voice was impressive. Pal put his hands up.

"This is a surprise!" said Pal.

"Ain't it though!" agreed Kil. "Step out to the center of the office—out in front of the window where I can see you better. Now reach in your pocket, slow and steady, and hand me the key for the office door. Yes, lay it right here on the window."

He spoke to someone behind him: "Here, take this key and go in the office while I keep him covered."

A long arm and hand reached out and took the key; the key clicked at the door; the door swung open and a man entered, gun in hand and wearing a mask similar to Kil's, only black.

"All right; come in yourself," said the owner of the black mask, alias Eddie. He covered Pal with his gun as he spoke to Kil.

Kil came in, shutting the door after him. The first thing his eye lit on was the envelope on the table.

"What's this?" he asked and picked the envelope up. He looked at the address and at the figures written on the face. "Huh! A remittance. Ten dollars!" He looked at Eddie. "Shall we take it?"

"Don't be a piker!" said Eddie. "Leave it—it's not chicken feed to the other. Come on; tie this fellow up! We got to hustle." He glanced up at the office clock. "One-thirty now," he warned. "Get a move on!"

He seized Pal roughly by the shoulder and jerked him round, almost sweeping him from his feet, then shoved him up against the wall with a bang.

"Stand there, you measly brass-pounder!" the bandit exclaimed. There was no particular anger in his voice—only a kind of relish in the wanton brutality of the deed; the eyes behind the black mask glittered cruelly.

Pal Barrett's eyes flamed.

"You dirty brute!" he cried, the hands above his head twitching. "You wouldn't dare do that without a gun in your hand!"

"Is that so?" snorted Eddie and made a move to clutch Pal's shoulder again. But Kil, pulling a couple of lengths of stout rope from his pocket, interfered.

"Here!" he cut in. "Can the rough stuff!"

"It's what the doctor ordered!" insisted Eddie, chuckling.

"Well, what if it is? You let the doctor fill his own prescriptions," advised Kil.

He stooped and warily proceeded to bind Pal's feet together with one of the pieces of rope.

These last remarks puzzled Pal. He had been somewhat amazed at the apparently uncalled-for roughness of the man in the black mask; and the reference to the doctor perplexed him still more. He felt there must be some connection between the two; he wondered who the doctor could be.

Kil finished binding Pal's feet

"Lay down!" he ordered the agent. "Face to the floor!" And when Pal, feeling it was worse than useless to resist, had done as ordered his wrists were secured with the other piece of rope. The roper then drew a big handkerchief

(Concluded on Page 37)

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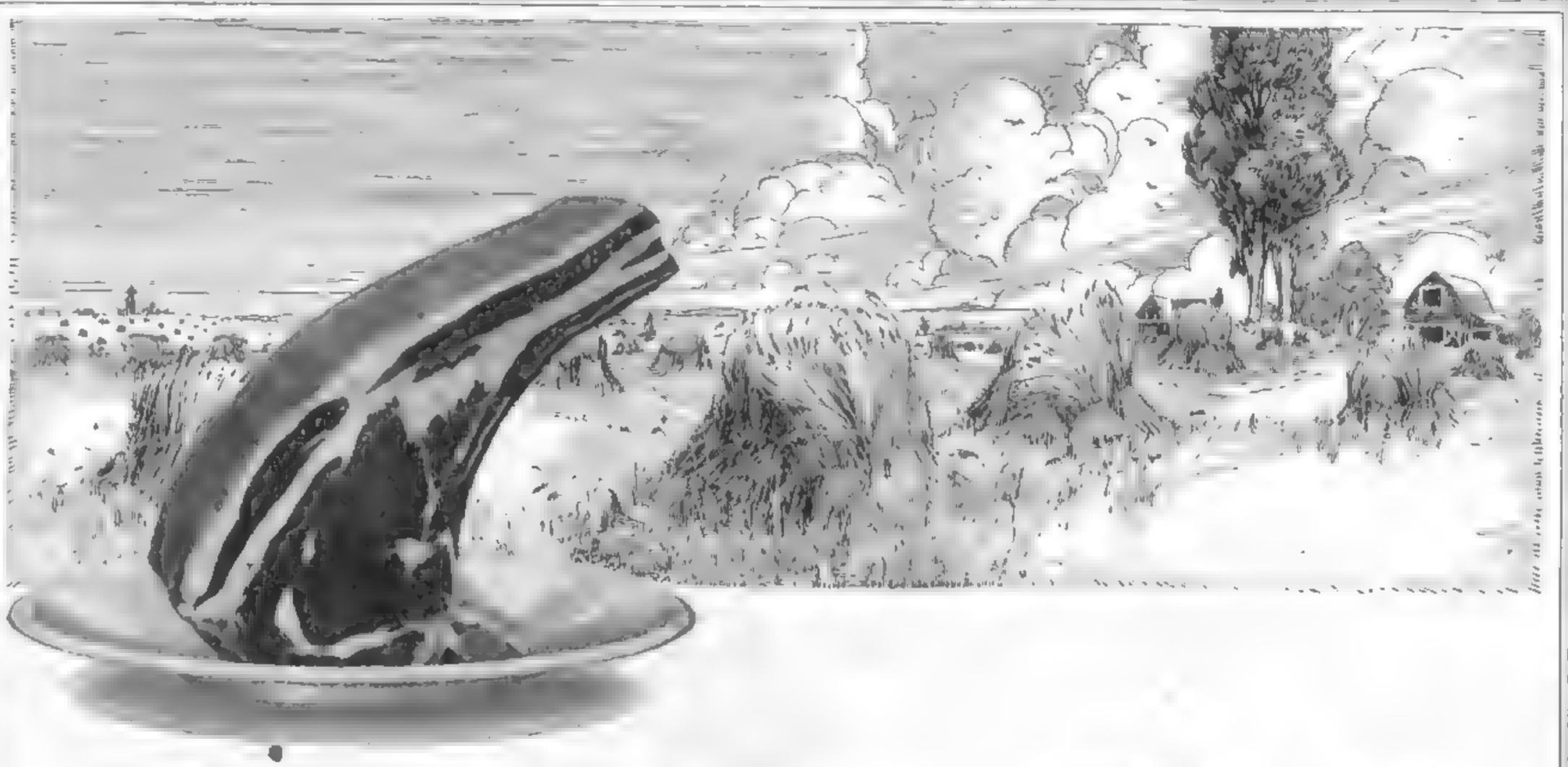

Golden Age

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> "weight for weight, it may be regarded as not less valuable for flesh-making purposes in the animal economy than beef or mutton. Most people can digest it more easily and rapidly than meat; it offers, therefore, an admirable substitute for meat, particularly for lunch or midday meals."
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> —*Practical Dietetics, by W. Gilman Thompson, M.D.*

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(Concluded from Page 34)

from his pocket, folded it, and thrust the middle of it into Pal's mouth.

"Chew on this," said Kil, and knotted the two ends at the back of the agent's head.

"Now, then, we're ready!" said Kil; and as he got to his feet a faint whistle from away down the track came floating into the office.

"There she comes!" he exclaimed. "Come along!" And in an instant the two bandits had slipped out of the office, banging the door shut behind them.

The two had no sooner gone than Pal Barrett twisted over onto his back, his brain jumping. He knew what they had in mind!

"Going to make a clean-up on the pay car!" he reflected.

He lay still a second, tugging vainly at his bonds. His eye fell on the little brass torch, still burning near the edge of the telegraph table ten feet away. A thought, a plan, flashed into his head, and without an instant's delay he rolled over on his face again, then over on his back once more, twisting and working his way toward the table.

He brought up at the foot of it, opposite the torch. He doubled up his legs and swung them over and round toward the torch so that the calves of his legs rested on the table's edge. He raised his head as high as possible to catch a sight of the torch, then thrust his feet back over the flame, bringing them into a position where the blaze would play on the binding rope, as closely as he could judge.

He could feel the heat on his shoes; it grew more intense; but he breathed a sigh of relief as he caught the odor of burning hemp. With the smell of the hemp came the odor of scorching leather, and the heat on his feet grew almost unbearable. He strained, endeavoring to pull his feet apart—and suddenly they were free.

"Thank the Lord!" breathed Pal. He swung his stinging feet down to the floor and struggled until he stood upright on them. He backed up to the table and stretched his bound hands over the torch. Second Sixty-seven whistled again, close at hand this time!

Though his hands had been securely tied, the bandit fortunately had left a little play between Pal's wrists. Hence Pal was able to stretch his hands apart and keep the flame from striking them directly.

But, even so, the heat was excruciating, and by the time the rope had burned enough to allow him to pull his wrists free his hands felt raw and stung as if they were on fire.

He heard the train stop in front of the office as the last burnt fragment of rope fell away. He whirled round. The engine had stopped just beyond the station, so that the rear end of the pay car was just in front of the office windows. Crouching down Pal gazed anxiously but cautiously through the window while he fumbled at the knots of the gag in his mouth. The train had barely come to a stop when the two bandits emerged from round the end of a box car standing on a short spur directly across the tracks from the depot. A few steps brought them to the rear of the pay car, their pistols in their hands. A solitary man was standing at the top of the coach steps, ostensibly on guard.

"My old friend, the policeman!" muttered Pal, pulling at the knots. "Watch out, boy!"

The policeman was standing with his back half turned to the steps, gazing at some object up the tracks, and in consequence apparently had no perception of the bandits until a sharp command from the one wearing the blue mask caused him to spin about abruptly, throwing up his hands at the same time.

Pal watched this performance, then frowned a little. There was something not quite right here. The policeman's air of surprise, though fairly clever, was too much overdone; his face had registered astonishment and chagrin, but his eyes did not.

"Looks queer!" murmured Pal, pulling out the last knot of the gag and dropping the handkerchief to the floor. "It was so easy you'd almost think it was a frame."

A sudden rush of dovetailing thoughts surged through his brain. Why, it must be a framed-up job! The policeman, who assuredly had no cause to love Pal, was the "doctor"! For revenge he had told the bandits to manhandle Pal when they held him up; the innuendo in their remarks about the doctor seemed to make this clear—to give the whole thing away. And who but the policeman could have given them the information about the pay car and the time when it would arrive at Venus? His being one of the guards made the carrying out of the plan so simple; but the policeman's thirst for vengeance was the fatal slip that had exposed the plot.

"Framed, by George!" exclaimed Pal. "I'll bet my hat on it!"

All these lightning thoughts had flooded upon him in the few seconds that it had taken the blue-masked bandit to leap up the car steps, frisk a gun from the policeman's hip, and then drive the officer through the coach door, himself following.

A shot cracked at the front of the coach; and glancing that way Pal saw a man, obviously another guard, lurch from the steps of the car, turn round uncertainly once, and sit down heavily on the ground, clutching at his shoulder.

It was the man in the black mask who had fired the shot, standing beside the steps where the guard had fallen; he now stooped swiftly and picked up a pistol that had dropped from the injured man's hand; he straightened up as swiftly and covered the engineer and fireman, who were staring, open-mouthed, from the cab.

"Get down here—quick!" ordered the outlaw, the words coming to Pal through the open door at the front of the waiting room. The trainmen swiftly complied.

H.W.-17 *Gribble Stared Helplessly Down at the Man He Had Sworn to Fire*

Pal's gaze darted back to the rear of the coach. Within the car he could see men standing about with upraised arms; and one of them, standing near a window on the side next to the office, he recognized as the official who had ordered him from the train of stock cars.

"The superintendent!" said Pal to himself. "Won't he be just hopping! And that bad man cleaning up the cash right before his eyes!"

This reflection caused Pal to give thought as to the bandits' probable actions after they had secured the cash, particularly as regarded their method of departure. They had come on horses—doubtless they would depart on them; the horses must still be out by the platform at the back of the station. Venus' one street came straight down to, and ended at, the rear of the depot; therefore anything taking place at the rear of the depot or on the street would be hidden from the sight of anyone on the pay car.

Pal considered all these things rapidly, then suddenly came to a decision that caused his face to expand into a broad grin. He turned away from the window, dived down into a little drawer in his desk and brought out his handy little gun. He opened the office door, went out into the waiting room, thence out the back door there onto the platform behind the station.

Two saddled horses were standing patiently at the edge of the platform, their bridle reins looped over their heads and trailing to the ground. Pal stepped up close to the horses, pulled each rein up and over the horse's head and wrapped the end round the cantle of the saddle. Then turning their heads up the street he thumped each beast with the butt of his pistol.

"Giddap!" he said softly.

The horses immediately started to trot up the street, their feet making almost no sound on the thick padding of dust.

"Keep a-going, broncs!" urged Pal joyously but in a whisper. And then he heard feet drumming round the station from the direction of the pay car. He leaped back and crouched down behind some barrels of oil that stood up-ended on the platform.

Round the corner of the station the two outlaws came on the jump, the one wearing the blue mask bearing a closely woven, heavy-burlap sack, one end of which was bulging; and the one with the black mask with his pistol dangling in his fingers. At sight of their wayward mounts, now a hundred yards up the street and still trotting, the two despoilers brought up together, stock-still.

"Hell's fire!" cried Blue Mask, pointing. "Look at that!"

"Don't move!" ordered a calm voice from behind some barrels standing within twenty feet of the bandits. "And look at this!"

The two astounded bandits looked and perceived a part of a head and a steady pistol point peeping round one of the barrels. The fingers of the black-masked man involuntarily twitched round the handle of his pistol.

"You, my friend with the gun, drop your weapon!" went on the voice back of the oil barrels. "Just open your fingers and let it fall to the ground before it goes off for you; because if that should happen someone would be dead certain to get hurt. There—that's right. Now raise your hands. Thanks—and keep them there!

"You're next, friend with the bag! Let that fall to the ground too—and put up your hands! Good boy! Now we're all set and snug!"

Pal straightened up and stepped away from the barrels. He advanced to his prisoners, his pistol ready.

"Don't make any false moves!" he warned, and reaching into the blue-masked robber's coat he extracted the gun that had belonged to the policeman, and from the robber's belt took his personal pistol. Then from the black-masked man's coat pocket he took the gun that the wounded guard had dropped.

"Another thing," said Pal—and in two quick motions he had ripped the masks from the outlaws' faces. He regarded them for an instant.

"Well," he said, "it's a cinch I don't know either of you birds!"

Of the two dumfounded outlaws Kil was the first to find his tongue. He fixed wondering eyes on his late captive.

"How in hell did you ever get out of them ropes?" he spluttered profanely. "What kind of a devil are you, anyway?"

Pal smiled unenlighteningly.

"I'm no railroad bull, at least," he said.

"Damn him!" exclaimed Kil and Eddie together—and with fervor.

"I thought so," laughed Pal. "Let's go see him. Right about face!"

The two prisoners turned about, and Pal, stooping, picked up Eddie's fallen pistol and the burlap bag.

"Back to the pay car!" commanded Pal then. "Forward, march!"

Less than five minutes after the robbers had vanished round the end of the depot the bewildered and impotent occupants of the pay car, still up in the air, were given another shock by the reappearance of the outlaws, marching along toward the coach side by side, hands upraised, and under command of Palmer Barrett, who was stepping along behind with persuading pistol.

With shouts and exclamations Superintendent Gribble and his men crowded to the platform of their car. Captives and captor came on and paused at the foot of the steps.

"Hello!" greeted Pal cheerfully. "Here we are!"

There was silence in the group for a moment

"Well," stammered Superintendent Gribble at last; "I should say you were!" He stared helplessly down at the man whom he had sworn to fire with scant ceremony.

"Here," said Pal, tossing the burlap bag onto the platform, "are your vanishing dollars!

"And here," he continued, "are the three thieves!"

Superintendent Gribble was beginning to gather his wits together. But now he looked a little puzzled as he contemplated the two robbers at the foot of the steps.

"Three thieves?" repeated Gribble. "You mean two thieves."

"No," replied Pal, "I mean three. These two—and one other!" His pistol shifted for a second and pointed at Officer Gillsey, standing within two feet of the superintendent.

"Come on down, doctor," said Pal to Officer Gillsey, "and join the bunch!" This last remark was too much for bandit Kil. He suddenly guffawed with abandon. Doubtless it pleased him, too, to see that the man who had led him into this was not going to escape.

"I tell you, Eddie," he chuckled to his fellow prisoner, "this boy is all there! He's smooth!" He looked up at the protesting, amazed policeman. "Come on down, Buzzy! This chappy knows you're one of us!"

Three days later the Bar-K man came riding into Venus. He was on an errand to the store, whither the Bar-K foreman had sent him for some horseshoe nails.

But coming in the Bar-K man did not pause at the store and post office; neither did he pause at the saloon. He did not pause until he had reached the platform at the rear of Venus Station. He stuck an eager face up to the open ticket window. "By Henry!" he cried in glee, yet as if greatly surprised. "You did land the job, didn't you?"

"Land the job?" Pal Barrett said. "Sure thing! I sneaked in when the superintendent wasn't looking!"

The Bar-K man grinned.

"Yes, but wait till this superintendent man finds you out!" Mr. Palmer Barrett smiled easily.

"Oh," he said, "the old man's done that already. He came round last Saturday and raised my wages!"

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Army Bed

THERE is on sale in some of the sporting-goods stores a bed which sometimes is listed as an officer's bed and sometimes as a regulation army bed. As a matter of fact I presume there is no regulation army bed for officers or others, though there are army blankets and all that sort of thing.

One feature of this so-called regulation bed rather appeals to me, as I have for a long time thought that a thin mattress is a good idea in a camp bed. This particular bed has a three-and-a-half-inch mattress made of kapok fiber—the same Asiatic vegetable product which is sometimes used in water-tight compartments of canoes, in life preservers, and so on. It is very light and is said not to be attractive to rats, mice and other rodents. This mattress, being thirty-four inches wide and a trifle more than six feet long, would perhaps float a man should he be caught out on the water with it.

The mattress is covered with a light khaki drill casing open at both ends. The blankets go on top of this mattress cover. The mattress and blankets both are to be covered on top by two flaps of canvas sewed one on each side of the long tarpaulin of twelve-ounce army duck which goes under the mattress. There is a head flap at the upper end of the tarpaulin and a similar flap at the lower end. Two tie straps serve to keep the top flaps from spreading. There is a pillow that goes in under the flap at the head, which pillow also is made of kapok fiber and is very light. Without the blankets the entire bed rolls up neatly, and in its two broad straps of webbing weighs about sixteen pounds. It retails at twenty dollars and has been a popular thing in the Officers' Reserve camps and elsewhere.

The main virtues of this bed—which is supposed to be used in combination with an army cot—are lightness and serviceability of the mattress; the neatness and compactness of the package when rolled; and the general readiness with which the bed itself can be put in use. One could throw into the blankets pyjamas, toilet articles, even an extra suit of clothes—and the entire outfit would roll up into a package that could be thrown into a wagon.

I am not sure that the fiber mattress itself would be very warm. In that case one desideratum would be lacking. Of course a cot is much colder than the ground. If the two flaps were sewed together and attached to only one side, so that the free edge could be tucked under the bed, it would in my opinion be a much better arrangement and would not leave the neatness of the blanket package much more difficult to attain.

Leaving the mattress cover open at both ends makes it easier to get the mattress in and out; but making the foot flap only the width of the bed, thirty-four inches, leaves an open hole at each corner of the foot of the bed. This might let in rain and it certainly would let in cold.

This officer's roll is easier to keep neat, easier to pack, lighter and more compact than the cow-puncher's ruder arrangement. It also has grommets at the corners so that it can be arranged as a windbreak, as a hammock, and so on—all uses to which no good bed ever is put. Since an officer is not supposed to take it as rough as a cow-puncher or even a sportsman, but usually has quarters of some sort, one would call this device rather practical—a great deal more desirable than the usual sleeping bag sold to sportsmen.

The Army Shoe

From time to time mention has been made of the virtues of the army shoe as footwear for the sportsman. For a long time outdoor men were addicted to the high and heavy boot of waterproof leather. To-day not nearly so many of these are worn. There was a boom—said to have been started in these columns—in the army shoe made on the Munson last, which is the only correct model for that shoe. Within the last year the army has bought several million pairs of them, and it is a poor shop to-day that does not show you an assortment of civilian shoes that are guaranteed to be the genuine army shoe. Some of them are and some are not.

The immediately interesting thing to the sportsman is that this shoe has within the last two years jumped from $3.50 and $4.00 a pair to $7.50 and $8.00 It is understood that the army has been paying $2.81 for these shoes.

This shoe, without doubt the best for the human foot ever devised, is quite often made of poor material, more especially in the light or garrison shoe. An expert says that a pair of these shoes cannot be expected to stand more than a month's service in the army. You may figure out the number of pairs that must be turned out to supply this demand, which runs into many millions of pairs. The field shoe is heavy and hobnailed, with steel rim to the heel, much like the European trench shoe.

Whether or not this field shoe will prove of service in wet trench work in Europe remains to be seen. No European army uses a shoe quite so light as this. It makes no claim to the old waterproof idea, because the army experts have found that a waterproof shoe is the worst thing in the world to walk in; but it is of heavy leather, grain side out. It is certain that the mobilizing of our army is going to do a great deal for the outdoor idea in America, and equally certain that the army equipment will put its imprint upon aporting equipment more and more from year to year. The sportsman may choose between the garrison and field models. I prefer the garrison shoe for street or field wear.

The Army Sock

Not everything can be said in favor of the army sock in use by our soldiers, except as to its price, eighteen cents—to the soldier, not to us civilians. The regulation United States Army sock never called for pure wool, because that shrinks too much in washing; but the product given the soldier to-day is sometimes too largely cotton, and cotton freezes the feet in cold and wet weather.

The best socks any private in our army can get are those made by the women of America, who knit them free, out of real wool, and send them to the Red Cross or to the army. The Red Cross authorities will tell any woman just how to make these socks so that they are practical in every regard. Many hundreds of thousands of pairs have been knitted and given free by the industrious women of our country—who indeed seem to have more war-consciousness and more understanding of the seriousness of the military situation than do the men of America to-day. If you want to make your man at the Front happy send him socks, and send him tobacco. Then send him some tobacco and some more socks. The life of a pair of socks in the army is only about seventy-five miles—not even two weeks. It is not likely that there will be an overproduction of good socks fit for soldiers. A local department store asks just $6.00—six dollars—for a pair of these hand-knitted socks. I have bought them in Canada for fifty cents a pair for the last fifteen years.

The amateur knitter engaged in this very useful work ought to be sure that the sock is made long enough. Even a soft wool sock can damage the toes very much indeed, and in fact almost put a man out of business if it be a little too short The sock ought not to bulge or turn back at the toe, but it ought to be plenty long enough. The knitter ought to remember what Colonel Munson of the army remembered in designing his shoe—that a man's foot is three-quarters of an inch longer at night than it is in the morning.

A moccasin can take off a toenail, and a sock can make a toe crooked Make the socks long enough and abundant enough. The army man is much like the sportsman out of doors—in any case dry socks and tobacco are more in demand than anything else when evening comes

The Kitchener sock had no heel to it it was a straight cylinder which could be turned over when worn through at the heel, where a sock always goes first. Our soldiers do not like the cylinder sock so well as that which is shaped to the foot. Ask grandma, therefore, how to knit. Grandma will tell you how much wool there is in your yarn and she will tell you as quick as she feels the average army sock whether it is a poor contrivance. The quality is not even.

The amateur comfort kits often supplied by the Red Cross are not always wholly popular with the actual soldier. Pink pyjamas are only good for gun wipers. To repeat: any soldier who gets hold of a comfort kit will look in it for tobacco—and socks. Don't disappoint the soldiers.

The Army Rifle

We have no army rifle, oddly enough; and for the matter of that, neither has any other army to-day—that is to say, no one can tell at this writing what the rifle of the immediate future may be. We began the Civil War with the Harper's Ferry musket and came out with the Henry repeating rifle, which was the father of the modern Winchester. To-day in Europe some automatic rifles are in use, and it seems quite likely that the automatic principle employed in the machine gun is destined to take its place soon in the shoulder pieces of the fighting men.

An American inventor now comes to the front and places before the military boards an applicance which makes a model trench piece out of the regular Springfield rifle of 1903. In effect, this invention, with an added weight of only six pounds, makes out of that rifle a twenty-five-shot automatic magazine gun with periscope attachment and telescopic sights. Great accuracy, great rapidity and practical portability are assured. A body of riflemen well intrenched and armed with this piece would be very difficult to dislodge. Of course one cannot tell whether or not this invention will be adopted, but it is a straw which shows the way of the wind.

The ingenious inventor who has worked out this new rifle has also a theory about bettering the army sights. These are days of camouflage and protective coloration in uniforms and everything else. The regulation army sight does not always stand out clearly against its proper target under these conditions of low visibility. The inventor has contrived a front sight made out of a red bakelite, and a rear sight of green bakelite—this being a substance as serviceable as steel, according to all accounts. He declares that this gives a much clearer sighting power and believes that these sights will be found far better than those on the old Springfield. He has printed his conclusions in an able journal devoted to rifle and firearm interests.

Every war brings out rapid improvements in the agencies of destruction. Here then we have a rifle which will kill a man at a mile or so, which can be sighted delicately and accurately by means of its wind-gauge appliances and its telescopic and periscopic attachments, while the rifleman himself is hidden below a parapet protection. The piece will fire twenty-five shots as rapidly as any machine gun. In case an advance be ordered the soldier can shoulder his trench piece and carry it forward. As it is, machine guns are carried forward in pieces, the total weight being too much for any one man to carry. Whether such a piece can come into practical use as a standard weapon cannot be said. For sharpshooters it ought to do business on a large scale.

As for the Springfield rifle, the piece adopted by the United States Army, experts say it is the best rifle in the world. But we could not make them fast enough—only a few thousands every month could be turned out, whereas we need at least two rifles every year for every one of our millions of soldiers. Figure up what that comes to, along with ten or twelve pairs of shoes and a couple of dozen pairs of socks each year for each man. Then perhaps you will be more lenient in your criticism of the authorities at Washington, and more willing to go light on cocktails, meat and wheat.

Seeing that we could not make ourselves rifles rapidly enough our Government began to take the British rifle, the Enfield, because we could get hold of them at once. But this piece does not shoot our ammunition.

So we are taking the Enfields and rechambering them in thousands and hundreds of thousands, so that they will take the Springfield ammunition.

This of course means that the English army rifle is not standardized with ours, and that the American ammunition is not standardized with that of the British or French troops. This situation is not a good one from the business point of view, however practical it may be from a military standpoint. I suppose the good business man would standardize all the Allied rifles and ammunition—or at least the ammunition. Then he would standardize the work of all those armies—would see that their several campaigns were formed upon a common plan and carried out as parts of one general organization. It is not, however, for a small man to speak of these things. We can only watch them as they develop and as they come and go.

The Enfield rifle is not considered by army experts as fine a piece as the Springfield. It weighs about a pound more. There is, however, a general similarity in the bolt-action weapons used by practically all the thirty-eight million men now under arms. We may expect to see these pieces increase every year in deadliness and accuracy. We may expect to see the automatic idea applied to the killing of men as well as it long has been applied to the killing of game. The pace has been set by a nation which has made a business out of war.

The Army Library

Soldiers do a great many things besides fight. At times they rest. A good soldier must be a well-fed man, a well-clad man and a contented man. Our soldiers are accustomed to reading. What shall they read?

The Post-Office Department of America has done very much toward answering this question. The little inset on a certain magazine head saying "Place stamp here" means much for the personal comfort of some chap over yonder.

Now comes a movement fathered by Mr. George Shiras, 3d, a man who has perhaps done more than any other living person in the furtherance of intelligent use of the blessings of the out-of-doors. The Shiras plan is to have the sportsmen of America send to our soldiers the used or the surplus and returned magazines devoted to outdoor sports. There are many of these publications, each excellent in its class.

It is figured that the unused surplus of the returned sporting publications runs more than fifty thousand copies each month, and it is stated that publishers would be glad to sell these at about the cost of the white paper which went into their manufacture. The purpose therefore is to make this sportsmen's organization an auxiliary of the library association.

It may readily be seen that ten dollars would supply about two thousand readers; one hundred dollars, material for twenty thousand readers. Moreover, this out-of-doors literature is precisely what soldiers like to read. Magazines, tobacco and socks—these things are practical.

Mr. Shiras, in his tentative literature regarding this enterprise, expresses the belief that the outdoor magazines of America are without superior anywhere, and says that it has been computed that seventy-five per cent of the Canadian troops are sportsmen, so that we may figure almost as great a percentage in regard to the American enlistment. It is often said that the success of the provincial volunteers from Canada—and who does not know the brilliant record of these men at the Front? has been due to their acquaintance with all phases of outdoor life. Soldiering came natural to them. Now these same soldiers furnished many readers of the sporting publications. There is no kind of reading they would rather keep up than this. Mr. Shiras deserves the intelligent and liberal support not only of every sportsman in America but of every citizen of America who has a dollar left, among the countless demands upon his purse, his time and his energy to-day.

A great many of us would have been at the Front before this had it been possible. The boys who are there now have taken our places. Not to support them, not to make them comfortable and happy is a sort of treason in itself. Once more socks, tobacco and out-of-doors magazines—that would be a fair notion of good things.

The Burd Guarded Opening, Seals all the Power in Your Cylinders.

What You Should Know About Piston Rings in Your Motor

What They Are—What They Do—Why They Are Important

"No motor part," says a leading engineer, "is more important in the performance of a car than its Piston Rings."

YET it is astonishing how few owners know anything about their piston rings. A garageman says, "Your car needs new piston rings." And you answer, "All right, put them in." But not the slightest mention is made of what kind, nor their efficiency. Here are told some of the little-known, but all-important facts.

A Perfect Fit Vital

To function properly, the pistons must move up and down in the cylinder with minimum friction. It is usual to provide from five one-thousandths to ten one-thousandths of an inch between the piston and the cylinder wall, to take care of heat expansion and lubrication.

The rings are sprung into suitable grooves on the exterior of the piston. These rings should fit so perfectly against the cylinder wall as to make a gas-tight air joint.

But if your piston rings are faulty, if they do not fit perfectly, you are wasting power. You are wasting gasoline and oil. Your car will not climb hills. It smokes and lacks compression. You are straining your engine. You are getting excessive carbon deposits. You are facing ignition troubles. You are inviting countless motor ills.

The Answer: Burd Rings

Piston rings are not *just* piston rings. There are many and important differences. You should select them with the same care you choose your tires, your lenses, your bearings.

Burd High Compression Piston Rings represent the greatest advancement in piston ring manufacture of the past decade. They are the work of mechanical experts. The result of years of experimenting, improving and refining.

The *Burd Guarded Opening* makes Burd Rings fit tight and *stay* tight. There is no gap through which the power can escape. It *seals* the power in your cylinders. It turns waste power into *extra* power.

And remember, no other piston ring has this feature. It is patented. No one else can use it. And so if you want the assurance of the perfect and constant piston ring fit that this guarded opening makes possible, you must get *Burd High Compression Piston Rings.*

BURD High Compression Piston Rings

Burd Rings are made of special analysis iron. Each ring is cast individually. Every step in their manufacture is the work of experts. All rings are accurate to within one-fourth of one-thousandth of an inch. They are subjected to a minute, final inspection. Each ring is backed by an unlimited warranty of performance.

For these reasons *Burd High Compression Piston Rings* are today the choice of leading engineers and experienced motor car owners.

Burd High Compression Piston Rings are in thousands of the finest motor cars. Many manufacturers, in order to give their buyers the best of everything, have been willing to pay the extra cost of *Burd High Compression Piston Rings.* You will do well to know if your car is equipped with *Burd Rings.*

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Our booklet, "Helpful Hints to Motorists," is a book that every motorist should have. It is full of interesting and valuable information. It is the work of mechanical experts. Men who understand the every-day problems the motorist meets. You will find it the most valuable book of its kind you have ever read. Write for it today. It will be sent you absolutely free.

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GABRIEL SNUBBERS

New Wrinkles of Low Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

SO MUCH has been said in the last few months about the patriotism of buying Liberty bonds that perhaps another form of financial loyalty has been overlooked. The man or woman who invests in wildcat stocks, in rash, foolish and unsound securities, is just as much a slacker as the disloyal or nutty individual who refuses to buy a Liberty bond. The application of this principle cuts deep and far.

Our country is in for a period of conservation, of economy, of thrift. A great battle is on against waste and extravagance. Food is being saved. Coal is being saved. Iron and steel are parceled out only to those who can prove a good use for the same. So it goes all along the line. Why, then, is not the conservation of money just as important? Why is it not fully as harmful for the individual to throw money away upon reckless gambles as upon riotous living?

So much has been said about the essential nature of resources and materials in this war that the function of money has been somewhat disparaged. Of course a government or nation does not literally fight with money. It only uses money as a convenient kind of machinery for getting supplies. But just so long as nations continue to use money in this way, money remains absolutely vital to the individual. To him it is the same as supplies and resources.

Money to the individual represents all he has saved in the past. It stands for all the material goods he has earned a right to, but has not consumed. And if he invests this money in unproductive, useless concerns he has practically thrown away that amount of supplies, materials, resources. In reality he has thrown away food, steel, copper, ships, and all the other sinews of war and of peace.

Gradually, through the activities of the Government itself and of the banking community, corporations that need new capital are being refused, unless they can prove it is necessary for the conduct of the war. This principle was long ago adopted in European countries, and if the war continues it will be put more and more into practice here. But thus far no one has taken up the question of stopping the flow of capital into the ever-hungry maw of dubious promoters who seek to unload questionable stock upon the public.

It is rarely that one of these questionable promotions of the type that is conceived either in the brain of an irresponsible crank or lacks the element of good faith from the start takes any enormous sum; but in the aggregate they do absorb large sums—trickles by the million from those who can least afford to lose. I refer to the type of stock that is doomed from the start; that is essentially a stock-jobbing proposition; the type that is variously dubbed get-rich-quick, illegitimate, low finance and cat-and-dog.

Wares Rapidly Changed

To those who lost in the New Haven, the Rock Island, the Frisco, and other choice specimens of high finance, there may seem little to choose between the low and the high variety. But where high finance may wreck, either purposely or through misfortune, a score of conspicuous companies in a few years' time, low finance wrecks thousands of companies in one year. High finance is a sad thing when it goes wrong; but, after all, it is the comparative exception. It is too notorious and conspicuous to go unchallenged for long in any particular manifestation. But the low, cheap, penny-a-share, snide variety flourishes under the grass, as it were, too petty to be noticed, even in wartime, but annually carrying ruin to thousands of families.

Low finance, of course, corresponds exactly to quack medical practice. The legitimate medical man makes many mistakes and is far from perfect; but the quack offers his victim no chance, because he is a humbug from the start.

Probably every reader of this article will agree with these general remarks of mine. "But," asks the reader, "how am I to know the difference? How am I to keep from being stung? What are the signs of the illegitimate promoter, the humbug broker, the wildcat stock?"

In the main the stock-jobbing type of promoter follows in the wake of any industry that happens to be especially prosperous at the moment. He changes his wares rapidly. He shifts from one boom to another. A year or so ago motor stocks were the choice mediums of the stock jobber. That was because the motor industry was then extremely prosperous. It was then perfectly apparent to any sensible man that the motor industry would narrow into a keen survival of the fittest, because the large profits had drawn in hundreds upon hundreds of new concerns.

Of course the pioneers in any field may start out in a very small, petty way; and yet, if there be ability and good faith at the helm they will succeed in a large measure. But after the field has been filled up, after there are scores of big concerns in it, it is extremely difficult for the small new concern to make good. At the beginning of a boom it is not necessary perhaps for a concern to have the most eminent and solid backing; but at the height of a boom no sensible man would touch a new concern unless it is absolutely AAA.

Nearly all the snide little motor companies that sprang up a couple of years ago, with stock selling rather than motor manufacture as their chief aim, have now gone to the wall; but the same gang of promoters has turned its attention to oil and gasoline companies. They also have taken up farm tractors and mail-order propositions. Oil, tractor and mail-order schemes—many of them—will go the same way as the motor swindles.

Blue-Sky Commissions

Here is another method of keeping out of wildcats! At a time when the securities of sound, established concerns in any given industry are selling at a big discount don't buy the stocks of new companies that have no standing in the same industry. The best of stocks will fall often for reasons unconnected with the earnings or prosperity of their companies; but a decline in the price of snide stocks is almost always due to only one reason—the stream of victims has run dry.

The most amazing part of the whole business to the expert financial observer is the way people will buy stocks in new promotions, in companies that have no standing, no backing, and, most important of all, no place as yet earned in the particular industry to which they pretend to belong, when stocks that pay good dividends can be had in companies which form the chief units of those very industries. When the motor swindles were at their height, two years ago, and there were perhaps from five hundred to a thousand companies in the field, investors could buy stocks in all but one of the dozen companies that did eighty per cent of all the business; and get a large return on their money at that. Much the same situation exists to-day as regards the oil industry.

Among the new wrinkles of the low financiers is the sending of telegrams and telephone messages to strangers, urging the purchase of stocks. In general, all manner of new refinements are being adopted in the old game of rush—hurry up! All rush messages from so-called brokers, about whom you know nothing, urging you to buy stocks that you know nothing about, should be thrown into the wastebasket.

Another relatively new development is the application of the partial-payment plan to cheap, petty mining and oil shares. Almost any scheme that pretends to buy securities other than those of recognized position and standing upon a partial-payment plan is a swindle. The reason is perhaps not generally known. Brokers who buy stocks for you, either on margin or on a partial-payment plan, must obtain money from banks, with the stocks as collateral security, in order to make the purchases. But banks practically never lend on unknown and unrecognized wildcat promotions; at least, they never make such loans except at very exorbitant rates of interest, which would, in turn, make it impossible for the brokers to carry the securities.

The actual method by which a certain class of brokers handle cheap wildcat stocks on margin or partial payments is extremely interesting. Most investors in such stuff—or in any stocks, for that matter—incline to buy when prices are high. Such is the natural psychology. But it plays directly into the hands of the snide broker, for if a stock is high in price it is likely to decline before the full number of payments are made; and if the broker does not buy until, say, the next to the last payment, there is a good chance that he may be able to buy the stock at a much lower price than the customer paid for it. At the same time, the customer is paying to the broker interest on money the broker never actually borrows; and, more than that, the broker is having the use of the money the customer has turned in on payments.

Many customers do not hang on if a stock goes down. They get discouraged and discontinue their payments. Then, of course, the broker has made a clear profit of all the money paid in, as he has bought nothing and borrowed nothing.

Obviously one way of avoiding a worthless stock is to find out from one's bank how much they will lend on it. If the bank will lend nothing on the stock, then in all probability it is a good thing to leave alone.

From the investor's point of view, all bonds and stocks offered him may be divided into three classes: There are securities about which very little is generally known, but which are practically worthless; there is another class about which very little is generally known, but which possess value; and, finally, there is the large group, though smaller than either of the others, about which enough is generally known for the investor to form his own judgment.

How, then, is the investor to discover whether a stock is practically worthless—to all intents and purposes a swindle? Well, if you live in one of the Western or Middle-Western States which has a blue-sky law, the chances are nine out of ten that you can be saved from putting your money into manifest wildcats by applying to the blue-sky commissioner, banking commissioner, corporation commissioner, or whatever the official in charge may be called, and getting such information as his office has on the subject. Numerous wildcats have been driven out of several Western States by these commissioners.

California's Experience

California's experience is perhaps as interesting as any. The corporation commissioner has found it necessary in the last few years to issue a number of warnings to the public to beware of mining schemes which have not received the sanction of the commission, or which have evaded the law by organizing in neighboring states and selling their shares in California. War conditions have greatly benefited producing mines, the commissioner points out; and the renewed public interest has been a good thing for legitimate companies, with legitimate projects, enabling them more readily to finance exploration and development work. But he declares that the wildcat promoter and broker "are always in the van of the boom; and, wherever it is possible for them to evade the blue-sky law, they are flooding this state with all manner of junk securities."

Thousands of inquiries have been received from stockholders who have been unable to secure satisfactory information from the companies in which they have invested, and are either ignorant of their legal rights or have not sufficient at stake to justify the expense of an independent investigation. The department seeks to become a clearing house of information regarding corporate securities generally, though it has no power to conduct examinations—except of such companies as come under its jurisdiction. Such a clearing house is a vital necessity in every state, a boon that private enterprise has utterly failed to provide.

In one case a widow, contemplating the exchange of a country hotel property for six thousand shares of stock in a refrigerating company, which she was assured had always sold for a dollar a share, was saved from loss by use of the long-distance telephone. Investigation by the department developed the fact that the company had expired some few years before, and the stock was wholly worthless.

Nor do blue-sky officials merely keep trashy frauds out of the states in which these laws operate. The rotten conditions of larger and more dignified enterprises have been unearthed in many cases. These are, of course, even more dangerous to the public, because their securities are offered as conservative investments, but prove to be less than a bad speculation.

Unfortunately most of the states, especially in the eastern part of the country, have no blue-sky laws. As regards stocks of insurance companies, there never need be any doubt as to what course the investor should pursue. Nearly every state has an insurance department, and information may be had from that source. But when it comes to other classes of unknown securities there are practically no sources of information other than the banks and newspapers.

Banks will nearly always oblige their depositors by obtaining such information through their correspondents in other cities or through the medium of private reporting agencies. Or, if the investor prefers, the bank will secure for him the name of such an agency and the investor may get a firsthand report direct by paying a moderate fee. It must be admitted, however, that none of these channels of information are of much value if the investment is located at a great distance.

Information Worth Getting

Many people will not approach their banks on such subjects, and thousands of buyers of wildcat stocks are not bank depositors. For them the only recourse is the newspaper. Naturally the nearer the newspaper is to the state or city where the investment is located, the more likely it will be to have facilities for gathering information. It would be silly to ask a paper in Hartford, Connecticut, to investigate some little local venture in Los Angeles, California. But it would be eminently sensible to ask a Hartford paper to help one out on a stock offering from a mushroom concern in Meriden, Connecticut.

Investors use singularly little discrimination in seeking help from newspapers. Many papers have no facilities for this sort of work and do not wish to be bothered with letters from investors. Those that have the facilities, and do not mind being bothered, always advertise the fact. But investors fail to realize this distinction. By way of illustration, it may be said that in New York City three papers have gone into this field extensively, and the most cursory glance at the various New York papers would quickly disclose which they are.

In regard to the second class of securities, those which are generally unknown, but which possess value, little need be said. There is only one way of discovering such investments, and that is through direct personal contact and connections. All the blue-sky laws and reporting agencies and newspapers will never bring one in touch with these opportunities. It is solely a question of personal acquaintance and negotiation; and, of course, strange brokers and promoters are considered personal acquaintances only by the proverbial sucker.

Naturally the first step any sane person will take before investing in bonds or stocks is to discover whatever facts about the company are to be had from available sources other than the promoter himself, such as from newspapers and periodicals of standing, and from the recognized reference books to be found in any bank or broker's office, and in all large libraries.

Obviously if the investor can read about a company in a wholly cold and impartial reference book he is at once in a position to judge for himself to a considerable extent. He is not likely to be victimized. Very few of the fraudulent, cat-and-dog promotions ever last long enough to get into any decent reference or rating book. The promoters unload and disappear; and that is the end of it.

KITCHEN CAMOUFLAGE

More Impressions of a Wounded French Soldier on His First Visit to America

SOUS-LIEUTENANT Gaston Durand and I had just finished a tour of inspection of the model dairy farm attached to my country place in Connecticut, and were sitting on the broad veranda which commands a view of the Sound. We had returned the evening before from a little business trip to Niagara Falls, Chicago and Washington, during which I had been the recipient of this alert-minded young Frenchman's first impressions of America at war.

Gaston sipped his lemonade, then leaned forward and chuckled softly to himself.

"What's tickling you?" I asked, setting down my glass.

"*Pardon, monsieur!*" He clapped his hands softly against his thighs and gave me a look partly apologetic, partly of puzzled amusement. "But it is all so very perplexing. I grew up on a farm in Alsace and thought that I knew a good deal about agriculture, but I find that I know nothing."

"All the same," I said, "I wouldn't hesitate to place a fat bet that you could take a little farm right here and run it at a good profit, with all the rest of us, amateurs and professionals alike, barring maybe an Italian or two, going down into our jeans if there's anything there or, if there isn't, cutting a few acres of timber to make up the deficit."

Gaston shook his head. "You flatter my capacity, monsieur," said he; "from what little I have seen I do not see how anybody manages to farm at a profit on a small scale here in America. So far as I can judge it could only be done with slave labor—even female slave labor. But in America the slaves prefer to work in stores and sweatshops and factories rather than in the open air. The work is harder, of course, and the pay less, and the general conditions more brutalizing and unhealthy; but they seem to find it more dignified than milking cows and plucking chickens and digging potatoes, or sitting under a tree making clothes for the baby while a little woolly dog keeps the cows out of the cabbages. As long as there are a cinema and ice-cream soda and a dance hall where they can breathe some more bad air they can manage to get through their day, these silly little toilers."

"Where did you get all that stuff, Gaston?" I asked.

Things We Might Do

"FROM what I have seen on our little turn, and the people I have talked to, monsieur. My boche acquaintance in Chicago told me a great deal. He says that the fault is with the women, who will wear themselves out going to meetings and lectures on the food question, but cannot find time to prepare a decent meal for their husbands, who therefore go to his place for their meals; which no doubt saves the country food, as they eat stews and Hamburg steaks from scraps which at home would go into the swill pail, if they were ever even purchased. He told me also a funny joke: An American lady, whose cook was no doubt in the habit of throwing away soup meat and chicken feet and things, went to the house of one of his Italian waiters in her rounds and lectured the good wife on food economy. Can you imagine a French or Italian peasant or *petite bourgeoise* being taught such a thing by an American lady? Especially an Italian woman—who would serve an appetizing meal from an onion and a tomato with a bit of stale cheese and a handful of spaghetti?"

"It's plumb ridiculous," I agreed, thinking of the enormous food bills for my own little household. "I must say I don't see why there should be any food shortage when you look round at the resources of this country. The price is a different matter. Of course that's bound to be high if you can't go out and gather crops yourself, and have to pay an able-bodied man fifty cents a bushel to dig your own potatoes and a cook three times that to pare off and throw away one-half and subject the rest to enough heat to make 'em digestible. Then there's the transport and the middleman and the kitchen range and all that."

"It seems to me," said Gaston, "that every community, both large and small, should do as we do in France, and have its open market where the small producer can bring a few chickens or a basket of onions and sell directly to the consumer."

"That's being tried," I answered, "and the trouble seems to be that people like ourselves go there in their cars and lug away the whole output."

"Because there are not enough of them," Gaston answered. "That very fact shows that they would relieve the pressure. Really, monsieur, the food possibilities of what little I have seen of this country impress me as no less astonishing than its great industrial power. And yet you talk of intensive gardening. Why intensive gardening? America is not like Japan or England, or even France and Italy. I have seen great fields of neglected hay overripened and uncut, orchards of splendid apples with the fruit rotting on the ground, acres of rich pasture uncropped by so much as a goat, and fertile bottom lands unscratched by a plow. It is not intensive agriculture that this country needs, but extensive. And why not donkey carts to bring the stuff to market? I have not seen a donkey. Plenty of cars but no donkeys; and donkeys find their own living like goats, and there is nothing to equal their milk for the babies. I am told that it is stronger than cow's milk and has no tuberculosis. Until quite recently the little string of asses driven about Paris used to hold up traffic on the Champs Elysées."

"But when you talk of extensive agriculture here you stack up against the labor and transportation again," I objected.

"But this would seem so easy to manage," Gaston answered. "In France the war fell just when we were about to harvest. All the available men were instantly mobilized; yet it is a fact, monsieur, that the harvest was never made so quickly or so thoroughly. It was done by the women and the very old and very young; and the gendarmes rode round the country and, working in conjunction with the mayors of the little communes, saw to it that there was no shirking. Of course that was a *tour de force*, but nobody was the worse for it. And our necessity was imperative to a degree which the people here cannot imagine. As for the transport, at present it appears that the food is shipped into town from the country, then shipped from the town out into the country again. What waste of labor and transport and time and refrigerating! The system of adequate open markets would relieve this congestion. If you drive out of Paris on any road at three in the morning you will meet long trains of market carts filing in to supply the little open markets of every quarter, with Les Halles as the chief distributing center. And the food is fresh and sweet and has not been near the ice."

"The truth of the matter is, Gaston," I said, "the people in this country are too darned lazy to get up at three in the morning."

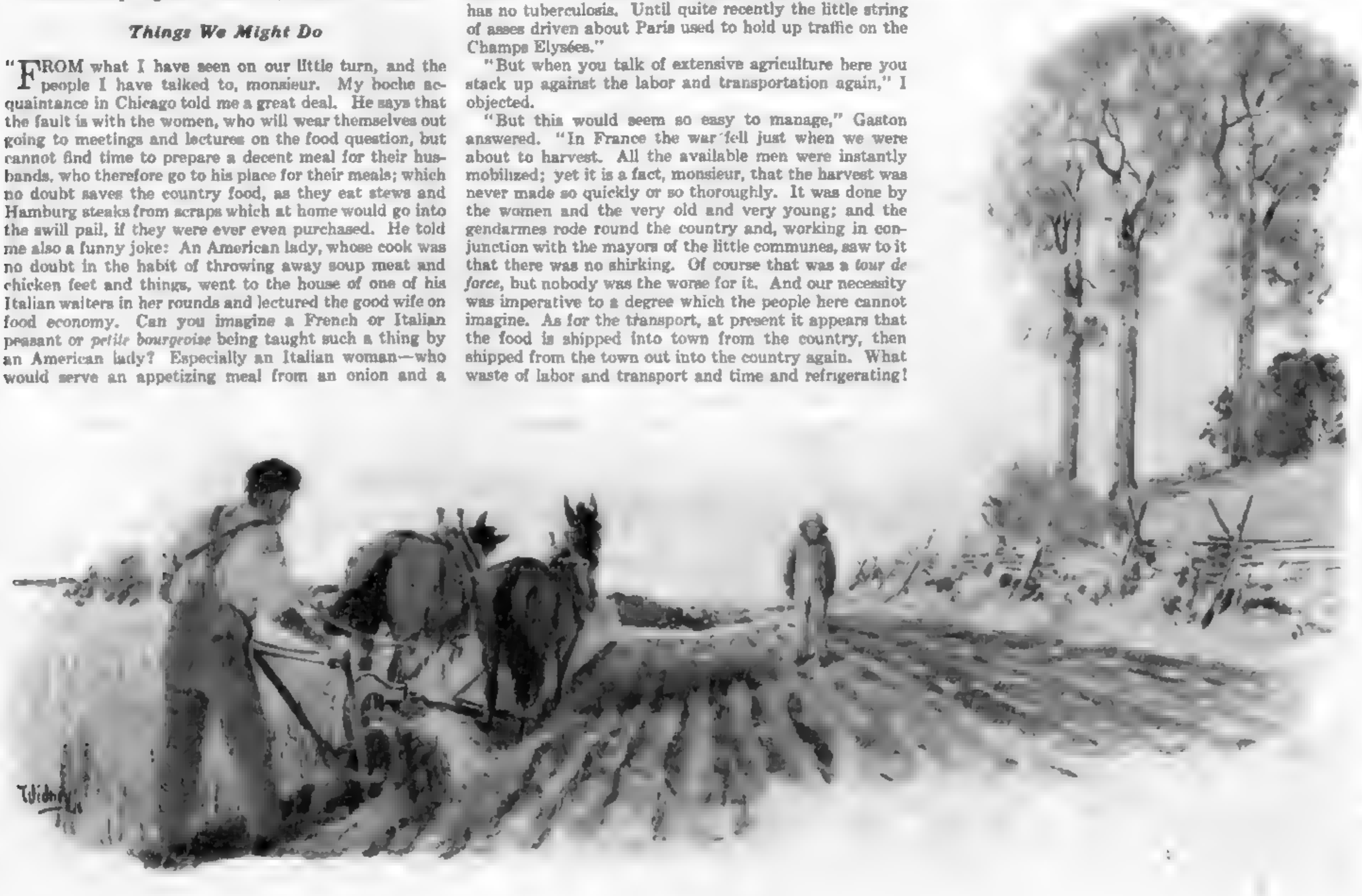
Gaston laughed and shrugged. "Oh, *zut!*" said he. "They can do as we do—sleep on their carts and exchange sleepy pleasantries with the chauffeurs."

When the war blazed out I had been with the family in Paris and immediately returned to America to extend my munition operations. The year before we had been at our camp, which is on a wooded island I had owned near Rockland, Maine. There I had acquired an interest in a shipbuilding concern, which had since proved to be a little gold mine in my back yard, so to speak; and I now proposed to my wife and Dorothy that we take a cook and a maid and a manservant and run up there for a bit of a breather during the excessively hot weather. I wanted to see how things were going in the yard, and I wanted even more to get cooled off and break the law by eating a few "shorts" right from the lobster pots.

The Camp on the Wooded Point

THEY fell in immediately with the suggestion, barring only the little lobsters; which crime my wife, as a high-minded member of some food league or other, refused emphatically to countenance. Still, a quarter of an inch or so on a lobster does not really make much difference, and I was not discouraged. Gaston, now fully occupied as my private secretary, of course accompanied us. The wound to his cervical vertebra was much improved, no longer paining him at night, and the flail joint of his ankle had been corrected by an ingenious orthopedic device.

(Continued on Page 45)



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(Continued from Page 42)

Now our camp is not the sham, show kind, but a real camp—a rambling, one-plan bungalow on a wooded point of the island and modern only to the point of habitability. I like to go there as a sort of cure, and drink only the soft rain and well water, and swing an ax, and get the uric acid out of my system, and catch fish, and forget that I am rich and wicked. Dorothy, having the circulation of a seal and impervious to cold as most plump flappers, likes to swim, while wife sits on the beach and knits a sweater which may fit two soldier boys down to their belts, the dimensions having been taken from my own manly proportions.

We pretty well solve the servant question at the camp and are much the better for it, as I cut logs for the big fireplace and run the motor and sail boats; and the wife likes to exercise the kitchen thrift and culinary functions that were our salvation when first married and a big round dollar looked like a lovers' moon just up over the horizon; and Dorothy does light chores and gardening, and all is joy and the simple life.

Gaston fitted into this scheme of things like a bung in a barrel. He was an expert mechanician and loved to fish, so we made him head of the piscine commissariat and added to his secretarial duties that of keeping the table supplied with fresh cod and hake and haddock and pollack, buying only lobsters from a friend and neighbor—the local preacher, who thus eked out a living for a wife and six small children by setting pots round the island.

We had been there about a fortnight when I said one day to Gaston: "Well, my boy, down here at least you don't need to complain of our American luxury and extravagance. This is where you come up against genuine Yankee thrift!"

Gaston laughed outright, then held up his hands with a gesture of mock despair.

Nothing to Eat But Food

"OH, *mon pauvre patron!*" said he; "if the domestic methods of these good natives here are what you call Yankee thrift, then alas for the poor, groaning, starving, toiling land of America! No wonder it is growing pale and anæmic! No wonder madame complains that potatoes are sixty cents a peck; milk ten cents a quart; pork forty cents a pound; eggs five sous apiece; and codfish—*mon Dieu*, codfish thirty cents merely for the animal's head, if she were forced to buy it!"

"What's struck you now?" I snapped. "Food is high here just like everywhere else, of course."

"And like nowhere else so outrageously abundant," he retorted. "I could never have believed that there was so much food in the world. Nor such a variety of fresh, delicious, nourishing things to eat that could be had at so little effort. If a man were to be shipwrecked on this little island of yours with a coop of chickens and a sow about to pig and an initial supply of peas and beans and potatoes and onions and such staples as might be saved from the ship, he could live in fat abundance for the rest of his days and never once need to set foot upon the mainland."

"That sounds all right when you say it quick," I grunted, "but you'd find it pretty tough rooting just the same. So would your pigs and chickens."

"But not at all, monsieur!" Gaston protested. "One could thin them down to the parent stock each autumn if necessary. This island is heavily grown with oaks, which give a plentiful yield of acorns. In the summer the woods are full of mushrooms and lichenous plants. The crape variety is everywhere in quantity. At low tide the rocks are covered with *bêche de mer*, a sea moss edible for men as well as swine. Mam'selle pointed it out to me—the reddish moss which grows in patches. The muddy sand of the little beaches contains quantities of those delicious long clams, and there are multitudes of crabs. And the *moules*—the mussels! *Mon Dieu!* And to think that these people do not even appear to be aware how good they are; and in ordinary times you pay a franc a *plat* for them in Paris! And as for fish ——" Gaston threw up his hands with a hopeless gesture. "Such fish! I caught only yesterday one hundred pounds of delicious fish before *déjeuner!*"

"What did you do with the extra ninety-five?" I asked with a grin.

Gaston positively groaned. "*Sapristi!*" He made a face. "I gave them to our neighbor, the minister. He took one to eat, kept about twenty pounds to bait his lobster pots—baiting lobster pots with my beautiful hake! And threw the rest overboard. They were mostly rock cod, and he said that there was no market for rock cod! No market for a boatload of superb rock cod in this poor, famished country with its meatless, wheatless days. *Zut!* 'Food will win the war,' says that autocrat of the empty belly, Monsieur Hoover. Perhaps he is right. Then America will win the war. But food that is thrown overboard or left on the ground to rot will not end the war. It will ferment and make another war—here!"

"I guess you're right, Gaston," I said. "The trouble with us Americans is we haven't got the instinct of the European peasant and other lower animals. We don't know what's good to eat when we see it. And when we do we don't know how to take care of it. We eat what we want and let the rest lie to rot, like lions and tigers. We are like the old deep-sea sailor in the story, who late in life worked away from tidewater and shipped for a voyage across Lake Superior. The schooner was wrecked and he was cast adrift alone in an open boat, and when picked up by a passing vessel he was dying of thirst."

Gaston looked puzzled for a second, then burst into his jolly laugh. "*Parfait!*" he cried. "That illustrates the point precisely! But actually, monsieur, our erudite neighbor the minister is little better. He asked me up to see his little place and to meet madame, who was curious to see a real live poilu who had been gassed and wounded and imprisoned and had killed a boche or two. They have six small children and must be desperately poor; but though industrious they are not thrifty. They do not know how to go about it. When I went in madame had been preparing the dinner and I caught a glance at the contents of the *seau*—the swill pail. Horrors!" Gaston held up his hands.

"What did you see?" I asked. "A couple of fresh boiled lobsters?"

"Worse than that, monsieur; and, by the way, I saw the boiled lobsters, at twenty-five cents the pound, in your own, yesterday—but sh-h! not a word to madame!" He laid his finger on his lips. "What I saw was the uncooked legs, neck and head of a fine big *poulet*, with the cooked carcass of the fowl, from which by no means all of the meat had been cut. But what if it had? In all of this waste there was material for a splendid, nourishing broth which, with a little purée of peas or potato, would have furnished a delicious repast for the little ones. Instead she was stirring up some prepared food, and to this she added condensed milk.

"And there in the swill pail were the makings of an actual meal. The *crête* and lower legs and feet of a fowl are rich in gelatin, and the inner organs give substance and flavor. I'll warrant you pay high for them at the hotel where we lunched. Our *sol-au-vent* was made of them. But when I asked this thrifty Yankee housewife why she threw them away, her nose would have turned up if the *bon Dieu* had not already turned it down.

"'Eat them innards?' she sniffed with all the horror of a Mussulman at the idea of eating pork. 'Well, I guess we Amuricans got a different idee of vittles than you French folks.'

"I told her that must be so, as we were very fond of a number of things that did not appear to be considered edible over here—such as snails and mussels and chicken heads and horse and mule. She said that she would starve before she would even think of eating horseflesh. She did not say this disagreeably, but one could feel the conscious superiority."

What the Eavesdripping Daughter Heard

GASTON shook his head and sighed. "She looked as though she were starving anyhow, poor thing," said he. "Such bones! The breast of that chicken carcass could have been no thinner. She was not ill, or at least she did not look so; nor had she the air of being overworked, for she seemed filled with nervous energy. No, she was merely undernourished; improperly nourished, on ice cream and pastry and doughnuts and sweets. It is probable that she is hungry all the time without knowing it. Her appetite is never satisfied, merely cloyed. And every day or two a bucket of real food is dumped into the sea or thrown to the chickens. Poor as they are, it is probable that what they throw away would keep fat a French family of the same size and circumstance. *Ma foi*, but she would do better to feed that costly chicken food to the chickens and then feed the chicken, all of him, to the children!"

Gaston shrugged. "And that was not all, monsieur: The husband's Yankee thrift, as you are pleased to call it, was of the same sort in his department. He showed me his garden, which was not badly made and quite large enough to supply three such families as his own; in fact, he sells vegetables to some of the villa folk. It was quite a pretty *potager* with a wire fence about it to keep the fowls out, and this was covered with a dry vine which he had been tearing away and had piled up to burn.

"'But what is this?' I asked.

"'Oh, that was a flowering vine I planted to sort of hide the garden,' he answered. 'It was right pretty in the early summer; all covered with bright red blossoms.'

"I examined the stuff. '*Tiens*,' said I; 'and now you are going to burn it? Do you not like beans, then?'

"He laughed. 'Those are just pods,' he said. 'Yes, I like beans first rate, though my wife don't care much about them. Says they're indigestible and give the children wind colic.' I told him that was true when the beans were insufficiently cooked. 'And besides,' says this erudite dominie, 'beans are mighty high just now, like everything else.'

"'But yours are not,' I said. 'They are, in fact, very low—on the ground waiting for a match to be touched to them. These are the Gloire de Deuil beans, as we call them in France, and they make a most delicious and nourishing black-bean soup. You see, my friend, they serve a double purpose, as the flower is very red and decorative and the bean is one of the best *haricots* we have for a *potage*. Add a little pork and a bit of onion and you will find it most excellent. There must be several pecks of them in all this mass of vine, and they are nice and dry and it will amuse the children to shell them. Madame your wife may object to chicken heads and gizzards, but she can certainly find nothing noxious in these admirable beans. You have only to soak them overnight, then put them on the stove and let them simmer. At home we boil the potatoes in the same water.'

"Would you believe it, monsieur, he scratched his head and seemed to think that his wife would find it too much trouble? 'But it is no trouble at all,' I protested. 'And as you burn wood, which costs you nothing, it is no expense.'

"He agreed with me rather half-heartedly, but remarked that his wife did not care greatly to potter over the stove. *Sapristi!* But I think he was right, and I imagine that was also the secret of the chicken—or at least the truth about the matter, as it was evidently no secret. From the look of the children I do not believe that she cared much to potter over the washtub, either. Yankee thrift, *pardi! Pardon, monsieur, mais c'est de quoi rire!*" And laugh he did.

His laugh was echoed from inside, and we discovered that my daughter had been listening. She came out on the porch and Gaston sprang to his feet. "Ah, *marraine*," said he reproachfully, "you have been eavesdripping!"

Dorothy told him that he had got her mixed up with the roof, the gutter being choked with leaves. "Tell us some more, *filleul*," said she; "and I will take it down and send it to the 'autocrat of the empty belly.'"

Gaston chuckled. He was a mirthful soul, was Gaston, which made him very pleasant to have round the house, especially as his amusement was always genuine and never inane. It sprang from a gentle wit, though he could play the village cut-up, too, when he so desired.

French Potato-Digging

"MY VISIT should have been instructive," said he, "but because I am French I fear that my host did not take me seriously. Why are we French supposed to be a mixture of license and frivolity by you Americans?"

"You are not, any more," I answered. "What other pointers did you give our dominie?"

"About potatoes," said Gaston. "He had already started to tear out some of his fine, flourishing plants and I asked him why, the potatoes being still very small.

"'Got to, with potatoes at sixty cents a peck,' he answered. 'There's one thing you can't get along without in a family of growing kids, and that's potatoes.'

"'Then why not do as we do?' I answered. 'Run your hand into the earth and pluck out what potatoes you require without disturbing the plant. Then the others will keep on growing.'

"He seemed to find that very odd, but I think it was the first bit of advice which I had offered that struck him as practical. He had also a patch of celery and I instructed him about saving all the root to boil and use as one does turnips. It is delicious and a splendid food and can be used also for soup. We then passed to his orchard and I observed that he was making no effort to save his apples, which, though of rather poor grade, would make excellent cider. He said that he had given up making cider, as it quickly grew hard and turned to vinegar, so I told him how that could be prevented."

"How?" I asked, beginning to wonder why I was paying my farmer a hundred and fifty dollars a month for making costly and unprofitable experiments.

"After being put in the cask it should be treated like red wine," Gaston answered; "that is to say, it must be *soutiré*—drawn off until it begins to run turbid and put in a well-washed cask. This should be done three or four times at intervals of a month; then, let us say, six weeks, two months, and at the end of a year. One requires two casks, of course. When it runs off perfectly clear it can be bottled and should then keep indefinitely with a slight sparkle. The lees can be used to make vinegar. Our neighbor was mildly interested, but said that casks were mighty dear. I could see that his objections had the same basis as those of madame his wife for the kitchen stove. It was a bit of trouble and the results too remote. You Americans desire immediate action. He would prefer to haul up his lobster pots and let the family drink soda water at ten sous the glass. The soda water is not so good and fills the family with gas more so than my poor beans; but the result is more immediate and saves bother—aside from the slight effort of building the pots and catching beautiful fish to bait them with and setting them out and getting up at four in the morning to paddle out and haul them up with the hope that some *confrère* has not got bewildered in the fog and gathered their contents by mistake."

"To hear you talk, *filleul*," said Dorothy severely, "one would think that we Yankees are natural-born fools and that an intelligent poilu could feed a family for nothing."

"*Au contraire, marraine,*" Gaston retorted, "it is only that the brains do not appear to run evenly in the same vintage. An occasional Yankee, like your honored father, seems to contain the brains of the community, and drinks champagne. The others catch lobsters, which they sell at an exorbitant price, and fish, which are thrown away—and drink soda water. But as to mademoiselle's suggestion, that a poilu of reasonable intelligence might feed a family for nothing, that would not be so difficult to demonstrate either here or *là bas*, at the farm."

"Then go ahead and demonstrate it, *mon filleul*," said Dorothy. "I'll bet you can't feed this family for one day under a dollar a head."

"I will take the bet, *marraine*," Gaston answered. "I will wager you my boche helmet against an ice-cream soda that I can feed the family this Sunday at a cost under ten sous a head, and that even *monsieur le patron*, who is as we know sometimes a bit *exigeant*, will not complain either as to quality or quantity. But I must have *carte blanche* from madame to officiate as *chef de cuisine*."

Dorothy, being convinced that he would find some ingenious way of winning his bet, promptly took him up, so my wife was called and the situation explained to her.

"And if I win," said Gaston, "it is understood that I shall have to drink the ice-cream soda."

A launch containing some callers arrived at this moment and they were informed as to what was afoot. "M. Durand is going to give us a practical demonstration of war-time domestic economy," said Dorothy. "He intends to go Mr. Hoover one better. We have got a meatless day and a wheatless day, and now he is going to give us a costless day."

Our neighbors promptly clamored for an invitation to the principal repast, which Gaston generously granted. "But mind now, Gaston," I warned, "we're not going to be fed out of the minister's swill pail—or anybody else's swill pail. So don't try to pull off any of these Japanese butler stunts."

"Never fear, monsieur," said Gaston; "your food shall come fresh from the source of unlimited supply."

"I suppose that means the Atlantic Ocean," said Dorothy. "*Mon filleul* must have located a stranded whale. But you're not to shoot our seal, M. Durand."

Gaston's Bill of Fare

This was Friday, and though I kept a weather eye lifting to see how Gaston was going to back his bluff I could not notice any evidence on his part to get busy. All of Saturday morning he tapped away at the typewriter, getting off correspondence I had dictated, but in the afternoon he took a rowboat and was gone until suppertime.

Our Sunday breakfast was about the same as usual, barring only that the cereal was of some unfamiliar sort that seemed to have more body and flavor than the usual varieties. Also I ate herring, which I knew Gaston could not have caught himself, and we had our usual two eggs apiece, with strong coffee and unstinted sugar. I challenged this, but Gaston merely shrugged and smiled.

Our guests arrived sharply on the hour, and we went in to a table spread as if for a banquet, with fresh ferns and flowers and a menu in French, daintily hand-painted, Dorothy's touch with her water colors, which, translated, would read as follows:

COSTLESS DAY

MENU

RELISHES

Herring Roe Radishes Beef Marrow on Toast
Jelled Consommé

FISH

Skate Fin, Burnt Butter Sauce

ENTRÉE

Young Sea Gull With Mushrooms, Casserole

ROAST

Mushrooms [the big round ones]
Domestic Rabbit Cutlets
Apple Sauce

SALAD

Mussels and Water Cress, Mayonnaise Dressing

DESSERT

Wild Strawberries Cream Cheese Raspberries
Salted Peanuts Coffee
Tisane [made from steeped wintergreen leaves]
Sweet Cider

We nearly went over backward at sight of this food prospectus. It made me feel like Armenonville or the Pavillon Bleu or the Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre at Fontainebleau, and a little *addition* of about five hundred francs. And Gaston claiming to have managed it at ten cents a head! Well, he hadn't, that was all! There was something phony about the business.

Dorothy was the only one who could translate the whole of it or we might have balked at the sea gull—before tasting it. After doing so we ate it all, and it was good; no fishy flavor and the meat firm and tender, with a rich, succulent sauce that savored of the mushrooms. And Gaston had not repeated himself in these, for the sort served with the rabbit was an entirely different variety.

As is usual at polite luncheons no mention was made about the price of the gorge while we were at table, but later on Gaston explained in detail. The skate had been saved for him by a friendly fisherman who would otherwise have thrown it away, with a few bruised herrings. In going to market with my wife or Dorothy Gaston had observed that the local butcher discarded the big beef bones, as do most of our butchers, there being no market for them, and these he had promptly garnered, no charge being made.

How He Did It

It was just at this season that there began to arrive from their rookeries in the north the big, clumsy fledgling sea gulls, which, with their thick beaks and coarse, grayish-brown plumage, which does not turn white until the following season, much resemble giant squabs. Gaston had sniped one of these with my little .22 rifle, promptly skinned, cleaned and then parboiled it with a pinch of celery seed and an onion, then concocted a sauce with certain waste articles and the mushrooms and set the whole to simmer in the casserole.

The jellied consommé had been made from veal bones which he had begged with the others. The rabbit was a Belgian hare, several of which I had been foolish enough to turn loose on the island and which we had been killing off as fast as possible. In prowling about the woods he had found a hen that had stolen her nest, and having ascertained that the hen had been caught and shut up in the chicken run he had tried the eggs and, finding them still good, had commandeered them, reasoning that but for his discovery they would have been wasted.

The apples had been given him by the minister, who had also dug out a hand ciderpress from the rubbish in a loft. The cress came from one of the several springs on the island; failing that, he would have made a salad of dandelion. On Friday, when he had made his bet with Dorothy, there had been a thunderstorm in the evening and this had turned the milk, which would therefore have been thrown away if Gaston had not opportunely rescued it, subsequently to heat and convert into butter and cheese. Wild strawberries and raspberries grew in profusion on the island, and the ground was covered with patches of wintergreen, the tisane of which is, by the way, a natural specific for rheumatism, as one of our guests, a doctor, informed us. It is methyl salicylate in its purest form.

"There are seven of us," said my smiling secretary, "so at ten cents the person I had seventy cents. With this I bought bread, coffee, sugar and seasoning, and the peanuts, which I salted, and I have still five cents left. Now of course this is all a joke; merely an amusing experiment which really proves nothing, *ne c'est pas?*"

"On the contrary I think it proves a lot," said our medical friend. "Of course you can't count the sea gull, unless you choose to rate it as wild game and therefore a legitimate food item. But the bulk of your meal was made up of waste food products that are habitually thrown away because they have no commercial market value." He turned to me: "Have you been eating the rabbits you've been killing off?"

I shook my head. "'Fraid the cook would quit," I answered.

"Well, there you are. And think of the marrow bones and that delicious ray; and I don't know how you pickled that herring roe, but it tasted like caviar. And then the apple sauce and cider ——"

"How about the radishes and the onion, Gaston?" I asked.

"Your gardener said there were no more radishes, monsieur," Gaston answered, "but I looked round a little and found some that he had overlooked."

"There you are," said the doctor. "And the onion?"

"It was in the bottom of the launch." Gaston laughed.

"But you found those things by accident," I objected. "They were food articles that cost money to produce."

"Don't be a piker, dad!" said my daughter.

"No, monsieur's point is fairly taken," said Gaston. "But tell me, monsieur, would any of your household have taken the trouble to preserve an onion found in the bottom of the launch or a few scattered radishes that had been spaded under?"

"What was that cereal this morning?" asked my wife, who was, I think, a little sore about the sour milk, of which there had been two quarts. Gaston had heated one of these to make his cheese, and made butter from the cream of the other with an egg beater.

"Some of our good neighbors' discarded beans, madame," Gaston answered. "I first parched them, then ground them in the coffee mill. But wait, madame. The day is not yet over, and I greatly fear that I was rash in making my bet. You remember, the conditions were that none of the family should have any cause for complaint."

And lose the bet he did. He served us a bisque-of-clams soup, the basis of which was beans with some of the marrow he had saved, followed by cold broiled lobsters which he had caught in some old pots he had found and patched up, and the rest of his mayonnaise on a dandelion salad, and iced tea—bought out of his sixty-five cents—with toast and fresh, unsalted butter. And then the *pièce de résistance*. For to our astonishment there was placed upon the table a large bowl of vanilla ice cream with a compote of raspberries. Dorothy shrieked with delight.

"Sundae!" she cried.

Gaston regarded her mournfully. "Yes, *marraine*," said he; "Sunday. I was too precipitate! Too self-confident! I forgot that no American Sunday bill of fare could possibly be complete without ice cream. There would be cause for just complaint! Every country has its national dish. In England it is roast beef; in Scotland, oatmeal; Ireland, potatoes; Wales, rabbits. In Italy it is macaroni; in Switzerland, cheese; in France, the omelet; and in America—ice cream! Vive l'ice cream!"

He rose and with the air of one in whom the bitterness of defeat struggles with a debonair gallantry presented my dimpling daughter with a highly polished German helmet.

"The wife of your farmer has been telling me, monsieur," said Gaston, about a week after our return from the camp in Maine, "that until a couple of months ago she was able to board your farm labor at twenty dollars the month per capita, but that it now costs twenty-five to keep them. She described what they demanded and I was amazed. But why—I ask because she was not very lucid on this point—does she feed the expensive and inferior foods instead of good pot-au-feu with carrots and turnips and cabbage and onions from your big garden?"

Sloppy Cooking

"She does that, my boy," I answered bitterly, "because she is too darned lazy to boil the pot and go down to the garden and get the vegetables and wash and pare and shell and cook them. She is like the wife of the minister and does not care much about pottering round the stove. The men are willing to eat the canned stuff, not because it is as good or as nourishing but because it is better seasoned and cooked than she would cook and season it and because they know it costs more. There you have a too-numerous type of American housewife. She will fritter about on almost any silly business, especially other people's, and even work hard at it, then scud off home at the last moment and light the oil stove and fling some sort of dirty mess into the frying pan or oven and serve it up half cooked and not seasoned at all when her husband won't wait any longer for his dinner. Greasy fried steak, which was a good piece before it fell into her hands; fried potatoes, burnt on one side and raw on the other; fried onions that look like shoe laces and are just about as fit for a man's stomach; cold doughnuts or soda biscuits you could use for a sinker on a cod line, and tea."

Gaston nodded. "I see," he answered. "No wonder the men prefer to patronize a German kitchen."

"And no wonder that I can make no profit selling my special milk at fourteen cents a quart," I growled. "If people only knew what it costs to market the precious juice they wouldn't be so fly about blaming the dairyman. Passing the pure-food tests, keeping down the percentage of bacteria, the care and feeding of the cattle, the upkeep of the motor trucks ——"

Gaston appeared to reflect. "Of course it is different with us," said he. "We can tell at just about what cost the different foodstuffs can be produced, and are therefore able to fix a market price that will not be excessive and yet pay the producer a good fair margin of profit."

"Well, we can't over here," I said. "The country is too big and the conditions too varied. The only way I can see for us to manage it would be for the Government to standardize the wages of field labor."

American Ideals

"It seems to me, monsieur," said Gaston, "that the American people as a whole are splendidly patriotic. When one stops to think, America was not forced into the war in the same way that we were, nor was it so vital to her self-preservation as in the case of England. She declared a state of war to exist for the sake of humanity and to vindicate her national honor, and at a moment when her military and internal preparation could only be rushed at a disproportionate expense and great national self-sacrifice. Nor does she ask for an ultimate indemnity in money or territory. This fact alone impresses me as unique in the history of nations."

"That is good hearing, Gaston," I remarked.

"It is true, monsieur," said Gaston warmly. "Of course there is bound to be at first a good deal of internal confusion in the matter of food and labor and transportation and the like; but when the people really awake to the situation they will work with the coördination of a nest of ants or a hive of bees. Each one will scratch for his food, each one carry his little burden. Many are doing so already. You tell me that you are going to raise hogs on your beautiful island and that there is talk of turning your country club into a sheep pasture ——"

"Yes," I sighed, "it sure looks as if in a year or so we may be scratching not only for a bite to eat but other bites."

"*Mon Dieu*, but may you be spared that at least!" cried Gaston reminiscently. "But with salt pork at forty cents a pound and bacon at fifty one might support a flea or two. Even the ladies do not complain when they get one from a pet dog. One never knows until the necessity rises how much one can actually support with good cheer, not only in the matter of doing without luxuries of food but in other ways. I have seen comrades—Parisian dandies, who before the war thought they could not live without their morning bath and complete change without and *coiffeur*, and delicate perfumes at forty francs the tiny flask—cheerfully gnawing the side of a sugar beet that would ditch an automobile, and so covered with dirt and vermin ——"

"Yes," I interrupted. "Here in this country a few years ago we were swept by a wave of back-to-nature cave-man stuff and most of us admitted that it was the life. Well, now is the chance to prove it. We've got to get down on all fours. Just now this food proposition is the main thing, and that little experiment of yours at the camp showed me more than reading a month's supply of food literature telling how many calories are needed to keep your inside motor firing for hours and how many bushels of wheat are consumed in keeping a man that ought to be dead, drunk four days. My sluggish mind can't think in billions of bushels of barley converted into a substitute for the whole-wheat bread to furnish proteid matter requisite to gain a five-kilometer advance on an eighty-kilometer front."

"Let us leave that to German minds," said Gaston. "They will figure it all out with precision, and then some lean Americans who have chewed only tobacco for twenty-four hours will prick a hole in the result with their bayonets. Meanwhile let us—I say 'us,' monsieur, because I now do myself the honor to consider myself as one and part of this great nation—plant our potatoes and hoe them and in due time pare them painstakingly and feed the peelings to the pigs, and then pare the pigs and feed them to our brave defenders over there."

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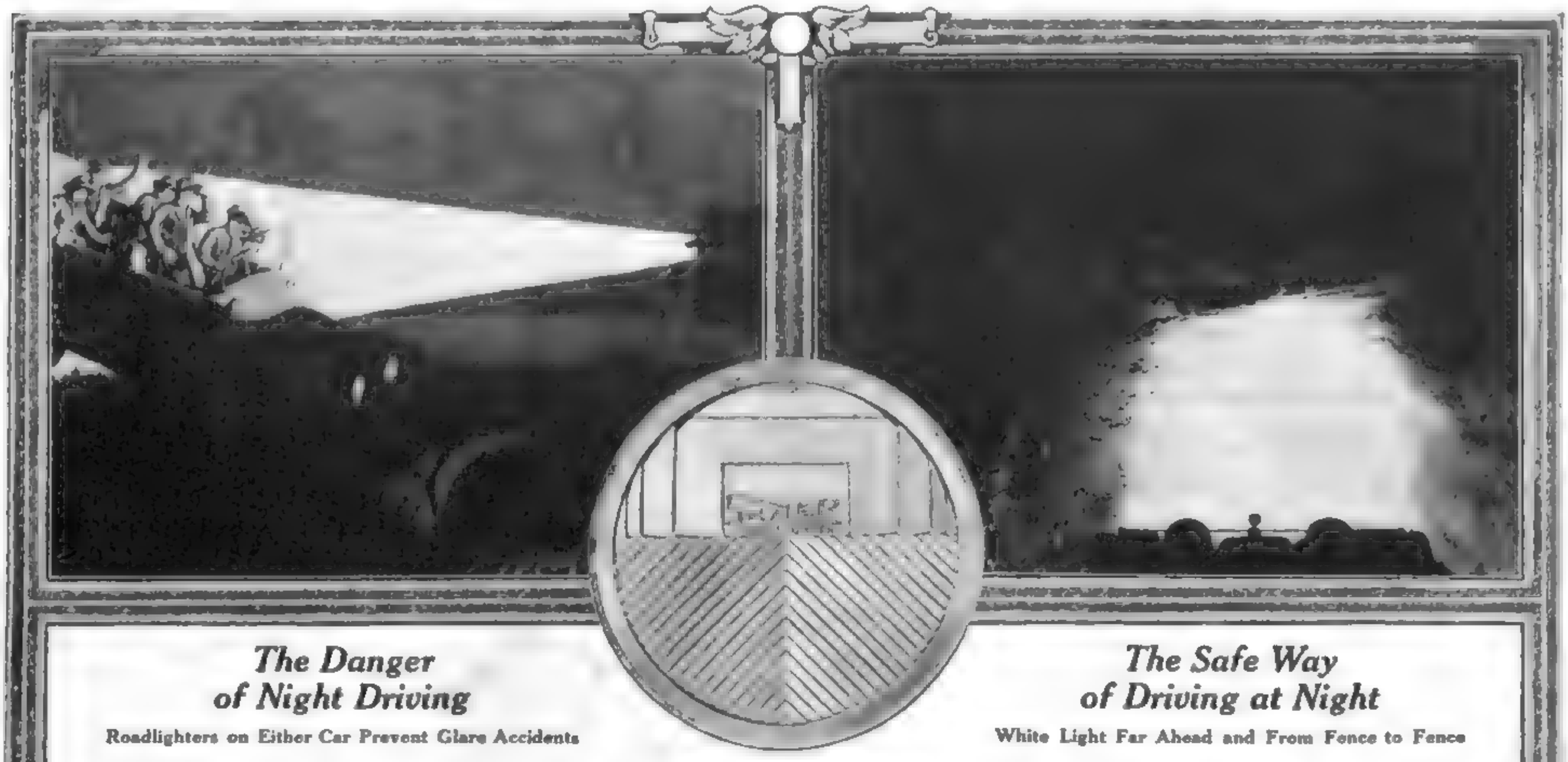

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A RED SPOT ON THE MAP

From Four Miles of Solidly Built-Up Water Front Hong-Kong Climbs the Hills, Tier on Tier, to a Height of Nearly Two Thousand Feet

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

AS WE were picking a careful course, guided by harbor pilots, up through the island-dotted outer waters toward the only entrance left open into the port of Hong-Kong, I was standing at the deck rail talking with an Australian. He had never before been north of the equator; he was a man whose midsummer had always been our deepest winter and whose winter snows had always fallen when our roses were in bloom.

He always said "up" to indicate places that were very much "down" to me, and generally I found what seemed to me to be his altogether reversed viewpoints exceedingly entertaining.

He was so completely "Austrylian"—as so many Australians pronounce it—and was so convinced of the superior greatnesses and grandeurs of his own country that a certain lofty tolerance he displayed toward the rest of the world was most amusing.

The sea was "wine-dark"—to be semiclassic for once and quote somebody's quotation from Homer—and the close-lying islands, rock-ribbed and fancifully formed, faded upward to splendid heights in gradations of color which ended in a blend of pale green with the gleam of the last rays of sunset that were touching their treeless and clay-capped tops and turning them to points of amber. It was rather wonderful.

"Well, I say," said the Australian with an accent I shall not attempt to reproduce, "I've been brought up on the belief that Sydney Harbor was the finest in the world, but this is what I call playing it low down on Sydney!"

His suffering increased as we steamed through the narrow channel and on into the main harbor, and he eventually decided that it was a pity he had ever left home. He was already surrendering his dearest illusions, and he was just starting on a trip that was to take him round the world by routes that skirt or penetrate some of the world's most famous splendors.

A Bit of Old Britain

"BUT this is a little bit of old Britain, just the same!" he finally exclaimed. "It's a red spot on the map, so I suppose it's rather narrow-minded of me to be making comparisons."

"Especially," I replied, "when your comparisons are probably not justified. I have always understood that Sydney has the most magnificent harbor in the world. Isn't it that Hong-Kong is merely different rather than more beautiful?"

If I was intending to comfort him I succeeded. He was as pleased as possible and agreed with me with almost pathetic volubility. How he did talk about his wonderful Australia! But after a moment he added: "For all that, this is finer than I thought anything outside Australia ever could be."

"And to think," said I, "that the world talks and has always talked about the 'eagle-screaming American!'"

"Oh, well," he replied, "Australians never brag."

"Oh, no!"

The tropic night falls swiftly; the last soft light soon faded from the hills, and many searchlights began immediately to play from their summits and from the water's edge. We cut through the long white shafts from a dozen of them as they swept back and forth over the surface of the harbor, crossing each other now and then or stopping for an instant to fasten inquiringly upon a junk under full brown batwing sail or on a trim launch hurrying toward its berth. And they would fall, sometimes sweepingly, upon guns that were mounted on the hills in plain view, with their muzzles pointed at an angle which made them look very alert and inquisitive. We knew, also, that hidden in the ruggedness of the rocks there were many shore batteries ready for instant action. German raiders are no longer among the things to be feared in this part of the world, but a combination of German intrigue and native populations suggests possibilities that make constant watchfulness a necessity, however laborious it may be.

The least impressionable person in the world would be thrilled, I think, by a view of Hong-Kong Harbor at night, and I said to myself, as we moved up into the shine of its ten thousand lights: "Well, here's one little bit of Britain, at any rate, where there is no fear of the German Zeppelin or aëroplane."

The lights climb from the water's edge to the top of the highest peak and they are scattered in the thickest profusion. They lie against the dense shadows of the hillsides in clusters, in long lines, in patterns square or circular, or in no patterns at all, and here and there a great arc light gleams like a planet in the midst of star dust. To say that Hong-Kong is the most brilliantly lighted city in the world would probably be an exaggeration, but to say that every light contributing to this impression is visible from the harbor is only by way of pointing out the fact that the city is built straight up and down on hill slopes that are in places all but perpendicular.

At the Port of Fragrance

WHEN the British acquired Hong-Kong, just seventy-seven years ago this month, it was described in letters which the pioneers sent to the Imperial Government and to the folks back home as "a desolate rocky island sparsely settled by fishermen." It had no name, but the principal fishing village was called Heung-kong, or Port of Fragrance, and this name the Britishers adopted without really giving the subject a moment's consideration.

They had been literally thrust upon the island by the Chinese as the only means of getting them and their ships out of Canton, and it is easy to imagine that having to build a town for themselves on such an unpromising spot did not rouse in them much instant enthusiasm—especially in view of the fact that all their trading had to be done with Canton anyhow, and that all they had ever wanted or asked for was an anchorage for their merchant ships, the right of business residence in Canton, a decently respectful attitude on the part of the Chinese Government toward their own government officials, and a recognition of their national dignity.

When it became certain that none of these demands would be acceded to they asked for the right to establish a trading station on some island near the mouth of the Canton River. They wanted, really, to share Macao with the Portuguese, but the Portuguese, anxious to hamper them as much as possible in all their enterprises, were as rude to them on the one side as the Chinese were on the other. It is a long story, and of course

Fishing Junks and Houseboats Lie Closely Packed in the Harbor of Refuge

I have no intention of telling it, however much I may wish to. It begins as far back as 1627, when the British East India Company made a first attempt to open trade with Canton through Macao. But the Portuguese had already been established there for seventy years and they regarded the British as interlopers, positively refusing from the outset to aid them in any way in their endeavor to annex a share of the rich profits of the Chinese trade.

The story of how the British then went direct to Canton; how they submitted to all manner of humiliations to gain commercial privileges, even going so far as to acknowledge the supremacy throughout the world of the Chinese Emperor and his right to regard them as outer barbarians bearing tribute to his throne; how this servility slowly but surely gave way before the natural instinct of the Englishman to assert his own superiority; how Chinese intrigue followed intrigue and dramatic incidents were followed by incidents more dramatic; how through everything the Chinese maintained their arrogant exclusiveness, obstructing and plundering the barbarian tradesmen by turns; and how finally the British fighting ships and soldiers were brought up the Canton River to hammer down Chinese defenses and arrogance together—all this makes very interesting reading nowadays, especially if one is comfortably bestowed on a British veranda which commands a view of what Hong-Kong has grown to be in just seventy-seven years.

When the Englishmen did begin to build they built as Englishmen do—solidly with a view to permanence; handsomely with a view—not realized by themselves, perhaps—to the prideful display of their British qualities.

The Surroundings of Victoria

THE name of the British city is Victoria, but thousands of travelers have probably come and gone—in peaceful years when the world traveled—without being more than hazily aware of this fact, because to the average mind Hong-Kong is not a British colony which embraces a respectable area and many dependent towns and villages; it is only the amazing city lying against one side of a vast cup of hills. It looks as though some Olympian witch had given the cup a twirl and had caught against its side the white leaves of a drained Olympian draft, preparatory to telling an Olympian fortune.

There are four miles of solidly built-up water front, along which winds a broad asphalted street protected from the wash of the tide by a granite sea wall. And from this water front—most of it made ground—the city climbs the hills, tier on tier, to a height of nearly two thousand feet. The houses are all built with wide, pillared balconies surrounding each floor, so the effect from the harbor is like looking up into hundreds of long white colonnades set in banks of green. They rather excite one's curiosity as to what may lie behind them. The waterways of the colony embrace about ten square miles and form one of the largest and finest harbors on earth. And it is interesting in this connection to make note of the fact that the harbor of Macao, in which the British were so anxious to get anchorage and trading privileges in the days of the sailing ship, is so shallow that it will now admit nothing larger than a river steamboat. Looking at Hong-Kong Harbor to-day, and remembering that all Portuguese trade from overseas has to come into it and that cargoes for Macao have to be transferred here to barges and light-draft vessels, one might be inclined to think that the Englishmen of seventy-odd years ago were very far-sighted; but they were not—they were merely lucky.

Though there was one man with somewhat prophetic vision. He wrote to a British trade paper in Canton as early as 1836, when troubles with the Chinese were rapidly approaching a climax: "If the lion's paw is to be put down on any part of the south side of China, let it be Hong-Kong; let the lion declare it to be under his guaranty a free port, and in ten years it will be the most considerable mart east of the Cape. The Portuguese made a mistake; they adopted shallow water and exclusive rules. Hong-Kong, deep water and a free port forever!"

The island is seventy-five miles southeast of Canton and it has an area of about twenty-nine square miles. It is eleven miles long and from two to five miles wide, and it is more a series of granite ridges than anything else.

I suppose that for much of this information I should extend my grateful acknowledgments to a certain heavily official bluebook. But I find it much more entertaining to pretend that I have discovered something new and am revealing it for the first time to an anxiously waiting world. "In this connection" is a phrase constantly recurring to me, and in this connection I find both bluebooks and ancient history important and interesting.

Across the Lyemun Pass, a strip of water about a half mile in width, lies the mainland of China. It is a rugged coast rising in ranges of bare hills, range behind range, to a height in some places of several thousand feet; and directly opposite the city of Victoria there is a small point of land jutting out into the harbor—all red clay and scrub pine—which is called Kau-lung Peninsula.

In 1860, because the rapidly developing "emporium of the East" needed room for docks and piers and storage warehouses and other facilities for the more orderly dispatch of large affairs, this peninsula—only about two and a half square miles in extent—was added to the colony by a treaty negotiated by Lord Elgin.

When the enterprising foreigners had built another city on this point, with large business premises of various kinds and a residential section all laid out in paved and shaded streets, with churches and schoolhouses and playgrounds and all the necessary adjuncts of civilized existence, they began to look up at the frowning hills behind them and to reflect on how easy it would be for the Chinese, or any enemy in league with the Chinese, to hurl engines of destruction down upon them—and from points of vantage which they could never hope to reach.

The antiforeign agitation which resulted in the Boxer Insurrection was then engaging the attention of everyone with interests in China to protect, so the British, being wise, brought certain arguments—wholly pacific but convincing—to bear upon the Chinese Government, which resulted in their acquirement of a ninety-nine years' lease on those strategically advantageous but otherwise useless hills, together with a few small outlying islands. This was in 1898.

These possessions are called the New Territories; they embrace an area of about three hundred and fifty square miles; and, unsatisfactory but typically British name that it is, I suppose they will continue to be called the New Territories for the full period of the ninety-nine years.

The total population of the colony, including the New Territories, is five hundred and twenty-eight thousand, of which about five hundred and fourteen thousand are Chinese. There are two hundred and seventy-odd thousand Chinese in the city of Victoria alone; and in the whole colony there are only thirteen thousand three hundred and ninety Europeans. British and American residents both are called English, for convenience perhaps, but also, no doubt, by way of marked social differentiation. And besides the English there are numerous Portuguese and representatives of other nationalities.

Among the Chinese there is a population afloat of nearly fifty-eight thousand. These strange people live on the waterways in fantastic houseboats and little scoop-shaped sampans, and they manage to look almost picturesque enough to create for themselves an excuse for existing. Economically they have none. They are born and brought up, they marry and produce children, become grandmothers and grandfathers, and die, many of them, without ever having lived ashore a day in their lives. Yet some of their curious floating homes—a majority of them, in fact—are no larger than an ordinary rowboat.

The Season of Mildew

AS TO climate—and, say what you will, climate is very important—the colony has both a winter and a summer, but only those who are acclimatized are able always to tell them apart. In June the mercury quite frequently climbs up above ninety, while in January it has been known to drop a degree or so below forty; but in the mean temperature there is a variation of only about ten degrees throughout the year.

But there is one difference—and it is extraordinary what a difference such a difference can make—the annual rainfall is round ninety inches, and it all falls at once, or at least during the hottest summer months. And during these months there are frequent dense fogs, also, while the earth steams practically all the time. The result is that in summer everything mildews, including the dispositions and the intelligences of the foreign inhabitants.

Then comes the northeast monsoon along in October and a certain degree of exhilaration begins to take the place of enervation in the community. In the meantime there has been much ruination of clothing and all kinds of perishable materials not happening to be packed away in drying rooms or tin boxes, and one more season's fungous growth has been added to an already gray-whiskered environment; but with the rains and fogs finished and done with, everybody cheers up and gets more or less energetic. Then the social season opens and there are races and cricket matches and football games and shooting parties and boat races and all the sports and amusements that Englishmen take with them wherever they go in the world. And by all this one knows it is the wintertime.

Among the effects of the war that must be borne by the average everyday person is a certain measure of restriction which is placed upon his comings and goings. In Hong-Kong they "close" the harbor sometime during the first hour of darkness, and after that ships are expected to drop anchor and lie where they are, while everybody aboard them must be content to wait until morning for the doctors and passport officials and the privilege of going ashore.

All the way across the China Sea from Manila we had been wallowing along in the outer edges of the worst typhoon of the season, so we got in just in time to be told that we were just in time to get in at all, and there would be no going ashore for us until morning. During the night I devoutly wished that we had been a half hour later. In that case we should have been compelled to drop anchor outside, and I should have been able to gather up a few hours' sleep.

But having made our regular anchorage inside we were at liberty to transfer cargo to lighters and barges, and within a half hour these always densely populated and noisy craft had gathered round us like ants round a loaf of sugar. Then they got to work. One of the steam winches was under my berth and another one was located on the deck just over my head, while all the cargo that rattled and clanked was stowed directly under my cabin. At any rate that was the way it sounded to me, and I got up in the morning feeling about as much like Little Bright Eyes as I expect to feel at the rheumy age of seventy-nine. I wonder what it would be like to travel with a cargo of cotton or swan's-down? Just now they seem to be handling more steel rails and sheet iron than anything else, and nobody has ever told a Chinese coolie that steel rails and sheet iron ought to be handled gently.

I remember a time when one could go to Hong-Kong without troubling to look up ship schedules and be perfectly certain of getting away within a few hours, and in any direction one might desire to go. It was the terminal port in the Far East for every ship that sailed the seas, with the exception of those that were owned by Japanese companies, and for even those it was the principal port of call.

Did you want to go to the United States? You could count on connecting two or three times a week with a big eighteen or twenty thousand ton ship for San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver; and if you wanted to economize a little on fare there were always the fine little intermediates that were first-class once upon a time and very highly regarded before the larger and more luxurious ships came along.

Uncle Sam's Present to Japan

IF YOU wished to go to India, or to Europe via the Suez Canal, you had a choice which made earnest competition for your patronage necessary to a dozen companies. There were British ships and French ships and Italian ships and Spanish ships and Dutch ships, to say nothing of the Austrian Lloyd ships to Triest. There were even Norwegians and Danes. But above all there were Germans. The Norddeutscher Lloyd and the Hamburg-Amerika companies ran the best ships that sailed the Eastern seas. I went down the China Coast on the Eitel Friedrich once, and even waited two days for her in Shanghai, when there were plenty of other ships sailing, because the German service was so superior. And I assure you I would go to sea in a sampan now or stay at home altogether before I would travel in a German ship.

In those days there were American ships too. The finest ships on the Pacific were under the American flag and were commanded by American skippers. But our national legislators passed a couple of throttling laws and put the American ships out of business.

Another company, with smaller but very excellent ships, has established itself since then and has taken on the good old American name of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and it is to be hoped that by virtue of the wartime high freight rates it has managed to get a few paces ahead of hard times. But to my personal knowledge the man whose enterprise it is went into it because, as he said, he'd be hanged if he was going to see the American flag hauled down on the Pacific Ocean if it took every dollar he owned on earth to keep it flying.

The Japanese acquired some of our best ships, and when the transaction was about to be consummated Baron Shibusawa said to an old employee of the American company—who was by that time looking for another job, incidentally: "Is it possible that the gentlemen of your Government are not patriotic? I have tried to understand the shipping laws they have passed, but they seem to me to be designed for nothing but to aid the Japanese in acquiring commercial supremacy on the Pacific."

Then he laughed and added: "Of course we are very glad and ready to take immediate advantage of the opportunity. But your Government really has given us outright what we expected to spend years and great effort in attaining."

It is impossible to get any definite information about Hong-Kong shipping before the war because it was an absolutely free port. Ships entered, unloaded or transshipped cargo, took on more cargo and departed without a suggestion of interference on the part of the authorities, and so much was commerce a matter of concern to nobody but the firms and individuals engaged in it that the movements of ships were not recorded even for statistical purposes. But since the war began there has been examination and registration of everything—which incidentally required an entirely new port organization hastily called into service—and the officials themselves are now learning things about commerce they wish they had known before.

During 1915 there were 531,602 entrances of ships. And that is an average of how many ships a day? This is

(Continued on Page 52)

What the Norwesco Laboratories Have Done For American Motorists

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counting trading junks, of course; but the trading junks are important vessels and they carried cargo to the extent of 4,300,795 tons, so not to include them would be to disregard a considerable percentage of the total tonnage, which was 33,884,919 tons.

It does not, however, include the movements of the fishing junks. To record those would probably take the entire time of the total foreign population of the colony. They literally swarm the waterways by thousands, and though they have all been registered since the beginning of the war, they come and go with about the same degree of irresponsibility that they have been used to always, the only difference being that not even a fishing junk can now get into the harbor after closing time.

Before the war the British always considered it rather right and proper that they should keep a few laps ahead of their competitors in the shipping trade of Hong-Kong, but by degrees they have had to surrender their supremacy. As soon as the war began a few naval-reserve ships were withdrawn for the transportation of troops, but the volume of business rather increased than diminished during the first year. In 1915 three hundred and eighty British ships entered the port, the Japanese coming next with two hundred and sixty-four. In the first half of 1916 the British figure dropped to two hundred and eighty-one, while the Japanese added seven new ships and had a total of two hundred and seventy-one. Before the end of 1916 British shipping had been reduced by about one-half and the Japanese were far in the lead. During that year the United States forged ahead a little also. In 1915 we had fifteen ships, but in 1916 we had a record of twenty-four ships entering Hong-Kong Harbor. In tonnage delivered, however, the French, Dutch, Norwegians, Danes and Chinese were all ahead of us. As for the Japanese, you might subtract our tonnage from theirs and not even make a dent in one of their round millions.

England's Call for Ships

THEN came the great submarine year of 1917 and Britain's dire necessity for all the shipping that could be begged or borrowed for the Western Ocean. In the early part of 1917 a request came from England—a request, understand; not a demand. England never demands anything of her colonies, and that may be why they are all ready to give to her so generously and freely. A request came that a survey be made of the colony's actual requirements in the way of food and raw materials, and that all ships not needed for the transport of bare necessities be released for other service.

It was like a thrust at Hong-Kong's vitals, and only the men of Hong-Kong know what a period of anxiety and distress it brought upon them. They were filled with a deep sense of the Imperial need and were actuated in all they did by a desire to do everything possible to assist the mother country in winning the war. Most of the men left in the colony are old or middle-aged, though colonial enterprise is a young man's game, and to a man they have joined the volunteer home-guard service and have submitted from the beginning to regular military drill and discipline in order to release for war duty all the eligible men. The colony has each year given outright a large part of its revenue to the home government and has subscribed with splendid liberality to the war loans; it has borne patiently the steady diminution of its business and has either gone without most of its accustomed comforts and luxuries of English production and manufacture or has accepted very unsatisfactory and exceedingly expensive Japanese substitutes.

And all the time its principal anxiety has been to keep alive a nucleus of the British shipping service in order that the British trade, built up through laborious years, might not pass altogether into other hands. But I doubt whether any mere desire to maintain British commercial interests would have resulted in a refusal of the colony to accede to this latest request from England. It was not thought to be a very intelligent request by those who knew something of conditions, and the general verdict was not at all flattering to the Colonial Office in London, but at least it should be given the gravest attention and examination. Good Englishmen the world over have progressed during the past three years far beyond the point where personal considerations can be weighed against the Empire's need, and fortunately the good Englishmen are in a sufficient majority to dominate the situation.

His Excellency the governor appointed a committee to investigate and to submit a report as to what could or should be done, and the result was a cablegram to England setting forth the rather astonishing information that Hong-Kong's only really vital requirement is shipping.

Having become a great distributing center for all Southern China the colony has naturally accumulated a population that depends almost entirely on the commerce of the port for a livelihood, and it is a fact that in Victoria and Kau-lung there are nearly four hundred thousand souls engaged in occupations connected in some way directly with the business of the harbor. Already the withdrawal of so many ships had affected this population in a way to cause a noticeable slump in the figures by which its local purchasing power was estimated, and nobody could doubt that any further handicap placed upon its earning capacity would result in actual distress.

"What good," said the committee, "to import rice for them to eat if they can earn no money with which to buy it—that is, unless we are willing to undertake to feed a couple of hundred thousand of them by free distribution?"

All this was telegraphed to the home government, but it was only by way of apology for not being able to do more. Six additional ships, some of them the best in the Eastern service, were bidden good-by and sent round into the Atlantic. And now the colony is squaring its shoulders and getting ready for the next call.

It is an interesting array of commodities that is handled in Hong-Kong, and before the war and the Chinese upheaval business in all of them was steadily increasing in volume and value. There are the staple articles of course: Sugar, flour, rice, petroleum products, iron and steel, coal, cotton, tea, silk, and such things; then there is a long list of oils of different kinds produced in large quantities in Southern China and used in various manufactures all over the world. Yun-nan tin, antimony and wolfram are important items, as are Chinese ginger, ground nuts, soy, wax, cotton yarn, bristles, and the great muck-and-truck line of commerce listed under the head of sundries. And there are frequent cargoes of hides and of Chinese rattan and fiber manufactures.

It is necessary that you regard all these products of human labor in their relation to the life of the teeming millions of Eastern Asia to realize the full-storied and almost thrilling interest of them.

One of the things a traveler in the East nearly always does is to provide himself at Hong-Kong with a long rattan steamer chair. These and many other articles of rattan furniture are made by the Chinese in greater variety and with more skill than by any other people in the world, and at one time their trade in them was growing rapidly and extending even to Europe and the United States. When freight rates were low and there was sufficient tonnage afloat for all purposes, ships were willing to handle light and bulky cargoes of inferior value. But not any more. A large part of the raw materials for rattan manufactures used to be brought up to Hong-Kong and Canton from the Straits Settlements, but there are no ships to carry such cargo now, so this industry has suffered a decrease which amounts almost to annihilation. Even if they could get the raw materials there would be little or no sale for their finished product because the value of every ton of space in ships is equal to-day to the value of any number of tons of such cargo. And to put a kind of ironic emphasis on the hard luck of those who are engaged in this enterprise, the world has ceased to travel, and there is no longer even the frequent sale of the comfortable steamer chair.

American Flour in China

THIS occurs to me only as a minor indication of the general trend of everyday affairs that are not connected in any way with the war; but, unimportant as it may seem, it affects the welfare of a good many hundreds of Chinese workmen.

With regard to the larger business of international commerce in staple commodities the casual observer in the port of Hong-Kong is met by a good many insistent interrogation marks. The one-time great flour trade of the port, for instance, has been completely wiped out or at least temporarily suspended. The Japanese now supply the whole Far East with this primary necessity, and the Japanese never deal with middlemen of other nationalities if they can help it. Before the war practically the whole import of flour was from American mills. It was all shipped to Hong-Kong and sold to Chinese merchants, who resold it to Java, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements and to consumers all up and down the Chinese Coast. But the Japanese, instead of following this long-established American custom, go directly to the subsidiary markets and book orders in any amount down to a few hundred sacks. They have thus put the Chinese flour merchants out of business and very greatly reduced the activity of the port of Hong-Kong. Nor is this in any way advantageous to the local buyer or to the ultimate consumer, since the Japanese accept the market price and merely take all the profit instead of sharing it.

It is only within the past year and in consequence of the year's developments that Japanese flour has been able to compete in any degree with the American product, and the strength and duration of its hold on the market which it has now established depends entirely upon the extent to which the Japanese go in improving their machinery and milling facilities and, in consequence, the quality of their output. That they are taking very intelligent advantage of a sudden access of wealth to broaden and deepen the channels through which wealth is flowing their way is only too apparent to the victims of war's real restrictions, who are not now in a position to compete with them in any way.

In the old days, just by way of gaining a sort of foothold in the flour trade the Japanese practiced occasionally the gentle art of substitution, filling sacks that were stamped with a Japanese brand with the product of American mills and getting their profit on the transaction by filling the American sacks with a mixture in which their own inferior product predominated.

At the beginning of August, 1914, American patent flour was selling in Hong-Kong for $2.75 a sack. In 1915 it went up to $4.50 a sack, and the little that is left in the market can now be bought for $4.65 a sack. All there is on hand was imported before the great advance in prices and freight rates began, and during the latter part of 1917 there has not been a single purchase made in the United States.

No need, perhaps, to vision again the teeming millions in order to realize what this means in its relation to American commerce, because the teeming millions eat rice. But there is a large and growing foreign population on the Pacific Coast of Asia, a larger Chinese population with acquired foreign tastes, and millions even, among the teeming millions, who use flour for cakes and pastries and other exotic luxuries, so the flour trade is and will continue to be of primary importance.

The Japanese, having already gone to considerable lengths in improving the quality of their output, now supply practically the whole market, but it is not thought that they will be able to retain their position, because it is not based in the first place on accepted principles of commercial coextension. This is a thing the Japanese do not understand unless the shoe happens to be on the other foot and they find themselves discriminated against. When shipping rates have been reduced to something approximating normal figures and Americans have some ships of their own the American product will be able to reënter the field, and those who deal in it will be sure of a great advantage, which will rise from the fact that a vast majority of persons prefer to do business with Chinese merchants whenever it is possible.

Moreover, the superiority of the product of American mills, even in the lower grades, is not yet challenged, and it is so much drier than the Japanese milled flour that it can be kept for a considerably longer period without deterioration.

So much for one highly important American trade tentacle which has released its hold on the Eastern market. And we have another tentacular kind of connection with this part of the world which is suffering at least a temporary loss of soundness and security—but nobody has any real fear for the future of petroleum products. One is inclined to think with regard to the consumption of American kerosene in China: If the Chinese cease to buy it what on earth are they going to do for tin cans? In the interior towns, especially, the familiar square five-gallon can is among the most conspicuous articles of everyday use. It is used for everything, including roofing and the manufacture of objects of art. You see it in pairs swinging at the ends of bamboo poles balanced on the shoulders of hundreds of coolies. You see flowers growing in it and blossoming most luxuriantly; you see it doing duty as the family washtub, bathtub, stew kettle and chow pot; and once I saw it before a Buddhist altar, filled with the ashes of fragrant incense. I do not know that anyone has ever buried his revered grandfather in a kerosene can, but it would not surprise me in the least to see one of them cheek by jowl with a row of little earthen jars on a hillside waiting for an honorable niche in some family sepulcher. But it is true that the Chinese are not burning oil with their accustomed prodigality, and the result is a marked decrease in the volume of trade in this commodity through the port of Hong-Kong.

Hong-Kong as a Distributing Center

HONG-KONG has always been the distributing center for Kwang-tung, Kwang-si, large sections of the Fu-kien Province and the islands of Hainan and Formosa, and though the price of oil in bulk has increased thirty-three per cent since 1914, and just that much plus the price of tin, pine boards and labor when it is packed for distribution in small quantities, it is not thought that this accounts altogether for the marked reduction in consumption.

Through the missionary efforts of a great American concern the Chinese throughout the Empire have become almost as much accustomed to the use of kerosene lamps as the Western World was just before the invention of the electric light, and they would undoubtedly buy oil if conditions in the country were in any degree normal, but they are not. Riots and rebellions and political unrest such as even China has never known before, together with floods and devastations of various kinds, have served to reduce the purchasing power of the people to a very considerable extent. It is a country in chaos; and to add to its misfortunes the whole world is in chaos, too, so that even its customary remittances from Chinese residents abroad have been cut off. Why this is so nobody seems fully to understand, but everybody understands the seriousness of it to China, since these remittances have always amounted to

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many millions every year. It is estimated that from the district round Amoy alone more than two hundred thousand emigrants go each year to the Straits Settlements and the South Seas, and in 1916, 117,653 left from the port of Hong-Kong. These are laborers mostly, and they go abroad not to live but to make money. They retain a very close connection with their homes and send a large part of their earnings back in the form of gifts or contributions to family incomes. The lowest estimate I have seen of the amount of revenue which, up to three years ago, came into China from such sources was seventy-three million taels a year.

In any case, whatever causes may lie behind the economic conditions, the restricted consumption of oil has enabled the importers to supply the demand in spite of high freight rates and the scarcity of tonnage. And the supply has been helped out by the Japanese, as usual. They have stepped in and begun to distribute in this section of China a very low-grade oil which meets with considerable success on account of the price at which it can be sold. It is not kerosene; it is not graded by the Japanese Government inspectors as kerosene, and the Japanese internal tax on kerosene is not levied on it. But it is sold to the Chinese as kerosene, and because it would not be readily marketable under its own name it is usually sold in the guise of American or Sumatran oil after it has been refilled into the receptacles of established and high-class brands. Some of it is a mixture of benzine and low fractions—with a fictitious appearance of low gravity—and a number of serious fires and sudden deaths have resulted from the use of it. But the Chinaman buys it for good oil, under proved and respected trade-marks. Whether any prosecutions have been undertaken by firms whose labels have been used I do not know, but there has been a great deal of talk about it. As one man says: "They make such enormous profits out of the practice that prosecuting them would do no good even if we got a verdict. It is the kind of thing that honest men cannot combat."

And the Japanese enjoy still another advantage in the form of preferential rates on subsidized Japanese ships. Considering the spirit which seems to animate the average Japanese business man, one would think they might be depended on to take it out of each other whenever an opportunity offers. And I believe they do usually. But it must be that the government has a strong voice in the management of the subsidized shipping and that the government believes in giving all Japanese a share in its bounty.

Discrimination in Freight Rates

FOR a long time I did not believe that Americans, Englishmen and other foreigners doing business in or through Japan were discriminated against by Japanese shipping companies and made to pay higher rates than those demanded of Japanese shippers. But I happened one day to meet the truth face to face, so now I know. I had been buying in

One of the Chinese Streets

Tokio and Yokohama quite an assortment of old porcelains, and as I made my purchases I had them delivered for shipment to the United States to a Japanese dealer in Yokohama whom I have known for many years.

Packed porcelains loom large as to bulk because each piece must be given plenty of room, so it was not long before I had accumulated what promised to measure up to three or four tons, and I began to worry about freight rates. Forty-five dollars a ton to San Francisco was what it was to cost me if I paid the publicly quoted rate. And then would come the cost of getting them across the United States. My Japanese friend had a beautiful small collection of odd Nabeshima plates that I wanted as I imagine the inebriate wants that which inebriates.

"But," said I, "I cannot have them. When I have paid my freight bill everything I have bought will be worth its weight in gold."

"You need not worry about that," he replied; "I will send your cases across in Japanese space, and your freight bill will be about ten dollars a ton."

"Oho," I replied. "Then there is such a thing as preferential rates for Japanese on Japanese ships? That is rather getting the better of everybody else, isn't it? And especially in view of the fact that nearly everybody doing business across the Pacific has to depend very largely these days on Japanese ships."

He had the grace to look sheepish, but being a great modern he laughed and said: "Why not? How else could the Japanese hope to gain a foothold in the world's markets?"

Local Government

I TOLD him how I thought they might, and among other things I said that Japanese business methods were the only real danger to her continued peaceful and honorable development that Japan had to fear. We quarreled earnestly and at length, and in the end I had to buy the Nabeshima plates in order to reinstate myself in his friendly regard. It is rather entertaining to quarrel with a Japanese about such a thing. One finds him in a majority of cases so delightfully, so absolutely, cynical.

But it is taking me a long time to get ashore in Hong-Kong, and I really intended to go at once and browse round among the visible benefits to a benighted people of contact with British civilization.

There is much in the view which emphasizes the iniquity of establishing spheres of influence in China by the easy process of taking away from that helpless country large slices of her territory; but the port of Hong-Kong is unique in this regard, and is to be considered quite apart from China's unfortunate international contacts of recent years. Hong-Kong is the natural outcome of an impossible situation. It is the big end of a tremendous wedge of influence, no doubt about that; but from the beginning its influence has been of the quickening and reinvigorating kind.

It is a place set outside Chinese control, where Chinese themselves can engage in business and enjoy the safeguards of equitable law and strictly maintained order; and that its establishment has been of vastly more benefit to China than it has been to England is beyond question. Incidentally, the whole world has shared these benefits as freely as the world, without asking leave, may share the British privileges of London.

The affairs of the colony of Hong-Kong are administered by a governor assisted by two councils—one executive and the other legislative. There is a secretary for Chinese affairs, who has a seat in both these councils, and the legislative council has never less than two Chinese members. The English Common Law forms the basis of the legal system and is modified by colonial ordinances dealing with purely local questions.

I am reminded at this point that at the beginning of the war the government was faced with a difficulty peculiarly unpleasant. It is a small European community and a far-away place, where white men, of whatever nationality, form close relationships. Hong-Kong was literally full of Germans. Some of

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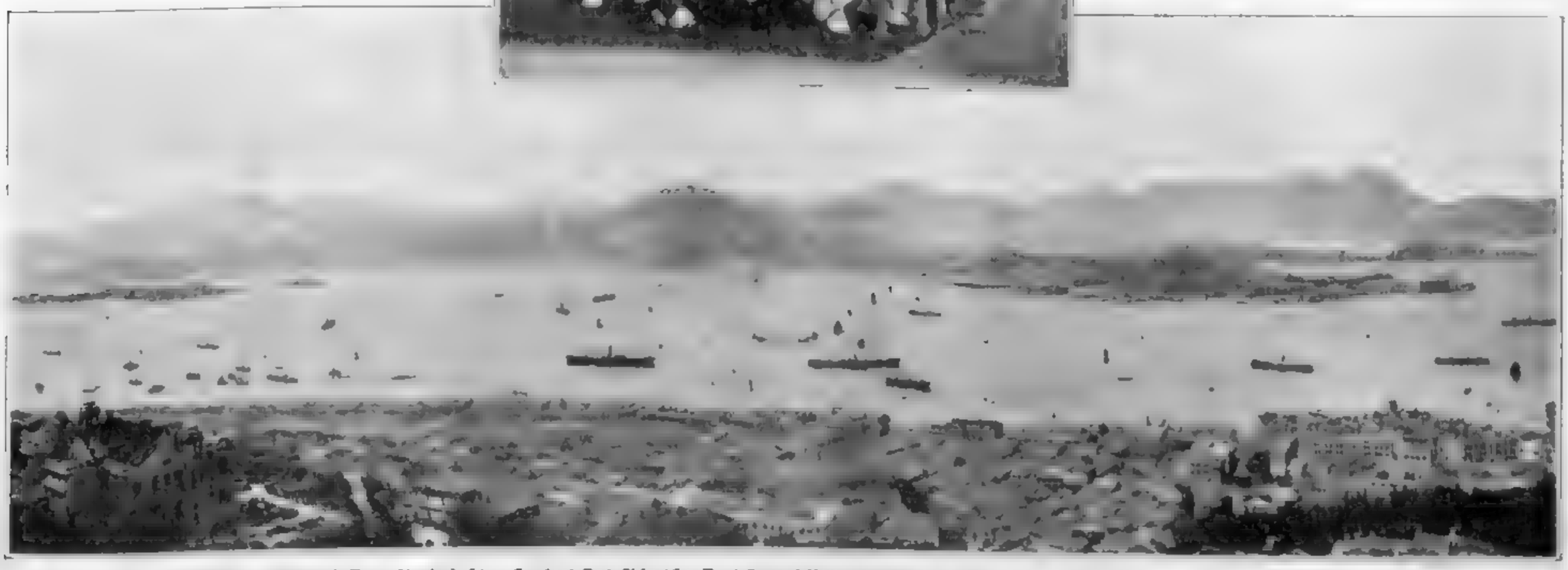

Hong-Kong, Clean and Flower-Trimmed, Tree-Shaded, Lies Against One Side of a Vast Cup of Hills. Above—the Governor, Sir Francis Henry May, With His Family and Some Friends

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the largest and most important firms in the colony were German and there were many German professional men. One of the finest clubs in the city was the German Club, and there were highly regarded Germans on everybody's visiting and dinner-party lists.

The governor began by putting certain mild restrictions upon them, more or less paroling them on their honor as enemy aliens. But it was not long before it became evident that such generous courtesy was quite beyond the simple German understanding. Plots of various kinds came to light, and the government was compelled to resort to severer measures; but so little did the Britons realize the character of the people they were dealing with that it was some time before these measures were made applicable to all Germans. Eventually they were, and when the German Club was closed evidence was discovered which proved that the friendly enemies who had enjoyed the advantage of British lenience and courtesy were the authors of a fully developed plan for taking over Hong-Kong as soon as the Vaterland had brought England to her knees. And it seems to have been confidently expected that this would happen very shortly.

A German governor had even been selected and approved, and arrangements were completed for changing many of England's "weak-minded" policies with regard to the freedom of the port and the treatment of the native populations. But the thing which angered the Englishmen most was a definite program with regard to the British women of the colony.

A large number of Germans who were past military age were permitted to go their ways, and most of them went to other points in China—to Amoy, Shanghai and Peking. The others were all interned for a while in the colony and were then sent to Australia, where there was more room for them and something for them to do. When China became one of the Allies all those who escaped the British net were gathered up, and I doubt whether there is a German in Eastern Asia to-day enjoying full liberty—though you never can tell!

"Good job too!" our British friends would say. Scratch a German located anywhere in this part of the world and you are pretty sure to find a secret agent of the German Government, committed to a policy of heinous plot and intrigue.

The Granite Breakwaters

I have said that the Englishmen in building Hong-Kong built solidly and handsomely, and this is probably the first and most lasting impression one gets of the colony. I was standing with a friend on the topmost peak of the island, on a point which commands a view of the whole city and harbor, and he suddenly laughed and said:

"There is only one bloomin' nation on earth that would have done it!"

Being polite, I agreed with him; but in my mind I saw the solidity and the handsomeness with which we have built in the Philippines—and the rapidity as well—in sixteen years matching, in a way, what England has done in sixty. I said nothing, but I thought to myself:

"Yes; there is one other bloomin' nation that would have done it if the opportunity or the duty—whatever you may call it—had fallen to its lot."

They are different, these two examples of energetic enterprise, but each of them bears the unmistakable stamp of Anglo-Saxonism and of red-blooded and high-principled ambition.

Looking out over the harbor from this vantage point on the peak I was interested by the thousands of fishing junks and houseboats which were lying snug behind the long granite breakwaters, and my companion remarked that there was probably a typhoon approaching. The large areas within the breakwaters are called harbors of refuge and the breakwaters have all been built not because they were needed by the larger shipping but that the population afloat and the myriad fishing junks might have places of safety to run to in the typhoon season. These water people are born weather prophets, and the inhabitants of Hong-Kong rather disregard the government observatory and accept as sufficiently accurate prognostication the movements of the junks. When they begin to pile up in the harbors of refuge it is a practical certainty that a storm is not far off, and all necessary precautions are taken at once and without question. The Weather Bureau may be a few points off in prophecy once in a while, but the instinct of the fishermen is all but infallible.

One of the harbors of refuge has an interesting history. It ought to be called the harbor of British conscience. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and in years gone by gambling was not only permitted in the colony but it was licensed as well and brought into the colonial coffers a considerable revenue.

Gambling Abolished

Then, following the trend of the whole world in moral advancement, no doubt the Englishmen began to feel "the again bite of the in-wit"—as their pre-Norman ancestors defined the recurrent twinge of conscience—and they decided that they were profiting by the perpetuation of a vice which they should be endeavoring in every possible way to exterminate. So they prohibited gambling; they closed all the gambling houses and dens, and by way of restitution and to give impressive moral point to their new attitude they appropriated the full sum of money that had been received in payment for gambling licenses to build a new harbor of refuge. And in that harbor of refuge the fishing junks and the houseboats now lie in close-packed masses while the dangerous summer storms sweep up the China Coast.

The present governor of Hong-Kong is Sir Francis Henry May, a man who has lived in the colony thirty-four years, having come out fresh from the university as a student of the Chinese language and of British colonial procedure. He has been in the government service always and was once made governor of Fiji. He succeeded to his present important post about five years ago. He was created a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George in 1909. It is thus that England trains and retains her colonial administrators.

Sir Henry is the kind of man I always think of as a Builder with a capital B; in fact, the colony has been blessed with a succession of building governors, the building program being handed on from one to another, to be carried forward conservatively or rapidly according to individual executive inclination. One of the advantages of the British colonial system is that one administration can follow another without any break being made in an established colonial policy.

His Excellency is somewhat handicapped just now because, being war governor, he has to see all the revenue of the colony that can be spared from the support of essential institutions transferred to England for war purposes, while a further unusual expenditure has to be made for the maintenance of local defense. But there is one fund which has always been devoted to public works and which, under the constitution, cannot be diverted to other uses. This is the fund from the sale and lease of crown lands, and it has always been sufficient to keep public works going at a fairly satisfactory rate.

Then, too, the governor has the planter's instinct very highly developed, and this fortunately can be indulged at no very great cost. In the ship that brought me up from Manila there was a large consignment of rose plants from Australia addressed to His Excellency the governor of Hong-Kong. He will have these planted in public gardens and in the grounds of Government House, and future governors and generations will get the benefit of them and of the impetus to rose culture which will result from their introduction. During the past year he has planted more than one hundred thousand tree seedlings in various places and has had a hundred pounds of pine seed sown broadcast on the Kau-lung hills, the idea being to cover a bare environment with some kind of verdure. And a fine idea too. He has covered the steep and ugly cut through which the Peak tramway climbs the hills with flaming hibiscus and clambering vines; and wherever it will grow he has planted a gorgeous yellow thing that nods its huge petals and shines and makes people happy. That is the only way I can describe it.

My idea of important items may seem queer to some persons, but I know of few things more important than the creation of beautiful surroundings for humans who toil and are tired. And here is a man, this present governor of Hong-Kong, who gets more satisfaction out of growing things than most people do out of pearls of great price. I was riding with him up the Peak one evening—on a car that was crowded with men going home from a day's business in a sweltering city—and he said to me:

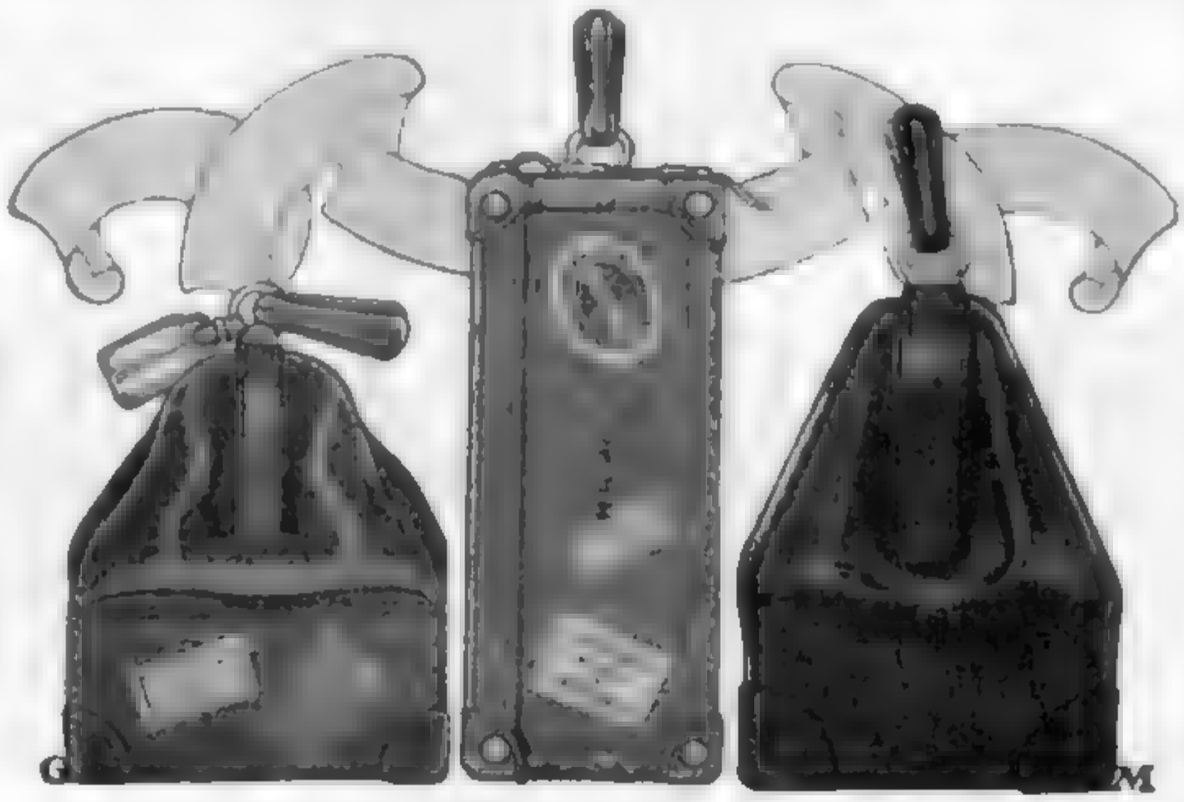
"They told me I was wasting time and money trying to get things to grow on that clay slope; but look at those hibiscus. Aren't they pretty?"

Yes, they are pretty; they are beautiful; and all Hong-Kong—clean and flower-trimmed, tree-shaded, white-balconied and gray-roofed—is beautiful.

I should like to go on and tell about the splendid system of finely built roads; the reservoirs and aqueducts; the shipbuilding yards; the Chinese city with its colorful amusements and varied businesses and industries; the railroad up to Canton; the fisheries; the advancement of agriculture in the New Territories; emigration and immigration; hospitals; religious institutions; the picturesque Indian policemen with their striped turbans; and the no less picturesque Chinese policemen in mushroom helmets; and above all I should like to tell about the schools and their effect upon the Chinese, not only of Hong-Kong but of all China. But trying to get it all into one article is like trying to write The Pilgrim's Progress on a postage stamp. And condensation is not one of my specialties.

The Good-Roads Movement

When the government began to build the fine highway which is to run all the way round the colony, a distance of more than sixty miles, and which Sir Henry May is now finishing, the Chinese would have nothing to do with it. They regarded it as a great dragon winding its unlucky length through their domain, and though they never sought to interfere with the work they would take no part in it at any price. Now they are doing all the building themselves, not only on this road but on several others, and the government engages Chinese contractors in preference to British because they can get the work done more rapidly and for less money. As for the people in general, they are so jealous of the perfection of the roads that the slightest untidiness on anybody's part annoys them tremendously.



Is that not a fine thing to be able to write about Chinese peasants?

When the colony took over the New Territories there was an unruly population on an adjoining strip which attempted to prevent British occupation. It was a laudable expression of patriotism, no doubt, but it had to be combated, so the British went in and took charge. They maintained troops in the section for several months, and when these were withdrawn there were exhibitions of jubilant relief on the part of the people. But within a few weeks rejoicing was succeeded by regret and men were appointed who journeyed to Hong-Kong and in solemn earnest begged the British authorities to come back and establish permanent control. They had felt the benefits of orderliness and honest government; they had observed the effect on their neighbors of these same privileges, and they wanted to be adopted.

In his Old Forces in New China, George Lanning, of the Shanghai public schools, writes about the innate ability of the Chinese to take advantage of every new experience, and he speaks of their appreciation of an incident of the Boxer Insurrection. There was a provisional government maintained by foreigners at Tientsin for several months, and the Chinese say that this government "did more in the way of public works than native administrations had done during all the preceding centuries. They collected no more than the usual taxes, yet they left one hundred and eighty thousand taels in the exchequer when they had done!"

The President's Poem

There are more than twenty thousand Chinese children and students attending public schools and government educational institutions of different kinds in Hong-Kong, and there are a few thousand more in private establishments. In the student body of Hong-Kong University there are representatives from every province in China, and they are getting as high-class instruction in arts, medicine and engineering as they could get anywhere in England or the United States. Moreover, they are getting it at vastly less expense, and without the unfortunate effect, so generally recognized, which Chinese always suffer through long detachment from their own country and contact with Western customs and modes of living. The Chinese student who has spent a few years at an American or English university is usually unfitted for life as it must be lived in China. He returns to his native land and becomes either an agitator, but half conversant with the evils against which he seeks to agitate, or a hopeless misanthrope. This does not happen to students at the Hong-Kong University.

There is instruction by eminent Chinese scholars in the Chinese language and classics, and though all technical instruction is given in English it is given with peculiarly Chinese needs and conditions always in view. The university was established because in relation to their colonies the English as a people have one very highly developed sense, called a sense of responsibility. The Chinese youth of Hong-Kong had to have the best possible educational facilities.

They had their first commencement last year, and the president of the Chinese Republic sent a rimed message which His Excellency the governor, as chancellor of the university, read in its original form. Translated, a part of this message reads:

China and Western lands have now one aim,
One thought and purpose: learning to acclaim.

May scholars throng your portals, there to seek
Training and strength of mind, as plants when weak
Are trained to grow and thrive.

Brief though the course of your years,
Achieved is your glorious fame.

Your status is seen to be great
As the Hung To School of Hon days.

Your praises are published to-day.
They will surely be known through the world.

It would be interesting to know something about the Hung To School of Hon days, would it not? It cannot be pronounced in an ordinary conversational tone; it has to be sung.

The entrance hall of a home is the first index to the characteristics of the people who live there. Therefore, it should be simple, practical, cheerful, hospitable, and in perfect taste. The appearance of this hallway suggests these desirable qualities. The pleasing *Jaspé* linoleum floor is combined with plain plaster-walls, a beautifully designed stairway, lighting fixtures, and other decorative essentials of the simplest kind.—*FRANK ALVAH PARSONS.*

THE spirit of this hallway is one of simple, refined hospitality. You feel at home the instant you set foot across the threshold. Everything contributes: the graceful, winding staircase, the mellow colorings, the inviting harmony of walls, hangings, furnishings, rug, and floor.

This floor is Armstrong Linoleum—a beautifully soft, gray *Jaspé* (moiré) Inlaid. A floor as attractive and serviceable as hardwood, marble, or tile—but much less expensive, easier to lay, and exceptionally durable.

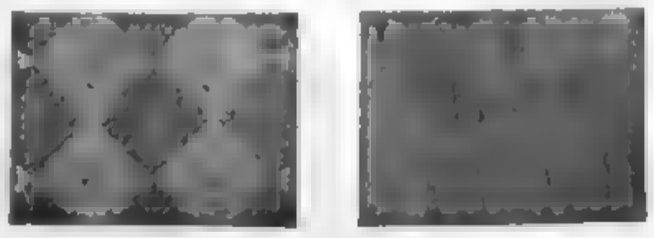
When the hostess shows you through the other rooms, you then begin to realize the scope and variety of Armstrong's Linoleum. The living-room, dining-room, and library have floors of *Parquetry Inlaid* or *Jaspé* quite different in tone and spirit than that revealed in the hallway. Some of the bedrooms have plain linoleum floors (without pattern); in others the linoleum designs resemble matting or carpet. In every case the linoleum supplies a perfectly sanitary base for fabric rugs of appropriate color. The floor on the sun parlor suggests a delicate blue granite. And the hostess assures you it is much easier to keep the kitchen, bathroom and pantry floors spotless because they are linoleum.

Your visit in this home makes clear that there are Armstrong patterns and colors to suit almost any taste or decorative scheme. The plain colors include brown, rose, blue, tan, dark gray, light gray, and green. The new *Jaspé* (moiré) effects include blue, brown, green, gray, and tan tones. In all cases, the colors and figures are not merely painted on the surface, but remain as long as the material itself lasts.

Many fine European homes have linoleum floors throughout. And now the movement spreads to America.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Be careful you get it. For there are inferior floor coverings nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely imitations. Remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum. First, look at the back and make sure it's burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name—there *is* a difference.

Another appropriate pattern for hallway floor, and a close-up sectional view of *Jaspé* design used above.



Our new book, "The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration," by Frank Alvah Parsons, America's foremost authority on interior decoration, will soon be ready. It treats of the artistic necessities of every home and tells how linoleum may be used effectively in typical rooms. The author discusses his interesting subject in characteristically illuminating and intimate style. Sent with portfolio of de luxe color-plates of home interiors for 20 cents in stamps.

Write us today for a list of merchants near you who sell *Armstrong's Linoleum.*

Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

Armstrong Cork Company Linoleum Dept., Lancaster, Pa.

STRIKING OUR STRIDE IN FRANCE

Continued from Page 9

of that, and they won't give a crust of their white bread for a vat of it.

But soldiers always want something they haven't got. You could serve them with ten-course dinners, from hors d'œuvres to nuts, and they'd go out to listen enviously to a guy who had had a plate of beans.

For instance, they draw white bread. It is good bread, too—as wholesome as any they would get at home; and white bread cannot be obtained by the civilian population in France.

But guess what some of them do! In almost every town and village where American troops are quartered, soldiers buy the heavy, dark war bread, made from the whole wheat. A steady diet of that bread would put a Mexican burro out of business; but the boys buy it and trade for it.

"What on earth do you want that junk for?" I inquired of a rookie, who had his arm through one of those loaves that are built like a doughnut.

"I dunno—I kind of like it. It's got a kick ours ain't."

The newcomers are lucky scoundrels. With the exception of the artillery, they have the best quarters of any American troops in France. Some are in barracks in a populous town; the others are distributed about the country, in or near small villages. But, instead of being assigned to billets, which are usually empty storehouses or old residences or barns, the majority of them are in new sheds, built on much the same model as those in the training camps at home.

The newcomer's training ground is not far from his billet and when off duty he has the run of the village. There is plenty of space for baseball and football and any kind of recreation he sees fit to go in for; and the Y. M. C. A. provides either a tent or a hut, where he can spend his leisure hours. He doesn't have to sit up straight there and listen to religious exhortations, either. They have all sorts of games, quantities of reading matter, and entertainments several nights a week—either a concert or a lecture by somebody who has something to tell them that they want to hear.

Cheers for the Clinch

One night at an artillery camp a company of French stars from Paris and Bordeaux sang Lakmé on a twenty-foot stage, under Y. M. C. A. auspices. The tent was jammed; the boys were perched wherever they could find a thin edge of seat.

"Gee, this is fierce!" said a little runt from Indiana, who sat behind me. "What's that guy gargling for, Fred?"

"Sh-h!" warned Fred. "They haven't begun yet, I reckon. Maybe they're just tuning up."

Not one out of a hundred understood a word of it and the coloratura efforts of the soprano meant nothing in their lives; but they showed instant appreciation of the love scenes between the two principals, and broke into frenzied cheers when Gerald and Lakmé came to a clinch. The longer the embrace was prolonged, the better they liked it. They stamped and whistled.

"He'd best beat it now, though," continued the Hoosier. "I got the hang of it now, Fred. That guy's fell hard for Lakmé—and here comes her old man! Ha—I knowed he'd beat it while the going was good. Say, this piece is kind of picking up, ain't it?"

But the end of the first act left them dumfounded.

"Why, dog-gone it," said Fred, "I figured all that was only practice and they'd get to the real music soon."

The audience was wholly unaware that the singers were the pick of the Opéra Comique and other companies of fame; yet they listened with respect. They were a trifle restless and coughed a good deal; but a Metropolitan audience makes quite as much noise as did those thousand artillerymen who had no conception of what it was all about.

"Say, Fred," exclaimed the Indiana man suddenly, "what'd you give right now to see an American girl step out on that stage and sing Poor Butterfly?"

Fred never even hesitated:

"A month's pay!"

"Gosh, wouldn't it be great?"

As though in answer to his longing, the curtain went up and Mademoiselle Viard started in to give Tipperary. "It's a long way to Tipper-ar-ar-ry," she sang; and they fairly lifted the tent roof with their plaudits. Anyone could see that she despised the song as a foolish thing, and she rushed through it; but I will venture to say that Mademoiselle Viard never won such a storm of heartfelt applause in her whole career as by that impromptu effort in a language our boys understood. It was a touch of home; and they came to their feet with a yell.

The heating of barracks and billets is one of the knottiest problems with which the Army has had to deal in organizing the camps. Our fuel requirements seem scandalous to Europeans. They never heat their houses the way we do at home, and the French army standards are about one-tenth of the American.

Fuel sufficient to maintain home temperature is simply out of the question. It is likely that coal allowances will be almost nil this winter, owing to the difficulties of transportation, and twenty thousand cords of wood a month is about the maximum the Army can get. From three to four times that amount would be used were this force in camps in a similar climate in America; so the boys must practice economy and get along with a third or a fourth of what they used to think was necessary.

Findings Keepings

That ought not to work a hardship if the supply is properly used. The men ought to be all the fitter for it. They will certainly be the hardier and better able to stand the rigors of trench life. Cozily heated barracks would be a poor preparation for mud and raw winds.

Some of them will raise a howl about the cold; they wouldn't be soldiers unless they did. But if they knew how badly the civilian population is off for fuel they would thank their stars. And the American Army in camps will live in more comfortably heated quarters this winter than any equal number of men in France.

Moreover, they are sure to add to the official supply. What the boys can't rustle remains uncatalogued among utilitarian articles. An American regiment could be set down at the North Pole without a thing but the clothes on their backs, and within two hours some of them would find a stove and kindling wood and some chow and a pack of cards and a place to get a drink!

"Where did you find that?" demanded a Bay State officer of a man in his company who was warming his legs at a small stove.

"You mean the stove, sir? Oh, just around."

"Around where?"

"Oh, just sort of around, captain." And that is all he ever learned about it.

An adjutant had to call a halt on this zealous rustling. He had been much handicapped for want of a car to get about, and often said so. It must have bothered his striker to see the adjutant worried by such a lack, for on a bright October morning he came driving up to headquarters in a flivver.

"Found a car for you, sir," he reported cheerfully.

"What do you mean? How could you get a car for me?"

The soldier's explanation was vague to a degree; but he had the car. So why the Sam Hill should the adjutant quibble? They were still arguing the point—the officer staring greedily at the flivver and his striker growing persuasive—when a Y. M. C. A. man arrived hotfoot to claim his property. He seemed resentful.

"How could I know it was yours?" protested the doughboy. "I watched for twenty minutes outside that place and nobody come out; so I figured it was an abandoned car. S'help me, it's the truth, major!"

The barracks in which some of the newcomers are quartered consist of many large stone and concrete buildings, with wide streets between. They were recently occupied by Moroccan troops, which did not specially improve their sanitary condition; but the Americans speedily remedied all that. They swept out and washed, disinfected, scoured, and built new latrines; in fact, the pride of their young hearts seemed to be the new latrines they had made.

The barrack rooms are not of uniform size. Some will accommodate only sixteen men; others have a capacity of thirty, and even more. Our boys use the French bunks, which are of wood and stoutly made, with springs of rope or strips of sheet iron. These bunks possess many advantages over the light army cot, not the least of which is that they will be warmer in winter.

They have showers, where warm water is turned on during certain hours two days in the week. And there is a big washroom, with concrete sinks, where they can wash their clothes in spare time. Some of the men were hard at it, with soap and brush, on their underwear the day I visited this particular camp.

The recent arrivals appear to have been pretty well treated, both by the authorities and the civilian population at home. Certain units receive ten dollars a month extra pay, and have been provided with comfort kits, containing shaving brush, mirror, talcum powder, pins, needles and thread, toothbrush and paste. And they are better off in the way of clothing than any other regiments over here. Each man has three woolen shirts, four suits of heavy underwear of good quality, four pairs of heavy woolen socks, two pairs of hobnail field shoes, a pair of dress shoes, three suits of woolen—o. d.—uniform, one hat, and two or three pairs of leggings. A heavy overcoat, a slicker and a regulation sweater complete his outfit.

His bedding is ample. He has three o. d. woolen blankets and a bed sack, which he stuffs with straw. Most of them have improvised pillows too.

But the light artillery drew the prize camp of the American force. It is located in a magnificent country of swelling hills and deep rich valleys, where the dawn mists churn like billows of smoke. And they fell heir to a pile of French barracks that are the equal of the best in the United States. They are built solidly of stone and concrete, with walls thick enough to resist a Minnesota winter. The barracks were in excellent condition and needed only a thorough cleansing.

"Any vermin?" I asked a rookie.

"Ain't heard a scratch yet," he replied.

The men were much better fed at the outset than their officers, who had given the messing contract to a caterer. Indeed, so many officers formed the habit of sneaking off to their company kitchens for a go at real chow that the practice was stopped by an order. Now, however, the officers have their own mess and draw rations for it.

New mess halls have been put up for the men, who ate for some weeks in the open or under whatever shelter they could find. And their showers and washrooms and latrines are models. This camp is easily the best equipped of any occupied by our forces.

The Sergeant Showed Him How

Like the first division of infantry, the artillery came over with a preponderance of recruits. Most of the horses were green, also; but they are rounding into shape. They looked a bit rough when I was there; however, their condition was excellent.

"Say, what you 'fraid of, anyhow?" demanded a sergeant wrathfully of a recruit who was gingerly grooming a green horse that wore an Oklahoma brand. "That ain't no way to handle a horse. He won't hurt you. Here—gimme that brush! I'll show you."

He walked up to the animal and slapped it on the flank.

"Now you, Sam! Gimme that foot!"

Sam complied. He gave it to the sergeant—slap on the chest.

"I don't mind gettin' kicked," remarked the sergeant with terrible calm, after regaining his wind. "But he done bust a three-dollar watch. Fetch me a club, somebody!"

It's a sight to stir the blood when the batteries move out at dawn for the morning's practice. The mists are boiling in the valleys, the tops of the tree-clothed ridges are touched with light, and the long lines of men and horses and guns look like specters.

Hours before daylight, riders have made the rounds of a fifteen-mile sector, one dropping out at intervals to act as sentinel for the area between him and the next. Their duty is to turn back any persons who attempt to cross the zone of fire; and they stay at their posts until the morning's work is finished.

To the bulk of the American public the Army has never been an object of either pride or affection. They entertained many strong prejudices against it; but those prejudices would go overboard could they see the Army at work over here.

Never did an organization buckle down to a task with greater earnestness. They feel that the test has come, and hard work and earnestness are the keys of the chorus. Officers who, in the piping times of peace, were content to do a minimum of duty, now put in sixteen and eighteen hours a day.

That there have been things open to criticism is undeniable; but they are dwarfed by the aggregate of achievement. In spite of mistakes and many handicaps, the machine has gained tremendous headway.

A colonel of artillery was told that he was overdoing it - that he would suffer a breakdown unless he let up.

"What does that matter?" he snapped, all on edge. "If I can get things organized I'm willing to be worn out. There'll be other and fresher men to take my place."

That spirit is responsible for a new era in the Army. And the announcement today from Washington that promotions by seniority would be abolished in favor of promotions for military capacity during the war was glad tidings to the majority.

One of the hardest problems with which the British have had to deal has been the protection of the men on leave. Transportation is so precious that the majority of the rank and file cannot obtain permission to go home; the best they can get is Paris leave.

In a city of its magnitude, where they have no authority over the civilian population, the British command has been helpless to take the care of the men it would like to take. About all they could do was to caution, and to provide counter attractions to the lures of the underworld.

The Boche's Bush-League Stuff

Here, as in every other phase of war activity, the American Army has been able to profit by its Allies' experience. Up to date, the problem has not been acute, because there will be no leaves granted until some of our forces have gone into the trenches. After they are in, the usual leave of a week or ten days will be given every four months to men of good record.

But it will not be Paris leave. The plan is to keep the boys away from the metropolis. The American Army proposes to take over a city in the south of France, to which the soldiers may go, instead. That city will be under American control for this purpose. We shall have theaters running, with stock companies playing in English; movie palaces, recreation grounds, baseball fields—about everything a man could wish for in the way of amusement. And the civil population will come under American authority in its relation to American soldiers. It looks to be a first-rate measure for the health and morale of the men.

You will perceive from the foregoing that the people at home need not worry about their boys in the camps this winter. They will not be pampered, and perhaps the cold will bother some of them until they grow accustomed to living in a lower temperature than is usually maintained in American homes; they will be adequately housed, warmly clothed, and fed as well as a healthy man needs for hard work. That is all soldiers can ask.

And mark this—three months of the sort of training they get over here will convert your Willie into a self-reliant stalwart Bill. No one can forecast what our losses will be before we win this war; but anybody can see the great gains we shall make. The stern business is molding men of toughened fiber. Young America will emerge from it a race of giants.

Quite a few American observers who were given a glimpse of Allied achievements in war organization came away awed and despondent over our ability even to approach them. Perhaps I am unusually dull, for I have not been awed. I have seen nothing in any Allied army that we cannot also achieve, and on a vaster scale.

Neither does boche invincibility stand the test of analysis. He did wonders against unprepared foes, and his recent performances on the Eastern Fronts were spectacular; but that is all bush-league stuff.

(Concluded on Page 63)

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Model 90 *Service* includes an unexcelled system of nation-wide service stations. No matter where you tour expert Overland service is always available.

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And public opinion is in its favor!

Primarily built for day-after-day utility-service, this car gives you complete satisfaction because it leaves nothing to be desired.

It is fully equipped—Auto-Lite starting and lighting, vacuum system fuel feed, 31 x 4-inch tires, non-skid rear and 106-inch wheelbase.

Get this car and increase your value to your country.

It will give you hours where you now have minutes.

Don't delay. Get *your* order in at once so that your Willys-Overland dealer can save you money.

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When a motor car with a Rex All-Seasons Top passes you on the highway you instinctively put it down in your mind as a quality car in every detail, large and small.

And when you view a Rex-equipped car in a dealer's display room, its visible comfort, lightness and convenience tell you convincingly of this automobile's *inbuilt goodness*—of the fine mechanical life and vigor down in the deep heart of it.

You get this impression of *complete* quality because you feel that the manufacturer who is careful to equip his car with a Rex All-Seasons Top is equally careful in providing throughout the car refinements that represent ideal all-seasons service.

You are certain that the same reasons that prompt this manufacturer to include the comfort and conveniences of this sedan-type top—at several hundred dollars less than the cost of the average sedan—also prompt him in carrying the same standard of supreme value clear through his car, from radiator to tail light.

Your reasoning is based on a law as old as the world. Like seeks like. Quality goes with quality.

This is the kind of reasoning responsible for the constantly growing numbers of Rex-equipped cars—for the oft-repeated question, "Has it a Rex All-Seasons Top?"

The agreeable shelter of this convenient top will be welcomed by the women of your family, who will ride oftener and farther under it, being undisturbed by the weather and able to wear their daintiest, most comfortable garments.

Ask for a Rex All-Seasons Top on your favorite car.

The Rex All-Seasons Top is specially designed for the car on which it appears, and has patented features which preserve tightness at all joints and the snug fit of the doors.

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Rain protection with curtains in place

Complete ventilation all panels removed

Tonneau protection—forward panels removed.

Weathertight—all panels in place.

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(Concluded from Page 59)

Indeed, the myth of the German superman always reminds me of a prize fighter I used to know, by the name of Porky—more especially since I obtained a close-up of this conflict.

Porky was a husky rugged boy, with a shock of red hair, who drove a bakery wagon in a Canadian city for a living, until one night they needed a substitute at a bout in the suburbs. He volunteered, and put out his opponent in two rounds. That victory changed Porky's whole scheme of life.

He became a professional pugilist, and a promoter picked him up and started in to develop him. It wasn't long before Porky's natural aptitude for fighting made the bakery driver a local star. One after another of the second-raters went into the ring with him, only to be carried out; for the redhead had a wallop in either hand. He cleaned up the best there was in those parts; and—"I'll make you a champion!" his manager told him. Porky believed him and they set out for a wider field. They hied them to the United States, where the purses were larger, and a bout was arranged with an unknown from Cleveland.

When Porky climbed through the ropes he was full of confidence. Hadn't he beaten everybody in sight where he came from? And the stranger in the other corner looked soft and out of condition.

But, somehow, the fight didn't work out according to his expectations. The Clevelander felt him out for three rounds and then decided he had Porky's measure.

"I ain't got any more time to waste on you. I got to catch a train," he announced at the beginning of the fourth; and exactly twenty-nine seconds later Porky was knocked cold.

Next day he went back to the bakery.

The boche is the Porky of the Old World.

When I wrote, in an article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST last spring, that "I am one of those cheerful idiots who believe that America will win this war," lots of my friends and acquaintances raised joyous jeers. Perhaps they still feel that way. But I intend to quote that again at the end of this struggle with an addendum—"I told you so!"

Because the more you see of the war at close range, the greater becomes your conviction that the United States can turn the trick if we can get the transportation. And make no mistake: It is up to us to do it!

It did look like an impossibility from a distance. We had been fed on stories of German achievements until they loomed a race of supermen.

The Allies had been unable to do more than to stem the tide; so what use for greenhorns to try?

But one factor had been overlooked, and army officers are far more cheerful now. Many who used to shake their heads over the prospect, back home, to-day regard it hopefully.

"Before I came over here, it seemed hopeless for us to tackle the giant," said a divisional staff officer. "You noticed how mighty humble we felt. But the more I see of European methods in civilian activities, the better I feel about this thing. If we weren't so far from our base it would be a certainty. Operating three thousand miles overseas is our problem. The whole thing for us is summed up in ships! We can beat the boche."

There is the substance of my contention. In most of the older countries peacetime methods of doing things are about two speeds slower than ours. They don't work so hard, and they never dream of tackling a job on the scale to which we are accustomed.

They are far ahead of us in doing small things to perfection, but they waste a terrific lot of time on nonessentials and adherence to precedent.

Now modern war is organization; and that is the greatest American game. It means the application of a nation's energies to fighting and the business of equipping its armies—in other words, the diversion of everyday energy from peaceful to martial pursuits.

Consequently, even when speeded up for an emergency, a nation's war strength remains largely what it was in industry, business, agriculture, and all the pursuits of peace; because you cannot galvanize a whole people into new habits and methods of work in a day.

And that is why army officers feel that we should ultimately win. The Allies have held the boche for two years in the West, despite his advantage of long preparation. Therefore, we —— Well, cheer up, boys! And a Happy New Year!

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 23)

"That's the one," said I, getting hoarser and hoarser as I talked.

"Well, he won't bother you any more."

"Why not?" said I.

"He's got his—this time!"

"Got his!" I said, hoarser still. "How bad?"

"Dead," said the voice. "All ground up under the car. What'll we do about him," he said—"and the car?"

"Who are you?" I asked him.

"The police office," he said, "out in Rocky Cove."

So I told him what to do, and where to send the body and the car. "I can't come out to-night," I told him. "I'm giving a dinner party."

"Aha," he said, "that's how it happened! He thought he'd take the car out on you! You'd think they'd learn more after a while, but they don't!"

"I can't get out," I said. "But you take care of me, will you—neighbor," I said to him; "all you can? I can't get out, so I'm going to ask you to look out for us. Take care of me, will you?" I said. "We all need a friend now and then," I told him.

"You bet we do," said he.

"Well, this is the time I need one. Your time might come later."

"That's right, too, Mr. Thomas," said he.

"Well, you'll know where to find one," I said. And he didn't say anything.

"All right then; I leave it to you. You won't lose anything by it," I said. And I got his name. "And if you want to know anything later and call again, just call for William Morgan."

"I know," said the voice again.

"He's the man who'll take care of you."

"All right, boss."

"I won't forget this," said I. "I ain't that kind."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Thomas," said the cop.

"And oh—say!" I said. "Don't say anything about it to the newspaper boys yet! Hold it up a little for us. Don't give it out to the newspapers until after we're through here."

"How long?"

"Oh, say eleven-thirty."

"Sure."

"And when you do send them round or have them call, have them call for Morgan, too—see?"

"Sure; I'm on," said the cop of Rocky Cove.

And I knew that was all right there, anyway; and I went back and sat down again. I found myself sticking my napkin in at my neck and Polly glaring at me before I caught myself.

"Business, I suppose," said this Mrs. Rutherford, next to me, making eyes. "Oh, you men!" she said, getting giddy. "Can't you let it alone for a minute?"

And we went on through it all. I'm proud of it sometimes—right through from oysters to cigars, sitting there, we three, pushing her through like little majors, Zetta and Polly making a better show than I ever saw them—right up in G, laughing and talking. I kept watching them to see what I was going to do, whenever there was any doubt.

And finally we got them all out to the front door—every one of them.

"Listen!" I said to Billings, catching him on the piazza as he was going. "There's been an accident while we were in here. That damn-fool chauffeur—you know, that Powers—has taken advantage and been out on a joyride with their runabout—and killed himself!"

He whistled to himself. "Dead!" he said.

"Deader than a smelt," I told him. "Under the car. I got it on the phone."

"They don't know it," he said—"the family?"

"No," I said; "I got up and answered the phone myself. You saw me."

"Yes."

"It wouldn't do," I said—"it wouldn't do for the women to know—while this was going on."

"No," he said—and stopped, thinking. "Dead!" he said, and whistled again and lifted up his eyebrows. "You did exactly right," he told me.

"But now," I said, "of course, when you're out, I wish you'd tell Mrs. Billings; and you two can tell any of the others—if you think it's the best thing. I'll leave that to you," I said.

"It serves him right," said Billings, looking at me; thinking it out—"in a way; that kind of chauffeur, taking an expensive car out like that—without your consent. It's a lesson to the rest of them. You can't be sure now whether you've got a car left or not. I'll tell Mrs. Billings," he said, and went off to his car.

I saw that end of it was all right too. Mrs. Billings would tell everybody first; and that would be the story that she'd tell—and stick to, whatever happened.

And right after that the newspaper boys called and I gave them the right steer.

"I'm speaking for Mr. Thomas in this," I said, coming to the door. They all knew me, of course.

"You can't see him," I said. "He's all broken up with this thing. You know what that boy did for us when we first started—riding a machine. Mr. Thomas thought the world of him, and it's got him pretty bad. He ain't very well just now anyway.

"Come on over to the house, boys," I said, "just across the lawn and I'll tell you all about it."

So I took them over and handed out the cigars and sat down with them and gave them their story.

"That's what comes of being a speed king," said the tall, long-legged one with the pale face and black stringy hair, who pocketed my cigar and smoked his own cigarettes.

"You've got that right!" said I.

"They all get it sooner or later."

"Right," said I, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"There's a good story in that," said the white-faced one with the black hair—the older one. "The New York papers would take that. He had quite a reputation as a racer."

"Yes, but keep it down, boys, all you can, will you? It would be a great favor to us. I don't want to dictate to you, but you can see how we all feel about it. It was an awful shock—happening just while this party was going on full blast, and everything. Do what you can boys, anyway," I said. "And any time you want anything more on it," I said, "you just come to me. Do that much. Mr. Thomas ain't well at all."

"Sure," they said. "We'll see to that."

"And any time I can do anything else for you, boys," I told them, letting them out the door, "you come right to me. Don't you hesitate a minute. Ease up on this, boys," I said, "what you can. I'll appreciate it, and I might be able to do something for you sometime. You never can tell."

I saw then that that was all right—watching them. They hadn't gotten anything, and they wouldn't unless something slipped.

So I went back again to Pasc's house.

"We've got it fixed, I guess," I said to Polly, in the front hall—"my end. How is it here? How about the servants?"

"They don't know anything about it," said Polly. "They believe me—what I told them, that she was over to our house."

"Then we've done it," said I. "We've kept the thing quiet." And I sat down in the chair in the hall and wiped off my forehead. "Cripes, what a wrestle!"

It seemed as if I'd been stretched out on a rack for months.

"They in there?" I whispered after a minute, nodding toward the library.

And she nodded back.

"She told him?" I whispered. "How did he take it?"

"Pretty hard," said Polly. "He's terribly broken up."

"About what," I said whispering—"about the boy?"

And Polly nodded her head again.

And then I heard Zetta's voice in the other room, as if she'd just heard me come in. "Bill," she called, "is that you? Come in here. And you too, Polly."

So we went in. Pasc sat there hunched up in the chair. She stood there before him, waiting—standing up with that gay, expensive, flame-colored dress on—her shoulders and her face white, and her great, wonderful lot of dark hair over it.

"Now you're here, Bill," she said, standing straight and still, "I want to thank you for—to-night. Something I guess I can never thank you for—really. You saved me—my reputation, Bill. I can see that now. I appreciate it."

And Pasc made a noise in his throat as if he was trying to say something and couldn't.

"Oh, forget it, Zet," I said. "It's been a hard night for all of us. What we need now is bed."

But she stood there, not moving, looking at me, standing stiff, with the white rims of her eyes showing all round those deep black pupils.

"That isn't all, Bill," she said, holding out that smooth white arm of hers—for me to stay there. "That isn't all. Now I've said that, now it's done, I want to know something else. I want to ask you something—all of you; but you and Pasc especially.

"Did either of you think I was crooked with that boy?" she said, looking me straight in my eyes.

"Zetta!" said Pasc with a kind of hoarse voice, coming up onto his feet.

"Zet," I said, warning her with my eyes—trying to, about Pasc, "you must be crazy! What makes you ask such a question? What do you think we are?"

"Because I had to," she went on, paying no attention to me. "Because you might think something else. You had a right to."

"A right to!" Polly cried out loud. I caught my breath, staring.

"Yes," said Zetta, watching me. "Because you were right and I was wrong."

"What about?"

I looked at Pasc. His face was terrible, waiting to hear.

"About him!" she kept on. "About that—you told me."

I stood stock still; we all did—waiting. Pasc looked like a man you see sometimes struck in the head.

"I was driving," she said in that low voice, like somebody talking in their sleep. "Rather fast. Coming back. He had been perfectly still—all the ride. All at once," she said—and her face got redder than that flame-colored dress—"all at once, he tried—he tried —— He said something. He must have been crazy!"

I watched Pasc. It was awful—his eyes—and his face like old yellow wax, all the blood out of it. But she went right along. "He must have been crazy!" she said, stopping and looking ahead of her.

"Or drunk," I said, cursing him.

"I struck him," she said, staring at me for breaking in on her—"in the face. I forgot—everything. I struck him. Both hands! Just as we hit the corner. I killed him, I killed him!" she said. "And I'm glad of it!"

"Forget it," I said. "The dog! He isn't worth it."

"I do," she said, her breast rising and falling. "But I've got to say this now."

I looked at Pasc. The blood had started coming back in his face now—with a rush.

"Never before," she said, staring straight at me—"in all that time. Not a word from him. Not a suggestion. He was like a young boy I always knew and wanted to be good to. Never before—till to-night. Not one sign. Do you believe me?"

"Certainly I believe you," I said. "Why wouldn't I?"

"In all that time," she went on. "That's why I thought you were always wrong—because you hated him! But that's why now—I thought, now—you thought, perhaps ——" she said, and faced me.

"Never in my life!" I answered, looking her in the eyes.

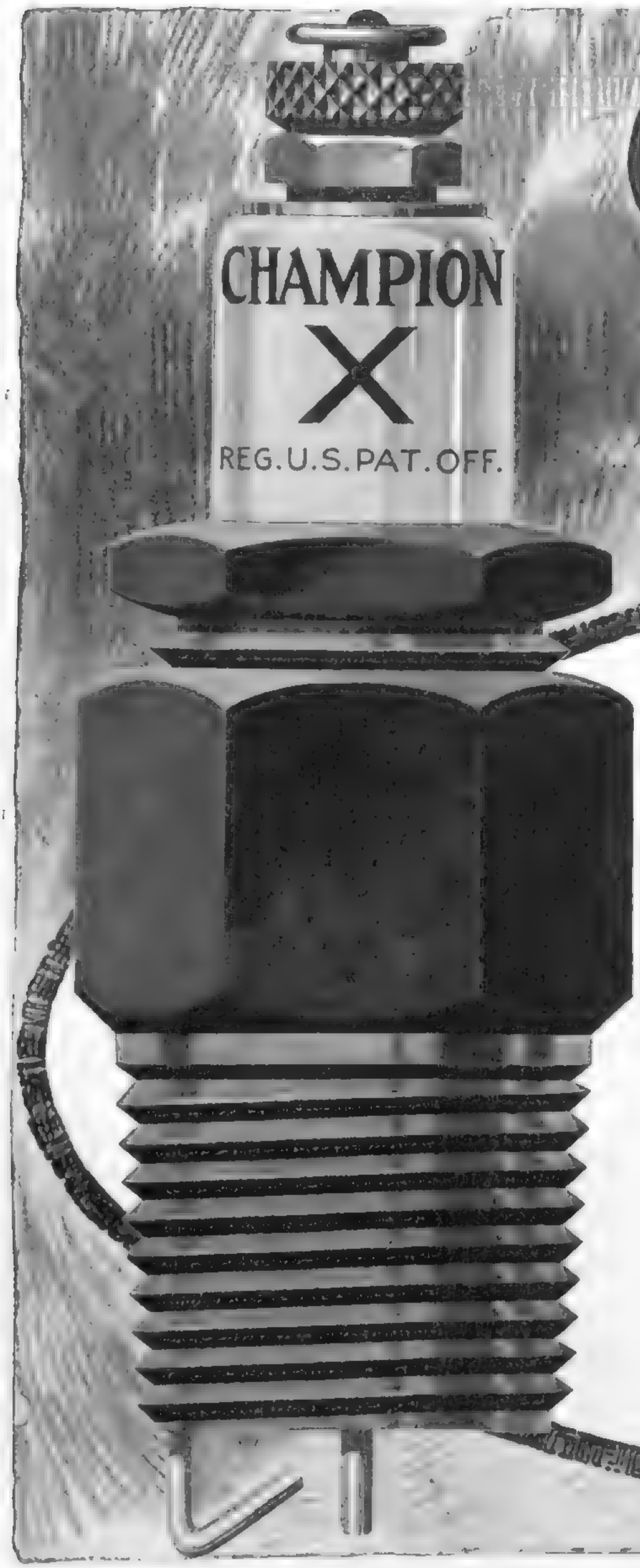
If you'd ever had an idea she was wrong, you wouldn't any longer, looking into those eyes.

"And nobody else that knew you," said Polly.

"I was a fool!" she said. "I was a fool! But did you ever—any of you—think that about me for a minute?"

"Zetta!" said Polly. "How could you say that!"

(Continued on Page 66)



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A GOOD FIGHT may win trade, but it takes a superior product to hold it permanently.

And to win and hold vastly more trade than that of all other similar articles combined takes *striking* superiority.

Year after year for several successive years Champions have far outsold the whole world's output of other kinds of spark plugs.

Today the Champion's share of the world's trade in spark plugs is a far greater proportion than ever before.

It now takes a million spark plugs every ten work-days to supply the world-wide demand for Champion-Toledo Dependable Spark Plugs.

Champion-Toledo success is founded on the scientific development of markedly superior efficiency—strikingly greater durability.

But to produce strikingly superior spark plugs under scientific laboratory conditions is one thing.

To reproduce that superiority in huge quantities is quite another thing.

That strikingly greater, all-round uniform dependability of Champions is a triumph of scientific creation backed by scientific manufacture.

Champion Spark Plug

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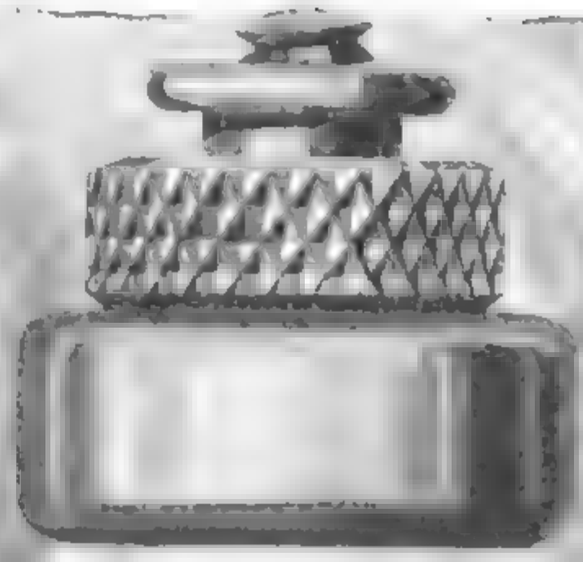


Every Ten Working Days

NO OTHER spark plug manufacturer in all the world has either laboratory or manufacturing facilities that equal Champion-Toledo equipment.

Champions are the most expensively created spark plugs in the world—and the most economically manufactured.

That is why striking superiority in Champions costs the car owner no more than he must pay for mediocrity.

And there, in the final analysis, you have the fundamental reason for one of the most remarkable instances of world trade dominance ever recorded.

Champion Dependability is not a mere claim, it is a recorded fact established by gruelling competitive tests.

We specify a certain Champion-Toledo Spark Plug for every well known gasoline motor produced anywhere in the world.

The car owner may predetermine maximum spark plug efficiency for his motor simply by making sure that he is getting the Champion-Toledo we specify for the particular motor that drives his car.

Dealers in automobile supplies and garage men everywhere have the Champion Charts which show which plug is officially specified for the given motor.

See that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain not merely on the box.

Company, Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 63)

"Never," I said—"for a minute!"

"I wanted to know!" she said, and her lips twitched just a little, for the first time. "It means something to me—with you three!"

"Zet," I said, speaking with my lips, and moved my head over a little. "Pasc!"

For I'd seen him standing there then—catching at the table.

He began to sink back toward his chair. But he'd hardly slouched back into it before she was at him—all over him.

"Pasc," she said, clutching at him, "Pasc! Have I hurt you? Have I hurt you, Pasc? Have I hurt you?"

And Polly ran upstairs for the spirits of ammonia.

He came right round again.

"It's time we went home," I said to Polly after a few minutes. "You don't want me to help you upstairs, or anything?" I asked Pasc.

"No," he said, with that quick old disappearing smile of his. "It's nothing."

"I'll get him up. I'll take care of him," said Zetta. She looked bigger and stronger than he did, at that.

So we let ourselves out of the house and she stayed there with him in the library. When we got our things on and went by their door, through the hall, she was there beside him on her knees, kind of straining him to her. Patting him on his cheeks—like a little girl pats her doll or a young kitten, or anything she thinks is weak and needs mothering.

"Whew!" I said to Polly when we two were outside.

"Did you notice him?" she asked me.

"Why?"

"He acted to me just like a man who's had a little shock."

"He did to me for a second," said I, "just for the minute. But I don't believe he did."

"It won't help him any," said Polly—"his health.

"That's the way you'll be some day," she said all of a sudden, her voice getting sharp—"if you keep on going."

"Drop it!" I said. "Don't you start that to-night!"

And we let ourselves into the house and went upstairs and went to bed. I just lay there and rolled round—and suddenly I sat up and wanted to light up. I saw that thing I saw with my pocket searchlight under the automobile.

"What is it?" said Polly, sitting up too. "Can't you get to sleep, any way?"

"No more than you can," I said.

"I know," she said.

"It served him right!" I said finally—to say something about him. I had to!

Polly lay still and said nothing.

"It served them both right in a way."

But she didn't answer yet -anything; lay there thinking, apparently.

"What a mess it's been," I said, "the whole thing. If he'd been satisfied to go to work that boy like other people. If she hadn't had to go chasing round like a crazy woman top speed, a hundred miles an hour, hurrying round, looking for excitement, all the time out after something new—this thing would never have happened.

"But after all," I said, rolling back again, "why should we care? He just got what was coming to him—the dog!"

"No," said Polly finally—lying still—answering after a while, speaking with long breaks in her talk—the way she did when she was thinking. "No. He wasn't to blame—entirely; nor she."

"He wasn't," I said, "or she! Who was, then?"

"Everything," she said, thinking.

"Everything!"

"The life we lead the speed we've all been going at."

And she stopped and lay absolutely still.

"Speed," she said then—after a while. "All of us. Faster and faster all together!

"Speed!" she said. "Everywhere—everywhere—always. Faster, faster—just a little faster! It seems sometimes as if we were all going crazy."

And then she kept still.

I lay there on my back staring till morning—seeing that boy of Tom's there under that car.

XXIII

I WAS raw, every way, those next few days—all over; as if I had been scrubbed bleeding, with sandpaper. We had it all covered up about Zetta and the accident so far as the newspapers and the rest were concerned. I was sure of that the next day. But I couldn't get the thing off my mind—especially after Polly and I had been down the next morning to see Tom Powers and his wife. Pasc wasn't any better for the thing, either—though he claimed he was all right enough after a day or two. But I could tell from his motions round the yard, and more so after Polly called my attention to it. He didn't walk right, she claimed—not quite straight after that. I never could tell, myself, whether it was her imagination or not.

My mind kept turning day and night. I lay nights thinking this thing over—the business, and my selling out and going to Detroit to live, and my row with Polly. The more I thought of it all the sorer I got and the more I wished I'd just stayed there in the place where I was born, and run my own business, that I'd built up myself.

"What's a million dollars," I said, "any different from what I've got now? I'll have to reinvest it somewhere. And what will I do, myself? I'd go out there, under these fellows, and be somebody else's hired man, when I'd been used to running my own business to suit myself. How sure do you suppose they'd be to keep me, after my contract's up? How do I know how I'll get along, working under somebody else?"

I got sorer every time I thought of it, and sicker of my bargain. And I felt rotten—especially after that thing happened. My digestion wasn't any better. I was all out of joint everywhere—uglier than a bear; and worst of all when I was in talking the change over—the arrangements for the transfer of the business—with Proctor Billings. He was so devilish cold and fishy about the whole thing—and particularly about some of the folks that had worked with us a good while and couldn't get out to Detroit. He didn't care a hoot what did become of them.

I remember asking him, as one special favor, to keep old Tom Powers at something—because he couldn't break loose at his age, naturally—and his lifting up his eyebrows and saying that he'd see!

"That's the way they get," I said to myself, "when they've always had everything and never knew what it was to be down with the rest of the folks. They ain't human."

He sat there, still and polished, beside his vase of flowers on his desk. Orchids, they were now—his new orchids, from his own greenhouse. He got on me wrong all the time—but especially that last day!

I went out from the bank over to the office in my machine and found two fellows waiting for me there—two men in the automobile business I knew pretty well—one from New York and one from town. And I took them out to lunch.

"What do you say if we go over to Lembach's," I said, "and get some of Hansie's beer?"

And they said that suited them.

"Now what do you see, boys?" I said when we got there. "Look her over. Guilford clams, deviled crabs—or say a porterhouse. They're all good—eh, Hansie?" said I.

"Sure!" said the old Dutchman, nodding.

"I'll take a plain porterhouse," I said, "when it comes to me. But nix on the beer, Hans. Get me a good stiff drink of rye—a good one. You know! I guess that'll fix me I'm uglier than the devil's grandmother. I'm all out of joint, still"

"You, ugly!" they said, jollying me. "You've got a fine right to be ugly. Just knocking down a million or two and a whale of a big salary!"

"Well, I've a good right to be up in the air some," I said. "You'd think so if you knew what I'd been through lately."

I still felt as mean as a man could. And I sent Hans out to the bar for another whisky.

"This steak is bum," I said, pushing it away. "Can't you cook anything here any more?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Morgan. Can't I get you something else?" said old Hans, fussing round.

"No—nothing," I said. "You can't cook here, that's all! You're on the skids—the whole place. Get me a cigar."

And I put down my other whisky.

"Gee, you have got a grouch on to-day," said Chunky Newman.

"Everything's going to sixes and sevens with me—over this thing," I said. "Laugh! Go ahead! But it's so. For fifty cents," I said, "I'd chuck the whole thing over. My wife is crazy about going. We're in a regular cat-and-dog row over it. And I'm sorry myself about pulling up—breaking up everything and leaving. And when you come down to it, I believe I've made a mistake. I believe you'd say so if you were in my place."

"Sure! Yes," said Chunky, laughing till his collar choked him. "I wouldn't take their million dollars. I'd slap them in the face with it. Take it away!" he said, laughing and choking up again. "Take it away!"

"That's all right," I said. "But I believe right now it was too little money. I believe I could sit right here and make more for myself finally than go out and be somebody else's hired man in Detroit. I mean it. And there's another idea," I said then, "you fellows don't get. But it counts just the same. You've got to remember, we made this business, right here—Pasc Thomas and I. It was our baby and we raised it; and, by Cripes, it don't come so easy now to give it up, boys, when you come right down to doing it."

"Listen," said Chunky. "This is a new one. Bill's getting sentimental in his old age."

"Maybe I am," I said. "I don't know. But that's the way I feel. And there's still another thing, too, that's been getting me lately—worse and worse; and that's that Proctor Billings. He gets on my nerves. He's as cold-blooded as a mermaid's mother-in-law. I don't like him. I never did."

And I told them a little about the way he was, about the old employees in the plant.

"I never did like that kind of fellow," I said. "You can't really trust him. And I've always got my suspicions of him too. I've always got a sneaking idea he's getting more out of this thing, right now, than I am. I couldn't prove it, probably, but I believe he is."

"It wouldn't be him," said Doc Snyder, "if he didn't."

"He ain't human, I know that," I said, thinking of that morning—and our talk over the business.

"I suppose," I said, "there's nothing to it. I suppose it will go through, and these fellows down your way—those great big bankers have got to get it, and put it together with that other thing—that big one."

"They're the big fellows, all right," said Chunk. "What they say goes."

"They're big people—yes," said I. "But look what a cinch they've got. They've got a regular machine, stretched out all over the country, even in places like this. They and the local men are watching all your loans, monkeying with you; getting the inside dope on everything that happens in the country."

"That's right, too," said Doc Snyder.

"I'd like to know about them," I said—"how they work. I'd like to get a look into that game. I've got some idea now how fellows like Billings in a town like this operate—get up and declare themselves in on everything that comes along. I've got my finger in once or twice myself. But these Wall Street bankers—these ten-million-dollar boys, from that lower end of New York—get me. I'd like to get a look into that big game once!"

"A great big game," said Doc Snyder.

"You bet it is!" I said. "They never seem to stop. Sooner or later they seem to get their fingers into every good thing in the whole country. I'd like to learn it. I'd like to take a crack at it. And I could learn it, I believe—and you could. We're not so much duller than those fellows, at that, if we got their start. I'd like to get down there and try it sometime. I bet I'd put some salt on their tails before they got away from me—some of those fly birds!"

"I don't know about that," said Doc.

"Well, I do," I said, "if you don't. I'm not afraid of them. I don't care two hoots in hell for the whole outfit. You and I are their equals, when you come down to it."

"I bet you could, at that, Bill," said Chunk, patting me on the back. "You could take care of them. But you'd better stick to your own trade, at that."

"I agree with you there," I said. "That's what I'm talking about now. That's what I wish I'd done—stayed home here.

"And there's still another thing," I said, "I'm thinking of: What do I want to go out to Detroit for—where I don't know anybody haven't got a friend even to the fellows that will work for me?"

"You'll make plenty," he said.

"I don't know," I told him. "But yet, if I just sold out and stayed here, what in Judas' name would I do with myself?"

"Look here," said Chunk to me, "do you mean to say you'd get out of it if you could—now?"

"I sure would," I said, getting sorer and sorer the more we talked about it. "If I could I'd go right over there now to that ice box in the bank and see Proctor Billings and call it off. If I ever found a loophole—if I ever caught him doing me the slightest way—turning something extra out of this for himself—I could break this thing wide open in a minute—by agreement. And I'd do it too!"

The more I talked the more I felt that way.

"You can't help him besting you some," said Doc Snyder.

"Why not, can't I?"

"Well, he's got to make some extra through his bank."

"Placing Universal Motors stock locally, you mean?" said I. "You can't help that."

"Yes. But there's something more than that in it, for him," he said. "So I understand."

"What's that?"

"There's an extra one or two per cent in it for him that the other fellows that place it don't get—for his bank."

"What's that for?" said I.

"What would it be for? Just a little grease; a little salve on the side for putting your deal over."

"Like hell it is!" I said.

"Oh, you can't beat 'em," said Chunky, laughing.

"I got that straight," said Doc Snyder to me. "From a man who ought to know."

"Is that right?" I said.

"It sure is," he told me.

"We'll see about that!" I said. And I got my hat and got up—right away.

"Where are you going?" they both asked—scared.

"I am going to see Billings," I said, "now!"

"Come here," said Doc. "Sit down!"

"Let me loose," I said. "What do you think I care for him?"

"It wouldn't be that, now!" said Chunky, getting my other arm. "You'd be up against something different now—from Billings!"

"What do I care for them?" I said. "They can't scare me."

"Come here, Bill," said Doc, pulling at me. "Sit down! You're crazy with the heat. You can't afford to get out against those people! Or anybody else! They're the biggest thing in this country."

"Why not, can't I?" said I, pulling away.

"Because they're too big. You can't afford to get them out against you; and get them mad."

"You watch me!" I said.

"Bill, you wild fool," said Chunky. "Don't—don't! You don't know what you're up against. They'd crack you like a flea between two finger nails"

"I'll show you whether they will or not," I said. And I broke away from them. "They can't scare me," I said.

"Well," they told me, "if you're going to be such a lunatic, don't bring us into it."

"Don't fret," I said. "I won't. I'll take care of you—and them too."

And I started out.

I wasn't drunk a particle. I was as straight as a string. I was just ugly—from that pain from my indigestion, and those two drinks of whisky in me without the slightest effect on it, except to make it worse. I was just plain ugly. I walked right over to Billings' bank, all primed—ready to eat raw rattlesnakes.

"If he's double-crossed me," I said to myself, "here's where he hears something!"

And I went out back into that still room, where the little pictures of sheep were, that private reception room outside his door.

"I want to see Mr. Billings," I said to that secretary of his. "And I want to see him right now!"

"You may have to wait," he said, staring at me.

"Wait, hell!" I said. I just jerked him aside and went in.

"What is this?" asked Proctor Billings, standing up and looking at me, with that mean, lean face of his, a little white.

"How d'ye do!" I said, and sat down. I wasn't drunk a particle. I may have been just a little touched, but nothing more than that—I know it.

I was just pure ugly.

"I want to ask you something," I said, sticking my finger out at him.

"Well?" he said, still standing up.

"Are you putting anything over on the side on me," I said, "in this deal of ours?"

"What do you mean?" he said, stiffening up. "I refuse to answer such a question."

(Continued on Page 71)

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP TIRES

1.—*TREAD.* Vacuum Cup Tread—the *only* tread *guaranteed* not to skid on wet, slippery pavements.

2.—*BREAKER STRIP.* Heavy, open-weave, pure rubber coated fabric. Forms perfect adhesion between tread and cushion.

3.—*CUSHION.* Pure gum only. Absorbs shocks and blows by distributing them over large area.

4.—*FABRIC.* Highest quality, long staple 17¼ ounce, thoroughly impregnated with pure gum friction to prevent separation; 4½" and 5" tires have one more ply than standard construction.

5.—*SIDE WALL.* Heavy, tough stock, specially constructed to prevent injury to casing from curb or rut chafing.

6.—*BEAD.* Clincher, Quick-Detachable Clincher, Straight Side. Clincher type all rubber, stretchable; Quick-Detachable, cord fabric, non-stretching; Straight Side, cord fabric and braided wire, preventing elongation.

Why Vacuum Cups Cannot Skid

Each Cup, as it is pressed against the pavement by the car's weight, is sealed with vacuum suction. This seal is broken only by the forward rolling of the tire gently lifting the Cup edgewise and releasing the vacuum. As a number of cups are always exerting a simultaneous grip, there is not a moment that you are not immune from the dangers of skidding.

This same principle of releasing the Cups edgewise also prevents loss of power and speed retardation, the gasoline consumption being no greater than with other tires of equal thickness and weight.

THE soundness of Vacuum Cup Tire construction, the unvarying high quality of the materials used, the moderate price, and the riding safety of the Vacuum Cup Tread combine to make a tire that is definitely beyond the commonplace.

The wearing capacity is practically *double* that of ordinary makes, as the four rows of heavy Vacuum Cups are *in addition* to the extra heavy tread beneath.

When the two center rows of tough Cups, bearing the constant heavy load, are gradually worn down, the outer rows, with their reserve resistance, continue to exert their powerful skid prevention until the tread is worn through.

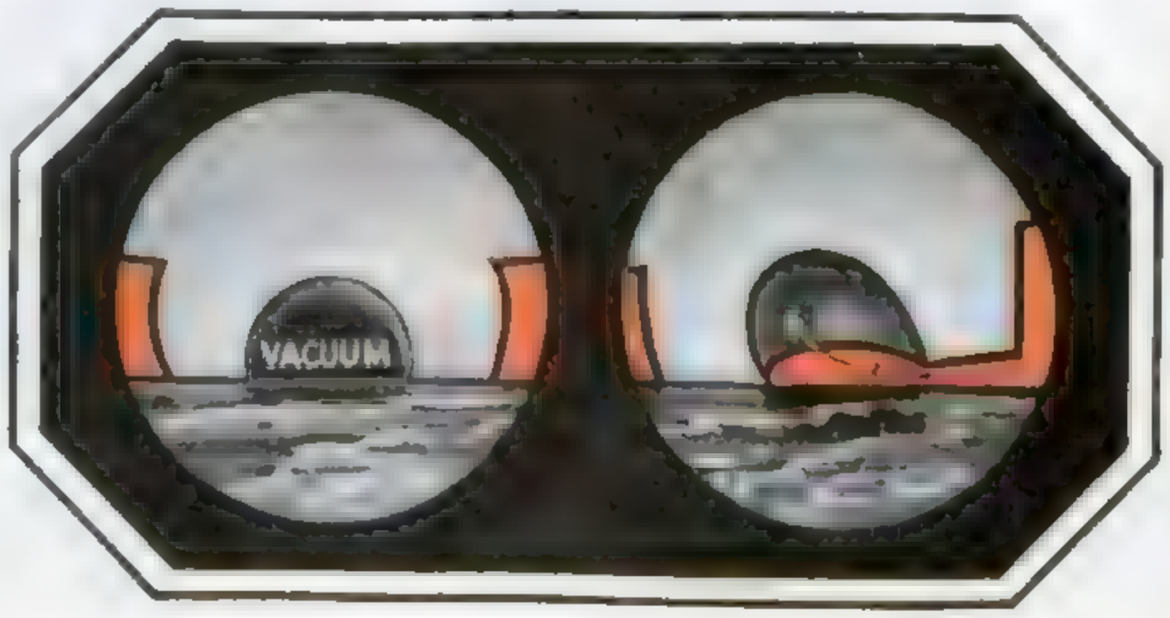
The Vacuum Cups embody the *only* principle of absolute skid-prevention on wet, slippery pavements—*suction.* They are *guaranteed* in this respect or returnable at purchase price after reasonable trial.

For years the established super-quality of Vacuum Cup Tires has been maintained, justifying the present *guaranteed* service—per warranty tag attached—of

6,000 MILES

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY
JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct factory branches and Service Agencies throughout United States and Canada



PEER

The "Loafing" Range

TO PURR along in the consciousness of tremendous reserve force—

To be able to loaf smoothly behind retarded traffic and yet be able to dash ahead the instant there is an opening—smoothly—without hesitation—and quickly reach any permissible city speed—

That is the charm of the Peerless Eight in its "loafing" range.

To have in reserve rugged resistless power *at no expense until you use it*—that is the economy of the Two Power Range Peerless Eight.

For in its "loafing" range the Peerless is on half rations—consuming fuel so sparingly as to shame many a lesser powered six, even many a four.

Here is eighty horsepower which you can use with true economy in every-day driving—yet eighty horsepower which you can use with full effect when you need or desire it.

In Two Whole Years No Unsold Peerless

IN ITS second year, just ended, the Two Power Range Eight, in spite of doubled production, again outsold the output of the huge Peerless factories.

Among the master cars of the day the Peerless Eight stands second to none in the respect and regard in which it is held by the motor-wise public.

Continuing, as it has, the Peerless traditions of super-quality in every detail, mechanically and artistically, this successor of a long line of master cars has out-performed them all.

With its two separate and distinct power ranges the Peerless runs the whole gamut of motor car performance.

It yields nothing to those master cars produced with the sole idea of realizing the ultra soft, smooth performance so prized in ordinary, everyday driving.

Yet it has nothing to fear from those other cars of exceptional distinction which sacrifice the gentler virtues for resistless power and speed.

And it naturally out-performs at all points those cars of class whose sponsors have realized their ideal of the best compromise between the gentler and the more rugged virtues.

Would you know the charm of almost unbelievable contrasts in performance delivered by one and the same car?—Drive the Peerless Two Power Range Eight.

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

Peerless
TWO POWER RANGE
Eight

Seven Passenger Touring
$2340
Roadster $2340
Sporting Roadster $2490
Coupé $2850 Sedan $2990
Limousine $3690
All prices f. o. b. Cleveland
Subject to change without notice

LESS

New Two Power Ranger Better Than Ever

IN TWO years of steady, uninterrupted, full-capacity production, during which the justly renowned Peerless engineering department has had the performance of thousands of these cars under constant critical observation, many mechanical and artistic improvements have been effected.

The unprecedented range of performance attained by the Two Power Range Eight has been measurably extended in both directions.

It is a smoother, more finished performer in its "loafing" range.

It is faster than ever, even more powerful in its "sporting" range.

It is notable among the cars of class.

From the standpoint of performance it stands today, more truly than ever, Peerless—all that the name implies.

And from the standpoint of low cost it is likewise without a peer in its class.

Eighty horsepower is not operated at so little expense in any other car.

And steady production in large volume, with exceptional resources and facilities, has enabled us to attain and maintain a price level hundreds of dollars below any of the other master cars of the day.

The Peerless dealer will gladly demonstrate the unprecedented range of performance which is available for you in the new Two Power Ranger.

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

80 horsepower, eight-cylinder motor—entirely Peerless-Built

Wheelbase 125 inches

35 x 4½ Cord Tires

Peerless platform rear spring suspension

Touring Car—seven passenger capacity—divided front seats

Fully equipped

Peerless
TWO POWER RANGE
Eight

The "Sporting" Range

TO TAKE a new lease on life and climb on with renewed courage when you would expect her to falter at so long and steep a grade—

To speed faster and yet faster after you thought she had delivered her final spurt—

That is thoroughbred performance—the kind that the "sporting" range of power makes possible in the Peerless Two Power Range Eight.

When you call upon the Peerless for feats of prowess of which few cars are capable, you get instant, willing, able response.

You need fear no contender no matter what "class" it may be able to show.

And to reach her "sporting" range you have only to open her throttle wider to release her double poppets when a deep growl of brute power replaces the soft purr of her "loafing" range.

The Soft, All-Revealing Warner-Lenz Light

Mark the Lawful Lenses

Used on These New Model Cars

NOTE how many makes of fine cars now equip with Warner-Lenz. Practically every car which has yet adopted any legal lens. On a famous car the added cost is thousands of dollars yearly. And the Warner-Lenz must prove supreme in scientific tests and comparisons. So you can well accept the verdict of these engineering staffs. They know which lens must dominate, and why.

22 State-Wide Laws

Glare lights are now forbidden, in city and country, in 22 entire states. These headlight laws will soon be universal. If you live where laws don't forbid blinding glare, the Golden Rule forbids it. The Warner-Lenz is today an essential.

Dimmers will not do, nor will any light-quelling lens. You need your full light on a dark road, especially in passing cars.

Restricted light of any sort cannot be satisfactory. If the rays are held down, such lights may be legal, but they are not at all like daylight.

Why Warner-Lenz?

The Warner-Lenz gives an ideal, all-revealing light. It is the light you would want were there no laws to consider. It makes one's entire field of vision clear as day. It lights the road and roadsides, far and near. The rays spread out, so it lights the curves and turns, the upgrades and the downgrades.

There are 176 lenses in one, made to flood the way ahead with a mellow, glareless light.

Warner-Lenz

Standard Equipment On

Packard	*Lenox*	*Doble Steam*
Marmon	*Peerless*	*Singer*
Stutz	*Fageol*	*Daniels 8*
Hal Twelve	*Moon*	*McFarlan*
White	*Standard 8*	*Murray*
Fiat	*Pathfinder*	*Davis*
Ohio Electric		*Cunningham*
Westcott		*Crawford*

The Reasons

They are legal.
Dimmers are not needed.
No direct beams—no glare rays.
No 42-inch limitations.
No dark roadsides—no hidden turns.
It means a ten-fold better light, as well as a legal light.
The light is the same in any position of the car or lens.
It lights like daylight.

No Direct Beams

Or 42-Inch Restrictions

The Warner-Lenz gives no direct beams, no glare rays. So the light need not be held down. There are no height restrictions.

It is a legal light under No-Glare laws, as certified to by hundreds of state and local authorities.

It is always right side up. Turning of the lens in the lamp rim does not affect this light, nor does rise or fall of the car. Those facts are vitally important.

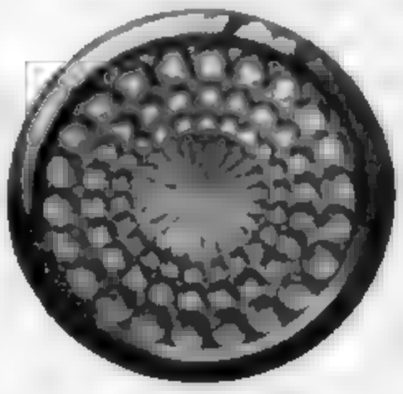
Now On 850,000 Cars

Over 850,000 motorists have adopted the Warner-Lenz. About one car in four, wherever you go, is equipped with them.

Note how these lenses revolutionize night driving. Every hour repays their cost. Once ride behind the Warner-Lenz and every other lens seems wrong.

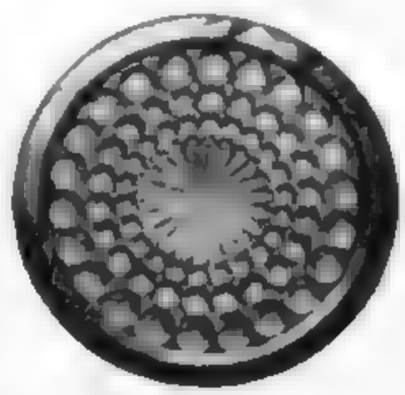
Adopt them now. Then night roads will be like day roads. Then your full light will be legal without dimming.

Your dealer has the Warner-Lenz, and the change can be made in a moment. But get the right lens, else you'll change again. Look for the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.



WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer



Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
5 to 9	$3.50
9¼ to 10¼	4.00
10½ to 12	5.00

West of Rockies 25c Per Pair Extra
Canadian Prices $4.50 to $4.50.

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

(Continued from Page 66)

"You remember that part in that agreement of ours: that one, if we sold out, we sold together, split equally—share and share alike? And if there was anything wrong, by either of us, it broke the option, and we went back to where we were?"

"I do."

"That holds, don't it?"

"Yes," he said, sitting down finally, watching me.

"Well, I just heard to-day you were getting an extra rake-off through your bank."

"I don't care for your way of expressing it much," said Billings.

"All right," I said. "We'll express it any way you want to. But I want to know: Do you, or don't you, get something extra for your bank out of this?"

"I'm placing some of the Universal Motors securities here, as you know—when they're issued," he said, giving me those blank steel eyes again.

"I know that," I said. "Now we're getting at it, but we ain't quite there. Did you," I said, "or didn't you, get an extra percentage that other banks selling that stock didn't get, because you made that agreement when you sold out your part of our stock to them?"

"If I did—or the bank—what then?" he said, not moving his steel eyeballs or his still face a fraction of an inch.

"I'll tell you what then!" I said. His frozen face didn't make any impression on me. "If you did you've broken your agreement with me and this whole thing's off. I built up this thing—another man and I. It's my business. It's me—just as if it were part of me—built into me. I worked and sweat and bled for it, and built it up; and when I get it along where you want it you come and declare yourself in, and now you'll take it and sell it and double-cross me on the proceeds. You may think you will; but you won't! You've got the wrong pig by the tail this time. You don't know me!" I said, and pounded on the chair.

"Are you through?" he said, looking at me—colder and whiter than ever. "If you are I'll tell you something: Whatever this bank gets or doesn't get is my concern, my friend, and that of the other stockholders in it—not yours."

"It is, eh?" I said. "Well, I'll show you different. I'll show you I'm not the kind that'll lay down and let you walk over them. I'm a different kind of a boy."

"Don't start on your personal history again," he said. "It doesn't interest me."

"It don't, eh?" I said. "Well, I'll tell you something that will interest you: This agreement of ours to sell our stock is off—from now on. Because you've broken it. I've been kind of sick of this for some time. I knew I wasn't getting what I should, but I stuck because I said I would. But now this rake-off of yours lets me out. It gives me just the loophole I was looking for. Now you've broken it you can take the consequences. I'm through. This business will stay just as it was under our old three-year agreement."

"What about your written option through me to the New York people?" he asked me, cool as ever.

"It's off," I said, looking him in the eye.

"With a million-dollar offer for your stock?" he asked. "And your salary?"

"All off," I said. "I'm through!"

"Is it?" said Billings. "Are you sure?" he said, getting up on his feet. "If I were you I'd give it a little more thought. I'd go off and let my head clear."

"If I were you," I came back, mocking him—when he said that to me. "If I were you I'd give my face a vacation. Cripes!" I said, looking at him. "I should think after a while, once a year anyway, you'd take a vacation off somewhere, and have one good, natural expression on your face. Go off and enjoy yourself—let loose one smile. Be a devil of a fellow, and have one good honest smile. And give that damned still, polite, treacherous face of yours a rest!"

"It may be," he said, going on, as if he hadn't heard me—"it may be you're making a mistake. It may be some time before you'll have a million dollars offered to you again for that stock of yours—when you let this go!"

His face was white—and his eyes were harder than ever. I got up myself—red hot now, uglier than ever at him, waiting there, beside his vase of flowers, hinting to me that I was drunk and that I'd better get out.

"We'll see about that," I said. "A million dollars—that ain't the only million dollars in the world."

"Do I understand you don't want it?" he said, colder and stiller all the time.

"That's what you do!" said I. "Exactly. Yes. That's what I do mean. You can take your million and poke it in your eye. My property is worth more than that to me—right now. And you've broken your option to take it."

He was getting whiter and whiter all the time, I noticed—and finally he broke loose, cutting out every word with his lips, like a die.

"You've swelled up too much, my friend," he said to me. "You've gone too far, too fast, the last few years. You think you can do about what you please, but you're mistaken. You can't play fast and loose with signed agreements. You've reached your limit. You've run into something you don't understand! And now," he said, standing there, looking supercilious at me, "if I were you I'd go straight home and take a cold plunge."

"If I were you," I said, "I'd go sit down!" And I pushed him in his chest with my open hand, over on that vase of flowers on the desk.

"You quarrelsome barnyard brute," he said, straightening up and pointing to the door, "you'll pay for this! Now get out! Go!"

And he took out his handkerchief to wipe the water off him from the vase. I had to laugh. "Pay for it!" said I. "Go! For you!" And I stepped up to him again.

"I caught you in the act finally, my friend. I've got you with your hands in my pockets. It's no go. You can't do it. You can't sell me out, according to our agreement—or yourself either—now. Just for greens," I said, drawing off at him, "I'd—I'd like to hand you one once. I've owed it to you for some time."

And he crowded back on his desk again.

"But I won't," I said; "don't be afraid. I won't hurt you, like I would a man. I wouldn't dare to, for fear you'd splash. You aren't a man," I said; "you're nothing but a kind of still, soft bug, that grows where they keep money—a fat white worm that grows on greenbacks.

"You!" I said, keeping him backed back. "You soft-handed, white-fingered, hard-faced crook," I said. "You and your option, and your sleight-of-hand performances, and your ten-million-dollar boys from New York, and what they'll do to me! Bring them on," I said. "I'm not afraid of you—the whole bunch of you. Bring them on," I said. "I'll fight. I'll fight the whole outfit!"

And I went out and left him sitting on his desk—on an orchid.

"A million dollars, huh!" I said when I got in the street. "I'd rather have my little old business any day!"

XXIV

I GOT the best lawyer I could. I went right over from the bank and told him my case, and told him I wanted to fight it. He whistled a second or two. "They're big people!" he said.

"I wouldn't be afraid of them," I told him, "if they were twice as big."

"I don't doubt that," he said.

"Have I got a case?" I asked him.

"I'm not going to say that," he said, looking at me, the way lawyers have—bluffing, when they don't really know. "That I'll let you know later. But I expect from what you say you might make them some trouble, especially just now at this stage of the game, when they want to get this into their new concern right away."

"That ain't enough," I said. "I believe I've got a case that'll beat 'em!"

"You don't want to compromise," he said, looking at me, "for a little more money?"

And he kind of grinned—hinting that I was holding them up for more.

"No," I told him. "That ain't it. What I want is to keep where I am now, and buy out Billings myself, when we get this thing broken—if he can be gotten to sell out to me."

"Well, we'll see," said my lawyer.

"I want you to jam it," I said.

"I understand," he said to me.

And I went over to tell Polly about it.

"I-I was afraid you'd do something like that," she said, her face whiter and her voice sharper than it had been before.

"You ought to be satisfied," I said to her. "You've got your own way. You don't have to go to Detroit."

"I'd rather go to Detroit than this."

"Good Lord!" I said—"why? Is there anything you women can be reasonable on? First you say you won't go to Detroit, and now you say you don't want to stay here. What do you want, do you know?"

"You know what I want," she said. "I want you to stop—not get into more trouble and rows and hard work! I want you to stop before you kill yourself."

"Kill myself," I said; "that's likely. A man as strong as I am!"

"Or somebody else. The way you did this morning! That shows you," she said, "whether you're all right; whether you're fit to go on with your work. The way you're going now. D-do you think you'd have done that—five years ago?"

"Oh, shut up!" I said, getting tired of hearing her. "When it comes to changes think of yourself—your nose and your tongue get sharper every day."

"Or say that to me!" she said, staring into my eyes, and then turning and going upstairs and locking herself in her room.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said, going upstairs afterward—for I knew I'd been acting ugly as sin about the thing—"I'll tell you what I'll do with you"—when she let me into her room upstairs finally. "I'll go and see a doctor—if that'll do you any good."

"If you did," she said, coming round so that she looked at me a little, "you probably wouldn't believe what he told you, or do anything about it."

"That depends on what he told me," I said, jollying her along, trying to make her feel better. "I wouldn't have him send me abroad for a year, traveling—the way he did Pase."

The doctor had started him off that week—right after the accident. Or the doctor and Zetta had together.

"He says that was a good deal of a shock to him," said Zetta to me, "with his nerves as they were anyway. And he thinks it may tend to take his mind off his carburetor—or whatever he's got it on now. The doctor says that only for this thinking night and day, these ideas of his, he'd be all right. And maybe over there, after a while, he could drop them and rest. What'll happen," she said, with a kind of flash of her old way, "he'll go and sit on the Alps and think about it there. It's just as well too. He'd never planned a carburetor on the Alps. It would be a new experience to him."

And she laughed.

"And for me, too," she said. "But I want him to go," she said, looking up with those straight eyes of hers. "I want to do everything I can to get him on his feet. He—he don't get any better," she said; and she got up all of a sudden and went away.

"She acted scared about him—to me," I said.

"She is," said Polly.

"She's changed, herself, quite a lot since that happened," said I.

"Yes," she told me. "A good deal more subdued."

"I like her better," I said. "And I like to see her back with Pase more again—looking after him."

"She's always thought her eyes of him," said Polly.

"She didn't always act that way," said I.

"There's a limit," she answered me, "even for a woman."

"Do I take that twice?" I asked her.

"Twice?"

"Once for him, and once for me."

"If you want to," she said.

And we went over that next week and saw them start, and shut up that brand-new house of theirs.

"Gad," I said when they were gone, "I'd certainly like that, traveling round the face of the earth to keep alive and keep from thinking of your business!"

"You may know something about it sometime," said Polly. And she asked me then, for the dozenth time, if I'd seen that doctor yet.

I was a little surprised, I must say, when I did see him. I knew I was feeling off color some, my stomach and my sleep; but it never struck me there was anything very dangerous about it.

"The best of them come to it," he said, "sooner or later, the way we Americans live. You've got to quit, that's all—or you'll quit some day all of a sudden!"

"What did he say to you?" said Polly, looking into my face the minute I came into the house.

"Oh, nothing much," I said, feeling kind of blue over it. "Only my nerves and digestion."

"Didn't he say it was worse for a big, full-blooded man like you?" she asked me.

"How did you strike on to that?" said I.

"Who wouldn't," said Polly, "that had any sense? Didn't he say you'd have to quit—the kind of thing you're doing now?"

"Well, he told me I wanted to take care of myself," I said. I wasn't going to tell her everything he said.

"And get out of too much extra work and excitement?"

"Well, something like that," I said.

But I lied to her some. I wouldn't tell her it was anything very much, naturally; especially when I was tied up with that lawsuit, and had to see it through.

I was having quite a little discussion with my lawyer over it. "It's all right, I guess," he said. "I can raise a fight, of course, here at home, as I told you."

"We certainly can keep them from getting my stock, at least."

"Well, yes," he said. "I don't think the difficulty will come there."

"And we can stop them from giving trouble to me under our agreement," I said. "I don't see why not."

"I don't know!" he told me. "You've got to prove a good deal."

"I don't see it," said I.

"As far as delivering your stock goes, there may not be any trouble. They may not even try to press you there at all."

"Why not?"

"They'll have the majority of the company without it if their theory of the case holds."

"It won't," I said: "I don't believe it."

"Well," he told me, "you've got to face it, for the court may uphold them. It's quite likely to. You can never tell. They've got a good case, and they seem pretty confident of it. And if they win ——"

"I'm a minority stockholder—I understand that!"

"Exactly. And more than that," he said: "I've got a feeling—I've had it for some time—they might be out to punish you—if they once get you—for what they consider a breach of faith."

"What could they do to me?"

"Nothing. Sit still. Put you under pressure, maybe. Absent treatment!" he said, and laughed.

"You mean you'd settle?"

"They're big people," he told me.

"Aha!" I said. "You fight!"

XXV

WE WOULD have, too, if it hadn't been for that cable from Pase Thomas. I got it that very next day—from Liverpool.

"Hold up," it said, "everything on suit. Back first boat. Answer."

"What's this?" I said to myself when I first got it. "Pase Thomas' coming into this thing! This is something strange and new."

I couldn't make any sense out of it. He hadn't been in this row at all, in any way. But I answered him—and said I'd wait. I would, naturally, if Pase asked me to. I'd have stood on my head till he came. But I couldn't guess what he had on his mind.

He looked pretty bad, I thought, when I met them and brought them up to our house. It bumped me a little, seeing him. The trip had been hard on him, Zetta said. He didn't take to the ocean very well. He had that kind of solemn look a pretty sick man gets, now, most of the time.

"I guess you'll think I'm crazy, coming back here," he said when we went off and sat down in my library together. And when he said it he peeled off another piece of his old slippery elm, and put the rest back in his pants pocket. And I laughed.

"Well, that looks natural," I said.

And then he grinned and went on and told me what brought him back; about this young fellow he met on the boat, from that big New York banking house of ours.

"One of the firm?" I asked him.

"Yes, the one that had charge of this Universal Motors deal. He wasn't more than forty-two or three," he said. "He didn't look more than thirty-five.

"He'd heard about me," said Pase, "it seems, and he wanted to talk to me—about that new Universal Company, and about the principles of gas engines in general, and what improvements to expect. He was a smart one—smarter than a steel trap."

"I suppose so," I said. "They can get them."

"And from that," said Pase, "I got him to talk about the company—about you and the Hoodlum Company."

"What'd he say?"

(Continued on Page 75)

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Their Standard of Battery Quality

Do you ask "Who has established this standard?"

Read your answer on the opposite page. The makers of these cars speak with authority, for they number over 80% of the car builders using electrical equipment, and represent more than a million car owners' experience with Willard Batteries or Willard Service.

Isn't it rather significant that here is one of the rare cases where the vast majority of all the men engaged in a given industry are a unit for a particular make and type of equipment?

They doubtless reason from past experience that the Willard standard of battery quality and battery service is the most reliable assurance of satisfactory starting, lighting and ignition they can offer their customers.

Furthermore, they know, *also by past experience*, that the Willard name is synonymous with continuous battery improvement; that the Willard organization is always working away at something that will add to battery quality or improve battery service.

The Still Better Willard THREADED RUBBER INSULATION is the most recent evidence of this fact.

This has made it possible to use rubber with its well known resistance and durability, without either lessening the voltage necessary to start the car in cold weather, or increasing the size of the battery. Why and how it does this is an interesting story, which you can learn in detail at any Willard Service Station.

Thus to all that Willard already stood for was added an extra value for the owner who believes in putting his money into the very latest and best equipment he can get, knowing that the slight difference in price is as nothing compared with the increased dependability of his car's electrical system.

Engineering that is always looking ahead, manufacturing that proves its work day after day, and service that helps you get the most out of it, are responsible for the names printed on the opposite page.

Willard Service.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Threaded Rubber Insulation

The Builders of These Cars Use Willard Batteries as Standard Equipment

Passenger Cars

Abbott
American Six
Anderson
Apperson
Auburn
Austin

Bell
Bour-Davis
Bourne
Bull Moose

Case
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Columbia Six
Crawford
Crow-Elkhart
Cunningham
Cutting

Daniels
Davis
Detroiter
Dixie Flyer
Dodge Bros. Motor Car
Dort
Drexel
Drummond

Eagle-Rotary
Elcar
Elgin
Empire
Excelsior

Fostoria
F. I. A. T.
Franklin

Gersix
Glide
Grant
Gray-Dort

Halladay
Harroun
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Higrade
Houghton
Hupmobile

Interstate

Jones
Jordan

Kent
King
Kissel-Kar
Kline

L. C. E.
Lexington
Liberty
Locomobile
"The Louis Disbrow Special"
Lozier
Luverne

McFarlan
McLaughlin

Madison
Marion-Handley
Mercer
Meteor
Metz
Mitchell
Moline-Knight
Monitor
Monroe
Moon
Murray

[illegible]
Napoleon
[illegible]

Owen Magnetic

[illegible]
Paige
Pathfinder
Patterson
Peerless
Pennsy
Pierce Arrow
Phianna
Pratt
Premier

Reo
Rennoc
Richmond
Riddle
Roamer
Rock Falls

Seneca
Simplex
South Bend
Standard
Spaulding
Stanley
Stearns
Stephens
Studebaker
Stutz
Sun

Velie

Westcott
Winton

Yale Eight

Commercial Cars

American La France
Anger
Armleder

Bourne
Brockway
Burford

Chad-Wyck
Collier Truck
Commerce
Cunningham
Dart
Day-Elder
Denby
Deneen

Federal
Fulton
F. W. D.

Garford
General Motors
Gersix
Gramm-Bernstein
Grant

Hatfield
Hollier-Eight

Kissel-Kar
Knox

Lane
Lippard-Stewart
Locomobile

M. H. C.
Martin
Meteor
Metz
Mitchell
Monarch

Nash
National Motor Truck of Canada
Noble

Old Hickory

Packard
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Premier

Reo
Republic
Rush

Sayers-Scoville
Service
Studebaker

Thomas

Velie

Electric lights, starting and ignition furnish a big asset to the builder in his sale, and to the buyer in his use of commercial cars. For example, consider the gasoline cost of the truck whose engine runs through every stop because it's too much trouble to crank it.

THE RIGHT CAR AT THE RIGHT TIME

We know of no car that fits more perfectly into the national policy of careful expenditure than this Oakland Sensible Six Sedan.

It insures its owner a year 'round return from his investment, affording him the utility of two types of car at the price of one.

Its moderate first-cost is but the beginning of an economy which lasts throughout the car's entire life, and which obtains in every detail of its operation.

Its simplicity, its strength, its reliability and its freedom from complication — all recommend it to the man who demands usefulness with thrift.

One of the most noticeable advantages of the two-door body on this Oakland Sensible Six Sedan is its accessibility and convenience.

It is very easy to enter and leave, and from its three-piece windshield to its broad rear window it is expertly made and equipped.

The individual front seats and the wide tonneau seat are upholstered in fine quality gray automobile cloth, in keeping with the car's interior.

The comfort and security of this interior are greatly enhanced by the competent performance of the Oakland Sensible Six engine.

At 2600 r.p.m. this overhead-valve engine delivers 44 full working horsepower, and under all conditions it is exceedingly sparing of fuel.

It is the able foundation of the car that has proved itself the foremost example on the market of high power, light weight and fixed economy.

The forward door in the Oakland Sensible Six Sedan opens at the left to the driver's seat; the rear door opens at the right to the curb.

Touring Car	$990
Roadster	990
Roadster Coupé	1150
Sedan	1190
Sedan (Unit Body)	1490
Coupé (Unit Body)	1490

F. O. B. Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

(Continued from Page 71)

"He said there was nothing to say, except they were going to smash you."

"Smash nothing!" said I, and I laughed at him. "Pasc," I said, "you're easy. You always were. What do you know about business fights?"

"Not much, maybe," he said, "I know. But I could see this. He showed it to me—perfectly plain. They've got you, Bill. This thing is going against you."

"Going against me? How do you know—or they?"

"They've got their ways," he said. "They know."

"Well, I suppose they have. I'll admit that much; everybody says so anyhow," said I, thinking for a minute how big these fellows were and the wires they had out everywhere. "They certainly can buy the very best legal advice in the country."

"It's more than that," said Pasc.

"More?"

"The courts will go against you," said Pasc.

"How do they know that?"

"Oh, they know!" said Pasc.

"Maybe they do, and maybe they don't," said I.

"And anyhow," he went on, "they've got to—the courts—decide against you, as far as I can see, from what he said—just from the law of it. What did your lawyer tell you—anything different? Did he want to go on? Did he say you had a first-class case?"

"Never mind what he said now," I answered him, getting a little huffy. "You tell me what they're going to do."

"He didn't encourage you—your lawyer—I can see that now!" said Pasc, looking at me for a minute or so before he started on talking. "And what they're going to do is just do nothing. Just tie you up indefinitely, legally. All they got to do is tie you up and sit still. He laughed about you, Bill," he said—"to tell the truth. He said at first you were just a hot-headed fool that was trying to hold them up—from out here in the country."

"Hold them up!" I said, and cursed them out.

"I told him better than that," said Pasc. "But it took me some time to convince him."

"What did he claim he'd do to me—did he say?"

"Nothing," he said. "They were through with you. He laughed about your claim you could hold back Billings from selling his stock—to them—on account of what his bank did. He said they had the control of the company without you—that was all—and Billings and the rest. The worst that could happen to them, they would have a majority of the stock over you."

"I could give them quite a fight," I said, "even as a minority stockholder."

"You wouldn't be that, even, as he puts it."

"Why not?"

"Because—however it comes out finally—they're going to fight you everywhere, through all the courts, up and down hill, for that stock of yours. They're going to fight you to a finish."

"All right," I said, "let them."

But it made quite a dent in me just the same, thinking of what I might be up against.

"And in the meantime they'll have that stock of yours tied up solid in the court, so you can't control it."

"We'll see about that too!" I said.

And we stopped a while.

"They're big people," said Pasc finally.

"Yes, I know that," said I. "But this is a free country too."

"That's true enough," he told me. "But there's a great difference in the power people have here—we all know that."

"I suppose we do," said I, and we sat thinking again.

"And there's another thing," said Pasc. "In a way there's more than just your stock in this thing to Magnus & Company."

"What?"

"I think they mean to punish you—in a way—for not keeping your agreement. Tie you up—cut off your income from the stock; damage you every way they can. Punish you. He didn't say so exactly. He said they were going after you—for the principle of the thing—as an object lesson."

"They'll go after me all right, they'll punish me—if Billings can make them."

"They've got you bad," said Pasc. "They'd have a kind of foul hold on you. Your salary will be gone, your principal property tied up in the courts, and you'll be fighting about the biggest power in the country. When I saw just what was coming," said Pasc, "it scared me."

And I didn't say anything. I looked down, feeling ugly.

"So I asked him," he went on finally, "to hold off, and I'd see you. I got him to hold off and give me a chance to see you, and offer you that million dollars again—for the last time!"

"No job in Detroit, I suppose, now?"

"No, they withdraw that."

"They do, huh?" said I, and stopped.

"What difference does that make?" said Pasc. "You wouldn't take it anyhow."

"No, I don't suppose I would," said I, and looked up at him.

"You mean to say," I said, "you turned round from where the doctor sent you and came back here, feeling as weak as you did—for this?"

"I'd have got out of my grave," he said, "and come—if I couldn't come any other way."

I didn't say anything back, but it made more of an impression on me, just that—his coming back and the way he looked—than anything that had been said or done to me before.

"You oughtn't to have done it," I said.

"Oh, that's nothing."

"Cripes!" I said to myself, watching him—how sick and tired he looked; "that fellow must have convinced you, all right!"

It made me stop and hesitate in the thing for the first time. But I wouldn't say so to him.

"Well, Pasc," I told him after a while, "I'm much obliged, but I'm sorry you did it."

And he didn't say anything.

"Why didn't you cable?" I said.

"Because that wouldn't accomplish what I was after."

"It won't make any difference, I'm afraid," I said, "in the outcome."

"Yes it will too," said Pasc. "I'm going to get what I came for."

"You ought to know me better than that," I told him.

"I know you," he said.

"You ought to know that when I say I'll fight, I'll fight."

"I do. I know you," he went on. "And I know you're no fool too. I knew that when I started back. I knew you were bound to fight—if you once got started, till somebody showed you. And I knew if anyone could talk sense to you I could. So I came."

"You took a good deal on yourself," I started to say. And then I didn't. The look on his face prevented me.

"Now you're going to sign with these folks," he said, "while you can, and get out. Take your money and stop—the way you ought to."

"Who says so?" said I.

"I do," he said, very quiet. "I do. Because I'm right; and what's more," he said, watching me, "you know it too. Don't try to say you don't. Because you do. You know it's time for you to quit.

"Everybody's told you. Your wife has told you. Your doctor has told you. Your lawyer's told you. And now I come back from across the pond," he said—and he gave me this long, serious look—"and I tell you the same thing. It's time for you to quit—aside from this entirely. Before you make my mistake," he said—"before you stay too late. I've got a right to warn you," he said, fixing those old ghostly eyes of his on me—"more ways than one!"

And I stopped then. I didn't answer him. I saw something in those old blue eyes of his that scared me for the minute. I saw what he really thought—about himself!

But he only waited for a few seconds, looking at me.

"You ain't strong enough to fight those fellows," he said. "Not now. You're a sick man, really."

"Oh, rats!" I told him.

"But if you were four times as strong it wouldn't do you any good. They got you wrong, in the first place, just because you were such a fighter, naturally. They've got your name on a paper, and now you're trying to withdraw it. But the main thing is that now they've got you! All they've got to do is sit still and tie you up and let you bang yourself to pieces. You can't hurt them.

"You can tear and rear, but that's all you can do. You can bite and snarl. But it's no use. No more use—no more impression on these people than a bulldog biting a mountain!"

I grinned a little then, finally, watching him sitting there saying that with a serious face. I grinned and he saw me.

"I tell you what I want you to do, Bill," he said to me then. He knew in a minute, of course, what it meant to get me grinning.

"What?" I said, still smiling. I couldn't help myself.

"I want you to go to your lawyer with me, to-morrow morning, and see if he don't say so—just exactly what I tell you. Will you do it?" said Pasc.

"Well, yes," I said after a while. "I guess maybe I will."

"And will you do what he tells you to?"

"Yes," I said, thinking. "Yes, I'll do that too."

And I knew when I said it what my lawyer would tell me. He'd told it to me already, as far as I would listen to it. That meant practically that I was through. But I wasn't going to show it to Pasc then.

"But there's nobody else in the world would have got that much out of me," I said, "but you!"

"That's what I came back again for," said Pasc.

"Cripes," I said to myself with a kind of a start, watching his lean face and thin temples. "All I hope is you didn't kill yourself doing it!"

XXVI

"HOW do you like my library now?" I said to Pasc finally, after we'd sat there thinking. I had got me two or three new things since he'd been gone.

He sat there in front of the fireplace and looked round.

"Fine," he said.

I had it fixed up pretty near to suit me now. I'd just got this big new oil painting down in New York, of some girls in swimming—a corker! And that big elk's head over the fireplace, with those little electric lights in its eyes—that novelty I put in to surprise callers with, and make some amusement.

"It's good!" said Pasc.

"I think so myself," said I.

We sat round then, after that, quite a little while, visiting.

"You're a funny one, Bill," said old Pasc, going back to that deal again. "You have to fight just so much anyhow. It's ridiculous, all of us standing round you—your wife and your doctor and your lawyer; all begging you for misery's sake to take a million dollars and enjoy it and not kill yourself. And these other fellows getting mad and trying to ram it down your throat. It is ridiculous, now, ain't it?"

"We'd have thought so," I said, "five years ago. I can see you now," I said. "Gad, I have to laugh. I can see just the way you looked when you first stepped in that old office door in that buttermut-colored overcoat."

And then we grinned—and shut up for a minute.

"Did you keep it, Pasc?" I asked him. "That coat? Oh, you ought to have kept it—and had it stuffed. Put up somewhere as a monument."

"Or a warning," said Pasc.

"I wish I was back, quite often," I said, "just you and I, starting there over again!"

"So do I," said Pasc.

"I guess we're that way, some, both of us. I guess most of us are who were raised in a one-horse shop. We all like to be our own boss, puttering round in our own place. We're too independent. That was one trouble with me in this thing."

"I suppose so," said Pasc, and stopped, thinking.

"It was our baby, Pasc," I said to him for the thousandth time. "We raised it from nothing."

"Yes," he said, staring into the fireplace.

And after that a while, he started and asked me about everybody in the shop, including old Tom Powers and his wife.

"How's the old Miracle getting on for him?" Pasc asked me.

"He's still puttering round on it," I said. "Watching nights, and pecking away with his left hand on the thing—discovering perpetual motion. It's funny, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is," said Pasc, looking off, remembering.

"And he won't take a dollar from anybody. I've tried him several times."

"I know you have."

"He's proud; the old man's proud," I said. "He'll work till his last gasp—fooling with that old contraption, to keep his hand busy on the side."

"He ain't suffering for anything?" said Pasc.

"No," I said; "I'd see to that anyhow. But I'm sorry for the old man, Pasc, especially since that thing—the boy! I wouldn't say so," I said; "but I will now—I always felt a little responsible for that thing."

And when I said it I saw I hadn't ought to. I saw his hand go up to his head—thinking of it again.

"Responsible—no," he said. "It wasn't anybody's fault, I guess," he said, kind of slow. "It happened, that's all; because it had to! The way things do. We're all to blame some!"

And I changed the subject, and got back, talking of old times, when we started.

"The fact was, I suppose, we got in it just about right, when we did," I said. "We struck it rich."

"Better than gold and rubies and precious stones."

"Yes."

"Yes," said Pasc, nodding his old head, "we had that right at first—that's where the gold mines are to-day. That's the thing they've got to have—everybody."

"What's that?" I asked him.

"Speed. That's where the money is now. Look at it—in telegraphs, telephones, bicycles, railroads, automobiles. In them or the stuff to build them! Speed," he said. "There's where the money's been for fifty years—saving people's time; crosscuts! The American people have got to hurry."

"By and by," I said, "if they don't look out they may get going too fast, some of them!"

And he grinned that sudden disappearing grin—and went on again.

"They're getting up into the air, now," he said. "The next things are flying machines. We're going to see great changes in the next ten years. We're going off of wheels, up in the air!"

"Hitting her up two hundred miles an hour, I suppose."

"Easy," he said. "I'm working on that some, now."

And he dug out his pencil and old envelope again—and started to draw me a diagram of what he was doing now on a carburetor; and a counterbalancing idea to keep those aeroplane engines from heating up, and keep them from grinding to pieces.

"There'll be a barrel of money in that some day," I said, "maybe—for somebody!"

"There will, probably," he said.

"It's a darn funny thing, ain't it," I said, "when you think of it, how money's made?"

"It is," said Pasc.

"Two fellows like you and me," I said, "get a hold of one of these miracles that don't mean a thing to anybody else, and grab onto it. And it puts them and keeps up with it."

"As long as it's a thing on," said Pasc.

"And the fellow that hangs on longest and best of all gets the most," I said.

And that ain't fair, either, generally. Look at you and me. You got up this thing, and I get my half from you. And you get a heart of a million and I get a million!"

And then I stopped, and he grinned, and I grinned when I realized what I'd said! We both knew that what I would do was settled—now!

"Whatever I do—fight or sell," I said, correcting myself, "I get more than you. And that ain't exactly fair."

"Oh, I don't know," said Pasc. "Money isn't given out that way, as an award of merit. It can't be. Who'd give it?"

But it ain't distributed right, just the same. You know that, and I know it. We earned our money. You can't say anything against that. The man who gets up a thing like this," I said, "and the man who stands by and jams her through, don't get anything more than is coming to them."

"What about the fellow working on it nine hours a day in the shop? The way you and I were, you might say, both of us, before this?" he asked me.

"They get all that's coming to them."

"I don't know!"

"You ain't getting to be one of those socialists?" I asked him.

"No. I don't know as I am," said Pasc.

"Well, I'm not," I told him. "And I don't take any stock in them. I never knew one yet that would do a full day's work in his life. They're the talkers, not the workers," I said. "I can go right down to any machine shop and pick out the socialists by the amount of work they do—or they don't do, you'd better say. They're the talkers—not the workers!"

"Maybe they might do us some good," said Pasc, "talking us into doing something different."

"You don't believe in that stuff, do you?" I asked him again.

"No," he answered me. "I don't know as I do. I just think they might be something different—some way."

"Maybe," I said. "But the thing that makes me mad is these still-faced dudes in the bank we've been talking about; these fellows that have got control of all the money there is—here and down Wall Street.

"You puff and grunt and break your back and sweat blood and get a thing just about up and tottering on its legs, the way we did—and they come along and reach out their lily hand, as the fellow says, and take it away from you! Look you in the face with that mean expressionless look, and walk off with it as if they were entitled to it. Sometime or other—sooner or later—they'll grab it away from you! If it isn't here at home, if it gets big enough, it'll be one of those fellows that runs one of these million-dollar machines on Wall Street."

"What kind of a fellow was this," I asked him, breaking off, "that you saw on the steamer—that had charge of this Universal Motors for Magnus & Company? He's never come to see me—only his head agents, once or twice. Billings even hasn't got to him a great many times."

"Oh, he's the same kind as Billings is, in a way—but smarter looking, with smarter eyes," said Pasc.

"All dressed up like Sunday evening—all the time, I suppose. And manners like an actor walking out in the afternoon. And a face you could crack nuts on."

"Not quite so bad," said Pasc, grinning.

"And back of him," said I, "as I understand it, are the old crooks like old Magnus was, and Stoneman and old Backus—with faces stiller than a mummy; and brains in back going thirty-five hundred revolutions a minute, thinking what they can pick up and carry off out of the country next. Those old devils sitting in back there that nobody ever sees.

"Gad," I said, "they're the boys we're all working for, when it comes down to the facts in the case. All of us, all over the country. I've watched that game what I could. I've always wondered more or less about these ten-million and hundred-million and five-hundred-million boys down in Wall Street, waiting, waiting for everything to drift in there. I never understood it quite. All I know, and everybody else does, is they've got it all fixed right for themselves.

"Is it all crooked, do you think, or does it just have to be? Does any one set of men have to have so much power? What do you think? Or did you ever think about it?"

"He explained it to me," said Pasc, "a little—on the steamer, that partner. It sounds all natural as water running downhill."

"To hear him tell it," I said.

"It's just like Billings' bank in a way—here in town. They've got the money."

"So I might get control of all the water in the county," I said. "But that wouldn't make it right."

"They've got the money; and sooner or later business things drift in to them. They've got to—from all over."

"We know that," I said, "ourselves, from experience. Right here. Never once from the time we started has the finger of somebody with money been off us."

"And especially as things like ours get bigger," said Pasc, "and grow faster—there're always fewer to get the money from. Especially when they get up to a certain size. Then they have to all drift in to one place."

"New York?"

"Yes," said Pasc, "yes. And he explained that to me—just the same as the other. That's the only place they can go. The only place with money enough. They've got to, sooner or later, come in there."

"And they sit there," I said, "with their faces still and their eyes still and their hands still, till it gets just right. And then—zip—they grab it!"

"Yes," said Pasc.

"For they've got the only million-dollar machine in the country."

"Stock machine," said Pasc. "Stock factory, I should call it."

"Maybe," I said. "But it all comes to the same thing. It's money they turn out of it finally—for themselves."

"Yes, it all comes to that finally," said Pasc, thinking. "Has to. He admitted that."

"And they keep their eyes out, too, watching," I said, "all the time. Don't forget that!"

"They have fellows like Billings, of course," said Pasc, "all over the country, who know them in the banking business. And they have to come to them when they get anything big in their own neighborhood."

"Sure," I came back. "Just as I always said. They've got their wires out, and their spies—watching, watching, watching all over the country—feeling of everything that comes up."

"It is a regular machine—little wheels and big wheels, all meshed in together," said Pasc. "That's what I always thought about it. All running along in oil."

"That's just what it is," said I, "a regular machine—a million-dollar machine, run to turn out hundreds of millions, like Proctor Billings would a hundred thousand. A billion machine, more likely—a billion machine," I said, "with its little cogs and big cogs turning day and night all over the country, coining money on the quiet, out of what we all do.

"We've got about as much show against it," I said—"you and I—in the end, as a fly holding up a steam roller."

"Just about," said Pasc.

"Gad," I said, "there's nothing in the world I'd like so much as a peep into the inside of how they work that big money machine of theirs down there in Wall Street.

"To tell you the truth," I said, "what I never said to any other man in my life, I'm afraid of it! And I guess I'm not the only one either."

"You're not," said Pasc. "Everybody is, I guess, more or less."

And after that we quit and went to bed. I could see Pasc was getting tired.

"Don't he look dreadful to you?" said Polly after we got upstairs. "Those eyes!"

"There's nothing else to him," said I. "It reminds me of what we thought when we were boys in the country sometimes—an old pair of eyes, with nothing in back of them, wandering round a graveyard in the dark."

"That's not what he reminds me of, exactly," said Polly. "He reminds me always of a man possessed. With a spirit in him destroying him—like the man in the Bible."

"Yes," I said, "that's right too. He does me. Tearing him, wearing him out!"

XXVII

WE SAW them back to the train—Polly and I—about a week after that, when Pasc had got what he came after—and I'd agreed to sign up finally. Polly and I sat there going home, each one in our own corner of the limousine.

"You want to remember one thing, Bill," said Polly, putting her hand on my arm kind of softly, after we'd got nearly home: "You mustn't be surprised if you heard bad news sometime from Pasc."

And I looked at her.

"He's a pretty sick man, I'm afraid," she said. "We've got to get prepared for 'most anything."

And I didn't say anything for a minute.

"All I hope is," I said finally, "that coming over here hasn't made him worse. I hope I won't be responsible for anything!"

"You don't want to get that idea on your mind," said Polly. "That's the thing Zetta has now all the time, and can't get rid of—about herself."

"That's so, I suppose," I said.

"I sometimes think we ain't any of us responsible for anything," said Polly.

"We ain't—much, either," said I, thinking.

"Zetta is changed, isn't she?" I said after a while.

"Yes," said Polly. "Scarcely a loud laugh out of her while she was here."

"You can't blame her."

"There never was a day in her life," said Polly, "she didn't worship the ground he walked on."

"I suppose not," said I, and I sat back, thinking of Pasc and the days we started out and worked together.

I thought of him again that next day—Sunday afternoon it was—when I went into the factory office to pick up and clear out my desk. We weren't going to clean up the business and make the final transfers till Tuesday. But it was as good as done, and I thought I'd go in and get through and get out again, when I had the place to myself and there wasn't anybody else there to watch me.

I went over about three o'clock—after dinner. And I left the car in back and went in the back way through the factory. It was cold in there. They'd let the fire go down over Sunday; and the place seemed extra still and lonesome, coming in—as a factory always does Sundays anyhow. All those big, heavy machines, that make so much crash and jangle weekdays, standing still and all the men gone. Nothing left. Just the big, vacant, whitewashed place, all sprawled full of stuff—pulleys and belts and levers, dark where the soiled hands of the workmen had been. All standing still and idle—waiting!

Most of the machines, of course, were new. But some of them, I could see, were the original old machines we started with in the old place. I stopped and took hold of one and worked the lever.

Then I went along. It was in March—pretty cold, still. It wasn't any too warm in the office.

I hustled round then, getting everything out as fast as I could. I didn't want to stay round there much now I was going. I wanted to get out and get through. I always did kind of hate to move out of anywhere—for the last time.

I shoved everything into a couple of bags finally and looked round to see if there was anything I'd overlooked. I stood there and looked round—and it struck me: "This is the last time I'll ever be here—probably!"

It gave me a kind of a twist. I don't deny it. It would, I guess, to anybody going out that way—leaving a business you'd built up the way I did—the way Pasc and I built up that one.

"Well, after all," I said, "you ain't like a man that's going to be hung!" And I clapped on my hat and started.

But I couldn't help thinking again when I started out: "It's the last time! And it's not only the last time for you, but in two months more there won't be any factory here at all. It will be all out in Detroit—all gone! All vanished, as if it never was in existence.

"Let's get out of this!" I said. And I took up my two bags and started out back again.

The sun was getting pretty well down now. It looked empty as the devil out there. The still, old crooked shadows of the machinery lay tangled up against the whitewashed walls—marked out by the pinkish, late March sunset, shining in the windows opposite.

I went along, getting out as fast as I could, when who should come out from one of the tin doors in the fire wall but old Tom Powers, poking round looking out for the place.

"Why, hello, Tom!" I said—and dropped my grips. It seemed good and natural to see him again.

"I didn't know but what I had a burglar here," he said, and grinned—that little old wrinkled, death's-head smile of his.

"I will be after this week," I said. "They'll arrest me if they find me in here."

"You're getting through," said Tom, "as boss. So I hear. Well, I'm sorry to hear it."

"I'm sorry, too," I said. "When you've been hitched up to a thing the way I have been to this, Tom, it comes kind of hard giving it up."

"It does," said Tom.

"But it can't be helped," I said. "It might be a lot worse."

"It might," said Tom, peering at me with his little eyes. "And Mr. Thomas. Where is he now?"

"Gone abroad again. He ain't very well."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Tom. "He was a good man."

"Well, we can't have everything," I said.

"No," he said. "It might be worse. You're both rich men, so I hear. It's made you both rich—the old Hoodlum."

"Yep, Tom," I said; "we two cashed in on our miracle. It's your turn next. What about you?" I asked him. "Did Mr. Billings fix you up—get you a new job when they moved the plant out to Detroit?"

"Yes, I'm going to stay here, for a while anyhow, watching this place for him—while they empty it out. And I guess right along after."

"He told me he'd look out for you," I said.

"He treated me all right," said Tom.

"Look here," I said to him. The old man looked pretty wabbly to me. "Don't you think yet you've got enough of being night watchman?"

"No, I don't know as I have," he said, looking up at me. "What else would I do? Besides, it gives me a place to work on my invention, odd times, I wouldn't get anywhere else. The boys always leave me their tools—or they have."

"You won't have them now."

"No. But I'll get along."

"How is she now?" I said, smiling. "How is the old Miracle?"

"She's all right," he said, smiling back like a good-natured old mummy.

"Still the coming thing?" I asked him.

"Just as I always said," he answered me. "Did you see," he asked me, that old, kind of eager, inventor's look coming back into his eyes—"did you see how they're flying abroad now—hundreds of miles in those aryplanes—the Wright boys and them they sold them to? Flying in the air better and better all the time—thousands of them! What do you think of that? What did you think of it ten years ago?

"They're flying in the air all over," he said, his eyes getting brighter and brighter. "Is it any funnier for you and me, then," he asked me, "to get the power out of the air, than for them to be flying round in it?"

"No, I guess not," I said. It seemed to me the old man got a little looser and queerer every year on that thing of his. Why wouldn't he, pecking away at it with that old left hand of his, night after night, in that old, dark, lonesome factory?

"Don't you ever get sick of it," I said—"walking round here at night?"

"No," he said. "I got something all the time to occupy my mind."

"That's more than I'll have now," I said. "But I'll tell you what I'll do," I told him—"what I'm looking forward to," said I, taking up that old joke of ours together, "when you get round to it—I'll just about take up that option of ten thousand shares of stock in the old Miracle. That's a million dollars' worth.

"Or—I tell you what I will do," I said, getting serious: "I'll put in ten thousand dollars right now, on account. I'll back you to that extent, whenever you want to get through here—and take me up!"

"You're a domned good man, Bill Morgan," said old Tom, staring at me. "You always was. The men all liked you," he said, and stood staring at me a little while. "But it ain't no use. You can't do that to me," he said, with that kind of a crafty smile. I think he was just a little touched in the upper story now—beginning to be. "You can't do that to me. You can't make me take your money while I can earn my own. What would I do with it if I had it? Sit round the house with the old woman?"

"You could work there," said I, "on the Miracle."

"Not so well as I could here. And besides, what would I stop for—when I'm still able to support myself and get along? I'll tame my own Miracle, and harness her up—by the grace of God," he said; and he laughed that cracked old laugh of his. "And some day," he said, "when I get a good thing—when I've got her worked out, under control—I'll ride her over to your place. I'll put her on wheels and ride over to see you; and you can put your money in her then!"

The sun got in back of the corner of one of the small shops across the road, and went out entirely then; and the crooked shadows of the machinery died off the white brick wall. All at once it seemed kind of blue and chilly in there. I knew I'd got to go pretty quick, anyhow.

"All right. I'll be looking for you, riding up," I said, taking up my grips. And I went along and left him standing there in the aisle between the machines.

The dusk was coming in fast; the place was lonelier than Tophet. I looked back once before I shut the door. The old man still stood there where I left him—like an old ghost in the place—something that belonged there, and couldn't get away. He stood there, watching, till finally I shut myself out of my factory—that last time.

I never went back in there afterward. I never wanted to.

XXVIII

"THIS is the day," said Polly to me, both of us waking up early.

"Yes," I said, and lay there till breakfast time, staring at the ceiling, thinking.

I was over at Billings' bank with my lawyer at eleven o'clock, according to agreement—anxious to get my money, and get it over with; and to see this man from Magnus & Company—just one of the younger ones, but a partner just the same.

He stood back to me when I went in the door, looking at one of the pictures of the

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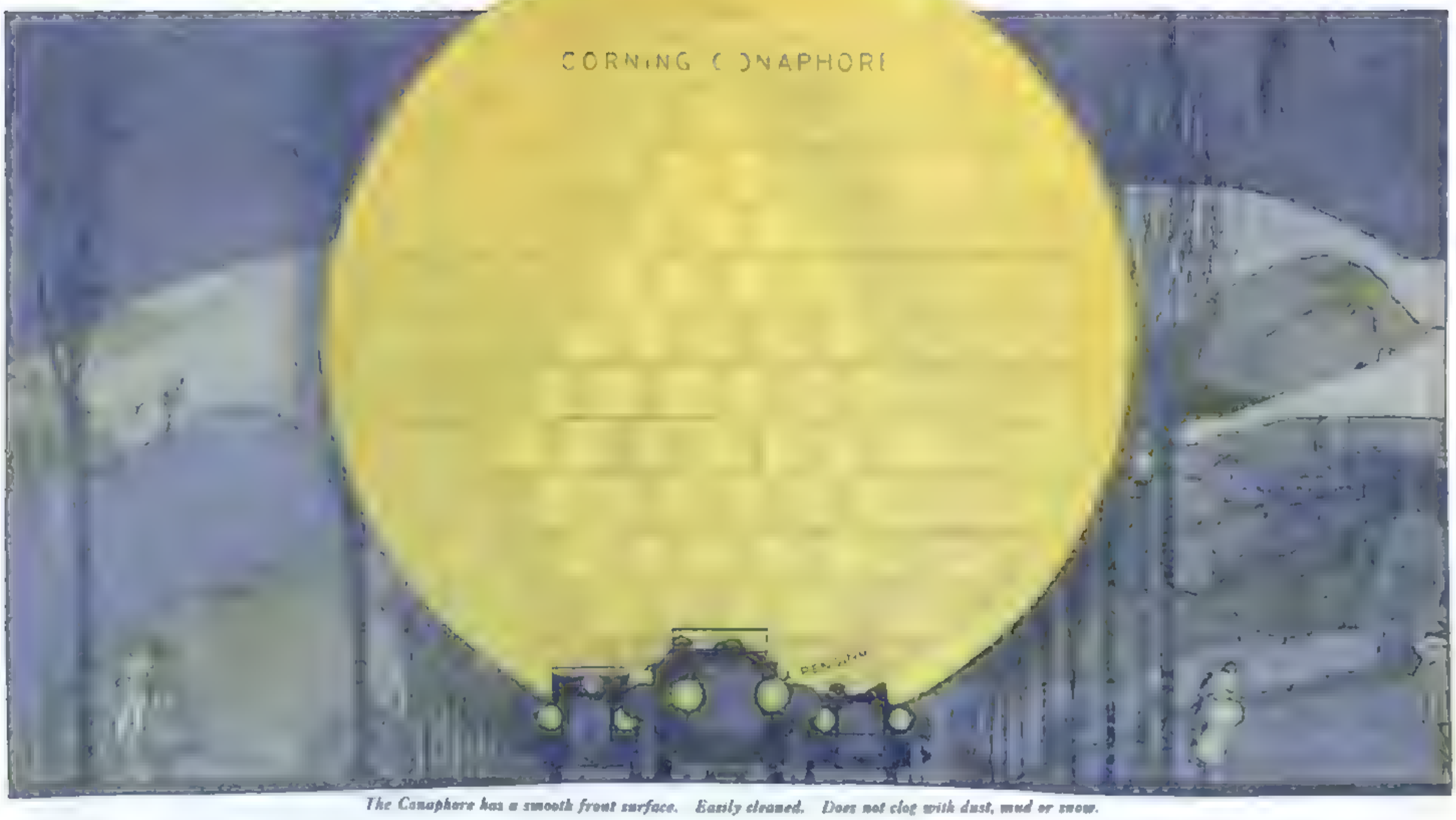


The Conaphore has a smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust, mud or snow.

To every automobile owner in the United States

Important announcement about Noviol Conaphores

THE Noviol Conaphore is the only automobile headlight device that shoots a beam of light through fog and flurrying snow without "back glare."

This exclusive feature is caused by the patented yellowish-tint Noviol Glass of which the Conaphore is made. No other glass of any color possesses this remarkable quality.

The United States Bureau of Standards, the highest scientific authority of the country, endorses the use of yellow "screens" to soften glare. Noviol is the most perfect development of this principle.

The United States Aviation Service and the United States Navy have adopted Noviol as a standard for lenses because it gives sharper vision with less glare than any other glass. These wonderful properties, combined in a headlight glass with a mathematically correct design, make the Noviol Conaphore far and away the most efficient long-range device.

Tests prove that the yellowish beam from the Noviol Conaphore makes the easiest light for the eye to follow and at the same time the softest light to the oncoming driver or pedestrian. In summer Noviol light emphasizes the green grass or foliage along the roadside and so the highway is more sharply defined.

Pierces fog, dust or snow

An ordinary headlight beam, like sunlight, is composed of rays of every color of the rainbow blended together. Whenever such a beam is projected through fog, dust or snow a dangerous "back glare" of diffused light blurs the driver's vision. This effect is largely caused by the blue and violet rays. Noviol Glass absorbs the blue and violet but transmits all the rest of the light. In this way "back glare" is eliminated and so the motorist can always see far enough ahead to drive at average speed.

Throws longest beam—no glare

Primarily, the Conaphore is a "no glare" headlight glass. Yet no range is sacrificed to kill glare. The Conaphore gives a full 500 foot range with all glare eliminated. Diffusing devices and ordinary "lenses" cut down your range.

The patented horizontal corrugations on the inner surface bend down the light rays and direct them along the road, not more than 42 inches high. At the same time, the beam is spread sidewise. By projecting most of the light far ahead of the car, instead of diffusing it directly in front and close to the car, the longest possible range is secured.

Thus the Conaphore meets the strictest requirements of law, comfort and courtesy. Driving behind Conaphores you get perfect road vision without causing inconvenience to those you meet.

Signals "Safety" to others

The yellowish-tint Noviol Conaphore has already become a recognized signal of safety to motorists and pedestrians. The instant they see the distinctive tint they know that the light will not blind them and they feel safe. The soft mellow light is easy on their eyes and so they are never dazzled or confused.

More than seventy-five percent of all Conaphore purchasers chose Noviol last year, even at slightly higher cost. The Conaphore design in clear glass controls the beam within legal limits and projects the light at long range but does not possess the unique advantages of Noviol.

Put Noviol Conaphores on your car for winter driving

Get added enjoyment from winter driving at night. You can speed through snow flurries and fog at ordinary speed in perfect safety. You get the longest possible range.

Price List

Noviol Glass		Clear Glass	Pr.
[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]		[illegible]	
9¾ to 10 inches		[illegible]	
10⅝ to 11½ inches		[illegible]	

Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ [illegible]
Prices 25c. more per pair [illegible]

Manufactured by the World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass

CONAPHORE

Pierces Fog and Dust—No Glare—Range 500 feet.

CONAPHORE SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., Inc., Managers
280 Madison Avenue, New York City
CORNING GLASS WORKS

The Electric Power House
Under the Hood of Your Car

Press a button in your motor-car and an invisible force whirls your engine into life.

Press another and instantly broad shafts of light pierce the darkness ahead enabling you to proceed swiftly in safety and comfort.

From somewhere under the hood of your automobile has come a flow of light and power just as it does when you press the electric push-button in your home.

That's because in your car you have electrical equipment which on a smaller scale represents the same principles and functions as does the Central Station power plant in your city.

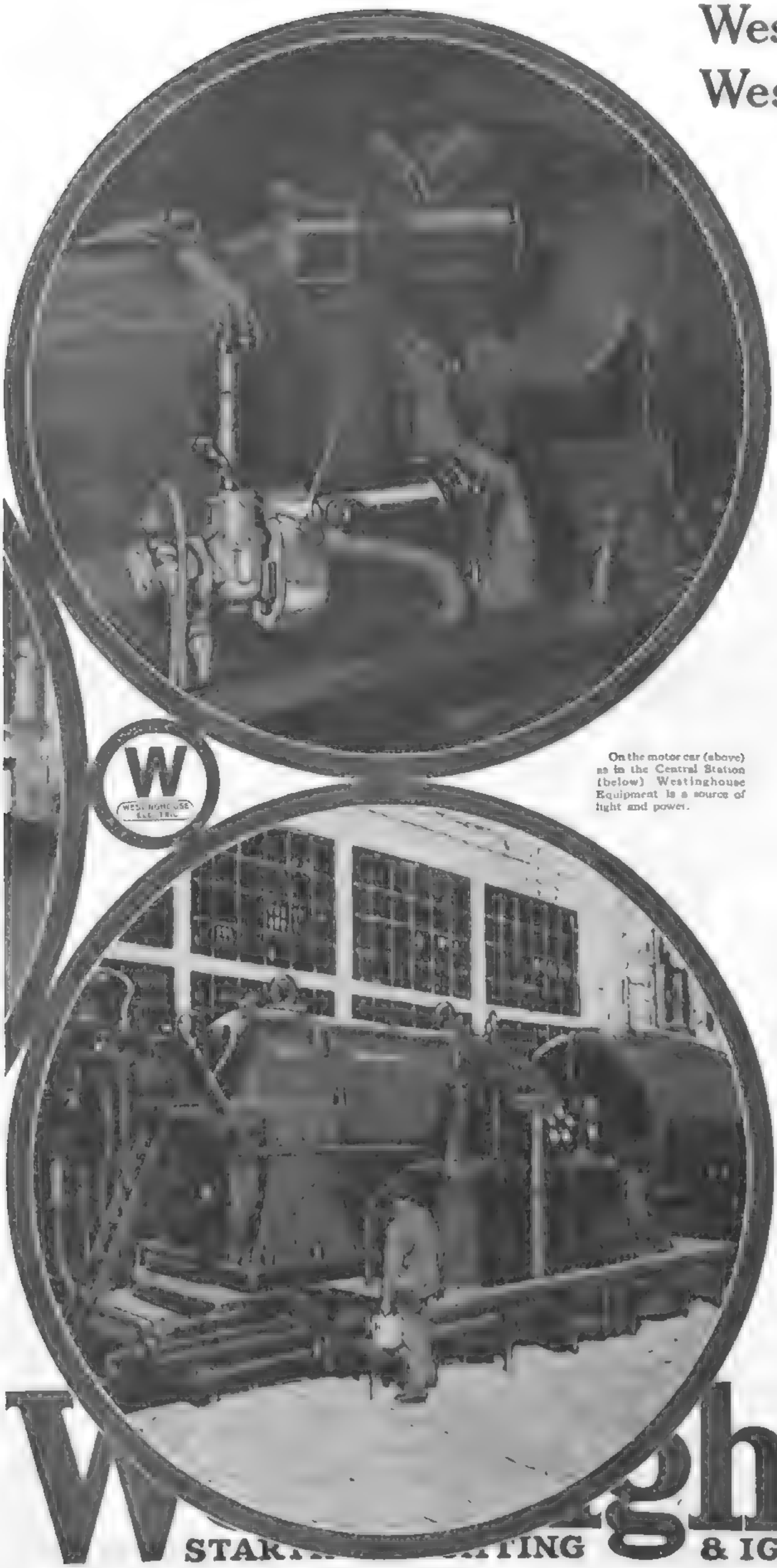
You have a generator—or dynamo—driven by the engine, creating the electricity which lights the lamps and charges the battery.

You have a motor to start your engine—built on much the same principles as the motors in hundreds of factories that use Central Station power.

And you have a complete system of wiring and control by which you start the motor, light the lamps, or advance or retard the sparking of your cylinders.

Westinghouse automobile equipment for starting, lighting and ignition is designed and constructed by engineers who have specialized in such equipment for years. These specialists have at their command the Westinghouse research laboratories and engineers who have had experience with every kind of material used to build every kind of electric motor, every kind of generator, every kind of control apparatus. There is no break in the range of their experience from the smallest motor-driven machine to the largest generators and motors in the biggest power plant.

Westinghouse
STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT



On the motor car (above) as in the Central Station (below) Westinghouse Equipment is a source of light and power.

Westinghouse Men for Westinghouse Service

To Westinghouse, the task of providing adequate and expert service to take care of occasional adjustment or repair is hardly less important than building the equipment.

That's why Westinghouse Automobile Service Stations are to be found all over the United States, each in charge of men who have been trained in the Westinghouse plant or by Westinghouse men and whose aim it is to see that every car-owner goes away satisfied.

What better assurance could you have that the equipment on your car will faithfully perform its important functions—and that if anything does need adjustment or repair you can depend on service by men *who know their business?*

WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Automobile Equipment Department
Shadyside Works Pittsburgh, Pa.

Car Builders Who Install Westinghouse Equipment

Motor Cars

Anderson	Lexington
Case	Locomobile
Chalmers Six-Thirty	Marion Handley
Crawford	McFarlan Six
Cunningham	Meta
Daniels	Mercer
Dort	Murray
Dorris	National Highway Six
Drummond	Pennsy
F. I. A. T.	Pierce-Arrow
Glide Light Six	Rock Falls
Gray-Dort	Shadburn
HAL Twelve	Singer
Hupmobile	Standard
Kline Kar	Stewart Six

Motor Trucks

Durable	Pull-More
Garford	Republic*
Gersix	Riker*
Gramm-Bernstein	Service*
Pierce-Arrow*	Stegeman

Funeral Cars

Cunningham Michigan
Rock Falls

Fire Apparatus

American LaFrance Seagrave
Maxim Waterous

Mine Locomotives

Milwaukee-Gasoline Locomotives
Pittsburgh Model Engine

*Optional.

Westinghouse
STARTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

Living it over again —that visit to Chicago

A VISIT to Chicago is a joy to look back on if you have been a guest of "Chicago's Finest Hotel." Every souvenir, every snapshot, brings delightful retrospect. You associate Hotel La Salle with all Chicago's best attractions—theaters, shops, art, civic and business interests.

If you are a man, you know that every item of Hotel La Salle service was *right*. You liked the food—always perfectly prepared and served. Your comfort and convenience were everywhere regarded.

If you are a woman traveling alone, you recall with pleasure that a maid escorted you to your room. That your every need and wish was assured immediate attention by the presence of a competent woman floor clerk. When you left, all Pullman and railway tickets were purchased for you and you entered Hotel La Salle's private taxi for the station, having been saved all bother and annoyance. You remember every detail with pleasure and you resolve to come again.

The only hotel in Chicago having individual floor service throughout

RATES

One person — *Per day*	
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons — *Per day*	
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double Room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two connecting rooms with bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago

Ernest J. Stevens, Vice Pres. and Mgr.

The only hotel in the world which owns and operates a fleet of taxicabs and limousines

(Concluded from Page 76)

sheep on the walls of the private reception room. I couldn't tell much about him, except he was tall and looked pretty young with just a little gray hair in his head!

"Yes," said Billings, talking to him giving me his back as long as possible. "They were my father's choice. He was born on a farm; he was always fond of pictures of sheep. He was an austere man on the outside—but he had quite a vein of sentiment in him, down deep. He didn't show it to many people only to my mother and myself. But he developed quite a taste for painting in his late life—especially for these things, which reminded him of his early associations."

"They're very good," said the man from Magnus & Company.

"Yes," said Billings, "they are—I think. The old man had no education in art, of course—or in any other way, really. He was not an educated man in the narrow sense of the word. What he did was by sheer will power and mental ability."

"I have heard Mr. Magnus speak of him, before his death," said the other man, "as a man of great natural powers."

"I'm glad to know that," said Billings. "He was that, exactly—a diamond in the rough."

"Mr. Magnus was a New Englander, of course, himself," said the New Yorker.

"I know," said Billings.

And then they heard me, or pretended to, and turned round; and Billings introduced us. We went in and sat down in Billings' private office, under his father's old picture, and I watched the two of them close, while we went through with it.

There was nothing to do much, but sign and take my money. It had all been fixed by the lawyers in advance.

"You don't want me," said my lawyer—he was a kind of rough-talking, hearty sort of fellow—"any more than two tails. This is all right from our standpoint. The other people are the ones to look out. They're the buyers."

"We're perfectly satisfied," said the Magnus partner. "We don't think Mr. Morgan would cheat us." And he smiled.

He had a pleasant, agreeable smile on him—an easy kind of way. He was a good-looking, youngish fellow, not over forty-two or three; tall and slim like Billings; a quiet dresser. There wasn't a diamond on him anywhere—not even a scarfpin; but his clothes showed the money all right—made him look young, the way those New York clothes do. He was kept up every way, you could see that—like a fine race horse.

"So this is the kind that runs us," I thought to myself, keeping my eye on him, watching just what he did.

He had that easy way with him, and all the time in the world, apparently. The thing he was up to didn't worry him at all a million more or less. He was willing to talk about anything, from business to Billings' flowers.

I talked with him myself quite a little, while they were getting some of the papers together outside. We got to talking about our line of business.

"In some ways," he said to me, "I've always thought your line was the biggest thing in the country; your manufacturing sections like this, and the people that grow up in them—and these different machine shops—real expert machinists, I mean, now."

"They speak of farmers," he told me, "as the foundation of everything in this country—from the beginning. But in a way these people—these machinists—are more American than they are. More thinkers—more outspoken and independent."

"Gad, yes!" I said. "That's the trouble with us, I guess—too much outspoken."

He laughed, and Proctor Billings, who was listening, smiled a kind of frosty smile—all below the nose.

"But a good workman, we always say, is apt to be crotchety."

"I believe you," he said. "Men have got to be—more or less—that do their own thinking; have to, in their own business, day after day."

"Too much thinking makes a man cross, anyway," said I.

The Magnus partner laughed again.

"I believe you," he said.

"You thought I was crooked," said I, looking at him, "didn't you? You thought I was holding you up."

"That's putting it a little bluntly," he answered me.

"Put it any way you want to. You thought so! But I wasn't; all it was, when it came down to giving up my business and not being my own man, I found I couldn't make up my mind to do it. I've wanted to be independent always. I guess it's in our blood—us fellows raised in a machine shop, the way I was."

"I think you may be right," he said.

"I know I am. The truth is," I told him, "I'd be fighting you now—in spite of my wife and my doctor and my lawyer—if my old partner and the best friend I ever had hadn't come back from Europe and shown me I was making a fool of myself. And I don't know now but he killed himself doing it!" I said, and stopped.

"Mr. Thomas, you mean?" said he.

"Yes," I said—"the best fellow that ever lived."

"He seemed a very unusual man," he said—"what little I saw of him."

"You bet he is!" said I. "And the straightest-haired man in this world."

And then we got talking about Pasc, and the Hoodlum. And I told him how Pasc had drawn the whole machine, you might say, out of his head; about his envelope and pencil stub, and his bench in the shop; and his absent-minded eyes, and his never resting or being satisfied until he had a thing perfect.

"I don't know as you have ever seen men down your way just like him," I said. "Those old-time workmen—old-fashioned machinists—those bony, sober-faced fellows in overalls."

He nodded his head. "I've seen them," he said, thinking—"those faces. When I was a boy. I knew one man, in particular. . . . You see them now sometimes," he said, "staring out the door of a garage—with those eyes!"

"And a smudge on the end of their nose."

"Yes," he said, and laughed.

"They are the salt of the earth," I said. "They keep this country going on, as you say, more than anybody."

"You're right," he said. "That's just what they do. I believe it," he said. "In a great many ways these men with the metal gauges in their hands have changed the face of the world more than the men with the hoes and the axes, that found and broke in our continents. And they are going to still more. They'll be our chief pioneers from now on."

"How?" Billings asked him, coming into the talk.

"In the air, for instance," he explained to him. "Pioneers, not in continents—in unknown things—big forces."

"I get you," I said. "Working with them, day after day; fighting them, off in the air somewhere! That's what happened to Pasc. He got hold of something out there too big for him. It wore him out."

And the talk stopped a minute.

"If the truth was told," I said, starting it up again, "I did the same thing in my way. I got hold of something that was too big for me; and now I have got to drop it myself."

"It is pretty big for anybody," said the Magnus man—"a sudden new industry, like this."

"It doesn't seem too big for you people," I said to him—"you people with the money and the banks. Or anything else! You take them all as they come."

"All we can do really is what you did in another way," he said—"watch a thing and direct it and keep it going."

"Aha," I said, listening to him explain it through. "But that ain't my theory of it exactly."

"What is?" said he.

"My theory is," I told him, "that you've got the biggest machine of all. You've got the money machine—the billion machine, that all this other machinery works for, finally." And I told him a little about the way Pasc Thomas and I used to discuss it.

He laughed again. "I never heard it put just that way before," he said.

"It takes a mad mist to catch a mad-mist," said Proctor Billings, loosening up a little now.

"Yes," said the other man.

"I never saw very far into it," I said. "It was always a mystery to me—your machine and how it worked, and the control you've got over everything. I'd rather know about it now than anything I can think of."

"Come on down sometime," said the Magnus man, smiling, "and I'll try to show it to you—what I know about it. It's a considerable mystery to me," he said, "while we're starting telling the truth. I'm always working, trying to learn it, like your friend with the motor."

And then they brought in the last papers finally. And he cast his eyes over them for a minute or two, while I watched him.

He was easy—but you could see, when his face went still, he was the same thing as Proctor Billings—one of the same still-faced tribe, when you got down underneath. All the look of knowing something you didn't and holding it back on you; putting everything up to you all the time; and watching you, to grab you when you went wrong. I watched those two—Billings and him—talking to one another back of those masks—those bankers' faces; their own kind of talk. This New Yorker was too much for him; his mind went leading Billings' mind round all the time, like a dog on a rope.

"What's this?" said the Magnus partner, pointing out something in the agreement to Billings.

"Oh, I don't see how that happened," said Billings. You could see he was flustered in spite of himself. "My mistake," he said; "I'll have it corrected at once."

"It would be better, I think," said the man from New York—kind of low and polite.

That was all he said. But it did my heart good. He was giving Billings a call-down—a punishment. Not a voice nor an eyebrow lifted. But you could hear it coming down as plain as an Italian woman spanking a baby. You could see how deathly afraid of him Proctor Billings was.

"Cripes, what power he must have!" I said to myself, watching him—what showed through that still face. But never able, of course, to see back of that man's mask all quiet and still and polite! He was too much for me; I had to acknowledge it to myself—sitting there waiting for my check.

That was the thing, really, now—my check; my million they were going to give me now. I'd been thinking of it, naturally, all the time those days before that—going over everything. What it would have meant to me five years before; all the fight we had; what had happened. Now, here I was getting it!

He just reached his hand into his pocketbook, when the time came, and took out this big check, this white piece of paper, and handed it to me—I had to laugh almost—about like passing you a cigar.

"It makes no more impression on them than that," I said to myself. "They have to hand out these millions so often—these fellows—they get awful tired of it!"

"Certified," he said. "From Magnus & Company."

I grinned. I had to. "That ought to be safe," I said; "what do you think about it?"

"Hadn't it?" he said—and laughed that quick laugh of his, showing his teeth.

"One million and sixty-five thousand, three hundred and seventeen dollars and thirty-seven cents," I said, reading.

"With some minor adjustments!"

"Gad!" I said. "I think you're cheating me. I made it out thirty-eight cents myself." And we laughed again, and I got up and put it in my pocket.

"I'm going to take it home," I said, "and show it to the wife; and then I'm going to bring it back here for Billings to take care of for me—for a minute or two. Then I'm coming down to buy you folks out."

"Come on. Do," he said—and held out his long hand, smiling. "We need energetic men down there."

"Well," I said, "give my regards to all the rest of the boys down there. And especially young Magnus!"

"I'll do that, too," he said.

"So long," I said. "Good-by."

Whatever he was, or whatever he could do to Billings, to the banks or the railroads or the country in general, I wasn't going to let him see I thought he was any different from any other man.

"Good-by," he said, and leaned over forward and shook hands with me, as if he was shaking hands with the King of England, and stood smiling at me as I went out.

When I reached the door I caught one last glimpse of him—turning round. His smile stopped, and his still mask fell down again, like the outside curtain at the ending of a play.

I drove straight home. When I got there Polly was out on the piazza by the porte-cochère.

"Here it is," I said, coming up, taking it out and waving it at her. "One million dollars! And a little over for a hat," I said, kissing her.

"That's fine!" she said, taking me by the coat lapels. I thought then there was something, from the way she looked. "That's fine. Come into the house."

As we were going in I noticed that other paper—that yellow one in her hand.

"I've got some news for you, Bill," she said, standing inside the hall; "not quite so good."

"What is it?"

"Pasc Thomas."

"Dead!" said I—all at once turned hoarse.

And she bowed her head down.

"Oh, Bill," she said, grabbing me like a child in the dark, "I'm—I'm so thankful it wasn't you!"

And she started crying a little.

"Pasc Thomas!" I said, looking off over her head. My lips were kind of numb.

We stood there quite a while, then I looked down—happened to. Those two pieces of paper, the white one and the yellow one, had fallen from our hands, and lay there together on the floor.

"I tell you what I'd do," said Polly, that next week after that—always planning and always looking out for me. More than ever now!

"What?" said I.

"Look," she said; "it isn't everybody that makes a million. Now why don't you, while you're resting and it's all fresh in your memory, get a-hold of some of these newspaper boys you know, and dictate what you remember, and have them fix it up into a story for you?"

"That's not so bad!" said I. My depression was better; the doctor said I was doing pretty well. But I did hate to sit round so. How I did miss my little old business! "That's not a bad idea," I told her.

"No; is it?" she said. "It would occupy your mind—keep you from sitting round smoking too much—get you interested in something before we go off traveling."

"It might, at that," said I, thinking.

"A good, plain story, in good, plain language, for ordinary, plain-spoken people like us to read. And I've got a name for it!" she said.

"What's that?"

"You know all those biographies they get out—about different men? All the things they've done and are responsible for? Well, I'd have this different from that."

"How?"

"I'd call it The Biography of a Million Dollars—not just the story of a man; but the business—everything."

"You—you see?" she said, hurrying, explaining. "Make it a little different from those things you read in the biographies or the newspapers when a rich man dies. Show how it really happened."

"Gad, yes," I said, sitting up. "You'd think to read one of those things that some of those old devils with square chin whiskers just reached out and took up a piece of mud and made the world out of it, with their own hands—alone."

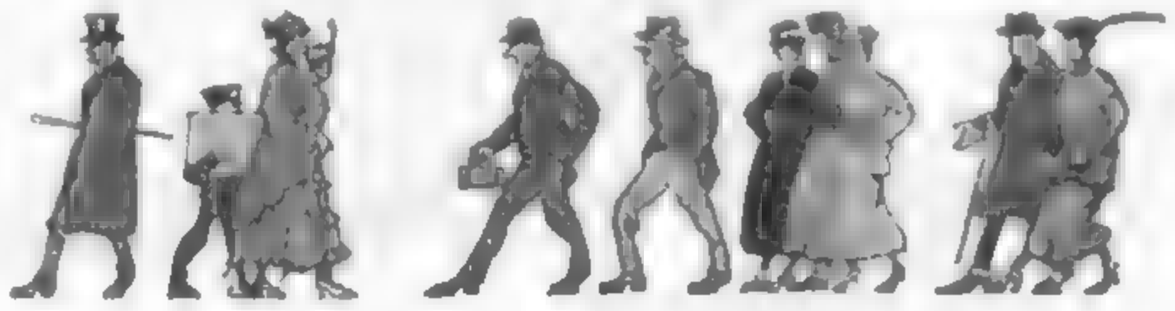
"Yes—yes. That's what I meant. You try it," said Polly. "Write it."

"I will, I believe!" said I, making up my mind.

So I have, in a kind of a way.

But the trouble is, I've only told about half the story—not half. I don't know about the other end—those bankers; those silent boys in the banks all over the country—heading up down there in Wall Street. They're the fellows I want somebody to tell me about—those still-faced men that run that billion-dollar machine down in Wall Street—and grab off their slice of everything that comes up in the country. They're the fellows we're all working for—if we only knew it!

(THE END)



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Largest in the world!

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And puts the searching light into the head lamps.

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It was the original with the six-volt separate unit principle now accepted as the standard.

And it is backed by a nation-wide chain of service stations without an equal in the world.

Yet not one-half of one per cent of the hundreds of thousands of Auto-Lite Systems have ever required service attention.

See that the next car you buy is equipped with the Auto-Lite System.

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Toledo, Ohio

Electric Auto-Lite Corporation

Detroit Sales Office
1507 Kresge Bldg.

CASE SIX

ALL CAR!

Through and Through

Such as Men Admire

THE New Case Six is typically American . . . a car of great simplicity and straightforwardness, devoid of untimely extravagances. Its architecture is as distinctive and severe as a Colonial house. All the wanted comforts and conveniences are included. But the car is not cluttered with meaningless "doo-dads."

There is unusual floor spaciousness. Seats are large and deeply upholstered. Rideability is unequaled.

Fathered by Experience

Your appreciation of the outward beauty of this clean-cut car is reinforced when the "innards" are examined.

From the engine to the tail light one finds only standard and tested units, such as have proven their worth nationally. Such an array of known and respected features is rarely seen in a single car—certainly not in cars priced as modestly as the New Case Six!

When you go over the Case Catalog (sent upon request) these facts will cause you, too, to call the New Case Six "The All-Feature Car."

You will note that every feature attracts. And you will appreciate the proper relation of the different units. None dominate at the sacrifice of others.

And when you come to ride in the New Case Six and drive it—*such a fine, all 'round, dependable car!*

Power, speed, responsiveness gain complete significance. Also car comfort. Also economy.

See If You Agree

You should know all this New Case Six offers. And learn how Case engineers have united in one car all the features you desire.

Our catalog furnishes pictures and a description of the mechanics. Write for a copy now.

But better still, see the New Case Six for yourself, examine it, ride in it, drive it.

Any Case Dealer will be glad to give you this opportunity.

J. I. CASE T. M. COMPANY, Inc.

(Founded 1842)

199 LIBERTY STREET, RACINE, WIS.

The New Case Six, in three models, is exhibited at the New York and Chicago Shows

CASE CASE

THE BRACHYCEPHALIC BOHUNKUS

(Continued from Page 7)

take pa into partnership with me, and after some experimenting, for which I furnish the capital, we're agoing to ship this ranch to the land of the rising sun in carload lots. Where's pa? I want to put it to him right now.'

"'I think you are crazy,' says Sedalia. 'Pa's out resting in the haymow right now, I reckon. He got a considerable fatigued in town last night, and I judge this would be a good time to talk business to him! Enrico, come back, you coot! He'll kill you!'

"But Enrico had started for the barn. Sedalia stood watching and listening for sights and sounds of trouble, but pretty soon Enrico and pa came out as friendly looking as you please.

"'I will say that Enrico ain't by no means the slouch that I thought he was,' says pa. 'I ain't no rainbow chaser and I don't believe in looking at the bright side of things till your eyes gets dazzled, but I like his scheme and I count on him and me making quite a stake out of this property after all.'

"Most generally Sedalia knew about what to expect of pa, but this sure jolted her. Still it took quite a spell to make her think that Enrico knowed what he was a-doing. Whether he knowed or not he certainly humped himself. First off, he packed his bed roll and some grub to an old cabin on the other side of the ridge, that the Stevens boys built for a road house before Hermosilla got started and when there was a road there. To satisfy idle curiosity he gave out that he had took the claim for a homestead, and his reputation for horse sense was such that folks believed him. Still, there was a spring there, as well as a lot of scenery set up on end, and the cabin was so a man could easy live in it after he'd killed off a nest of rattlesnakes that had preempted one of the bunks; so inside of half a day Enrico got settled and began to work on the big idea. As a starter he boarded up an old shed that was off to one end of the Warrens' claim and built a little furnace in it under a steel tank. The old man hossed both jobs and Enrico done the work—according to his own notions. The next thing he hauled wood, cut wood and piled wood until Sedalia cried at the sight of his poor hands and begged him to let up.

"There wasn't no let-up to Enrico though. When the wood job was done he got to work with pick, shovel, gad and bar on the gypsum; and before long he had half of the shed stacked to the roof with slabs and blocks that he'd dug out and hauled on a go-devil that he had made over a road that he'd built through the draws. One busy boy he was. And he wouldn't so much as take a meal at Warren's. Sedalia couldn't hardly force a loaf of bread or a pie on him.

"'What I'm striving for is to fix things so's you won't have to cook for nobody, unless it's for sport,' he says to her. 'Far be it from me to increase your burdens. I'll take this here pie as a keepsake since you've made it for me, but I wouldn't be no such a hog as to eat it.'

"'Take it as a keepsake then,' she says. 'Wear it next to your heart and sleep with it under your pillow if you want to, Enrico dear. You don't have to work that hard for me. You're a foolish boy!'

"'I love to work hard,' he says. 'I'd sooner work than eat.'

"'You're an unblushing liar,' she says. She didn't say it unkind, but just stating facts. 'But you are getting thin,' she says, 'and I don't like it.'

"'That's jealousy, seeing Dick Wade round here so much,' says he—'and the aggravation of having to keep out of his sight.'

"'Pa does most of the entertaining,' says Sedalia. 'I reckon pa isn't so certain that the company's going to be a success after all.'

"'He will be a week from now,' says Enrico. 'We're agoing to start the furnace to-morrow.'

"Sure enough, they started up the furnace next morning and run it under lock and key for three days steady. Sedalia went into the shed once to see how things were looking, but it was mighty hot and uninteresting and somehow she got the impression that she was interrupting proceedings, so she backed out again. The next thing, a Scandinavian goat with no eyebrows to speak of and no finger nails at all came down from Lead City to stay over Sunday. His name was Nels Brakke, and Enrico told Sedalia that he was a plaster-of-Paris expert. He had a kit of tools with him and early in the morning him and Enrico and the old man went into the shed and locked themselves in. Sedalia wanted in, too, but the old man told her she'd better stick close to the house and keep callers away from nosing round. After a while she heard Enrico shrieking and whooping like a mirthful hyena and made out a Scandinavian bass accompaniment to the same while pa was using language that she hadn't heard since the old man drove the ox wagon over the trail from Missouri and struck the gumbo belt.

"All morning that went on, and you can bet that Sedalia's curiosity was stirred a plenty. When the men come in to dinner she questioned them pretty close, but they sort of dodged and acted silly. Every once in a while Enrico would look at the old man and sort of choke and sputter on his victuals, and when that happened Nels would spout too, and then blush to the roots of his hair, being bashful. Pa would look as savage as a meat ax and say something about cussed fools and what he'd do for two cents. It wasn't no wonder that Sedalia was miffed, and when they started right out for the shed again as soon as they had et she was hopping mad. Dick Wade come round about three o'clock with his campaign buckboard, and if it hadn't been for a strong sense of duty she'd have gone riding with him. As it was she was mighty sweet to him, and when the other boys came stringing along, as per usual, she kept the whole crowd until Enrico had to sneak home through the draws with Nels, without seeing her.

"That night pa gave her another big surprise. When the company had gone he put a couple of kettles of water on the stove to heat and hauled the big washtub into the kitchen.

"'What are you agoing to do, pa?' asks Sedalia.

"'By gosh! I'm agoing to take a bath,' says he.

"Well, Enrico sort of squared himself the next day with the girl, and for two days longer him and pa went on experimenting. Then Enrico told Sedalia he reckoned she was right about him working too hard. 'I notice a sense of fullness after eating,' he says, 'and along about nine or ten o'clock my jaws get to stretching and I'm apt to keel over and lose consciousness for several hours. I don't want to scare you, but I think I'd better take a few days off.'

"Sedalia looked at him kind of thoughtful. 'I was looking for something terrible like this to happen,' she says. 'I s'pose you'll take them few days in town, where you can get cheerful society to break up this here sleeping sickness.'

"'Now you've hurt my feelings,' says Enrico. 'No, ma'am! I just thought of going up Red Cañon for a few days after whitetail. Pa says he'll loan me the wagon for half of the meat.'

"'Oh, if that's all, I'm sorry I spoke,' says Sedalia. 'Don't think I mistrust you, Enrico dear. It's just that the way you've been tearing up the ground lately has made me a mite uneasy. I was afraid it might be just a beautiful dream and I was about due to wake up. Forgive me, darling.'

"Enrico forgave her and started off on his hunting trip that afternoon. He was back again in a couple of days. That was late Thursday night. Friday when the Hermosilla Hatchet come out there was a headline clear across the front page:

PRIES UP PETRIFIED PAGAN

Enrico Billings Bares Buried Back Number on Bitter Water

"It went on to say that our esteemed, genial and popular fellow citizen, Enrico Billings, had made a discovery that would give him a front-row seat among the most distinguished bone hunters and fossil sharps of this or any other age and put Bitter Water on the map along with the celebrated and well-known places, whose names our readers would readily recall, that were comparatively unknown before the discoveries that made them famous. Mr. Billings, while out on a hunt in the Red Cañon country, noticed something white sticking up out of the ground close to Bitter Water Creek, and his curiosity being excited he got off his horse to investigate, and with the aid of his picket pin succeeded in unearthing an almost perfect human form that the action of unknown elements through perhaps thousands of years had petrified and turned into stone. With the intelligence and perspicacity that distinguish him, Mr. Billings at once brought up his wagon from his camp, and with superhuman effort skidded this mysterious relic of prehistoric ages up into the box and hauled it back with him. It can now be seen in the back room of Billy Morgan's drug store for an admission fee of four bits, children half price, thus giving Hermosilla the opportunity to inspect this unique legacy of remote ages ahead of an astounded world. Ye editor has had the privilege of seeing it, and it is undoubtedly the remains of a man, but does not seem to bear out the theory that there was giants in them days, being considerable of a runt and scrawny in structure. It was found lying on its left side with one hand pressed to the pit of its stomach, and the expression of its face, which somewhat resembles a chimpanzee's, seems to show that its last moments was not happy. Mr. Billings, who has devoted much time to the study of ethnology, classifies it as brachycephalic, apparently belonging to the melanochroid group, and places the date of its decease somewhere along in the late Miocene age; but our readers—on payment of four bits, strictly cash—can judge of these points for themselves. We understand that Mr. M. E. Warren has purchased a half interest in this marvel. Go to it, boys!

"You can talk all you want to about a town being broke. Hermosilla was flat busted if you tried to collect anything, but all the same there wasn't a citizen that didn't manage to rustle his little half-wheel somewhere and come a-running to see the petrified man. Old Man Warren, who stood at the door of the back room taking in the coin, had both of his pants pockets loaded down to that extent that he got nervous about his suspenders, and Enrico, inside with the crowd, talked himself plumb hoarse answering questions. When Billy Morgan closed up at supper time they was both about tuckered out.

"Pa wanted to celebrate a little, but Enrico got him into the wagon and headed for home as soon as he had got his mail. The old man hadn't read the piece in the paper then. Enrico told him that he'd be along late after he'd et, and then went on down to the street to the Hatchet office. Joe Simms, ye ed, was cleaning off the roller of the Washington hand press. He grinned when he saw Enrico.

"'I understand from the latest reports that it pays to advertise,' he says.

"'It sure does!' says Enrico. 'I come here to prove it to you.' He pulled out a neat little roll of bills and skinned it down real liberal. 'I throw in some empty gratitude for them large, fat, tasty words that you put in my mouth too,' he says.

"'Don't name it,' says Joe. 'As long as the old unabridged and the Chambers' cyclopedia hang together, no friend of mine is agoing to suffer from lack of the right dope—as long as the subject ain't between G and Kidneys, which volume some son of a tinker has swiped out of the office. Much obliged, Enrico. You can sure count on the aid and comfort of the local press. One born every ten seconds, ain't there? I wouldn't wonder if you made on this, after all.'

"'My inky-nosed brother is operating his bazoo with two tongues,' says Enrico.

"'Ever hear of the Cardiff Giant?' asks Joe. 'About twenty years ago some unscrupulous persons carved him out of a block of gypsum and claimed they had found him digging a well. They foosed about the whole U. S. and made a big batch of dough out of him.'

"'You don't tell me!' says Enrico. 'Now ain't that shocking! You mean to say that anybody was ever low-down enough to work a scheme like that? Twenty years ago, eh? Hm-m! Twenty years is a long time, Joe. Lots of folks can't remember that far back.'

"'The heft don't remember back twenty-four hours, when it comes to certain things,' says Joe. 'I wouldn't worry, son.'

"Enrico got up. 'I don't aim to,' he says. 'But there's one thing I want to say—and that's that our brachycephalic bohunkus wasn't carved out of no gypsum, nor carved out of nothing. So long, Joe!'

"'So long!' says Joe. 'You can count on me.'

"Enrico went over to Fred Willor's and slicked up and then got on his horse and rode over to Warren's. He found pa out by the bars, with his chin on the top pole and all of the gladness gone out of his face.

"'What's the matter?' inquires Enrico. 'What for are you meditating out here?'

"'I come out for a recess,' says the old man. 'I'm tired of answering fool questions, and if you want to go in and spell me with that girl I'll borrow your horse a while afore you unsaddle.'

"'What do you want the horse for?'

"Pa come out with a full-breath bust: 'I'm agoing to ride to town, by gosh! and mop up the Hatchet premises with that cockeyed, knock-kneed, type-slinging son of a soup bone, Joe Simms! The slab-sided, slick-scribbling, punkin-subsidized scalawag! I'll learn him! I'll show the oyster-supper-boosting, comp-grabbing, council-goafing, free-drinks deadhead a thing or two! He'll need patent outsides as well as insides when I get through with him! "Considerable of a runt and scrawny in structure," eh? Face like a chimpanzee, is it? And my own daughter reading it aloud, account of me having mislaid my specs! If I don't jam that splayfooted, sticky-fingered faker into the wastebasket and wreck the office, I'm as big a liar as he is!'

"'There, there!' says Enrico; 'you'll feel better now, and there won't be no need of a massacre. Joe means well, but he didn't know that we'd be so sensitive about the personal looks of our discovery. He may have thought that folks would be more interested if they thought it was something horrible.'

"'Am I a back number?' shouts pa.

"'Somebody'll hear you if you holler thataway,' says Enrico. 'If you're a back number you've done mighty well for one afternoon's work. You study on that a while and cool off, and I'll go in and see Sedalia.'

"So he went in to see Sedalia—went with a whoop and threw his hat up in the air and then stood with his arms open, waiting for her to run into them and nestle. Pretty soon he got tired of waiting and took a step toward her, but she threw him back with the dish towel and backed that play with a cold, stony look that the petrified man couldn't have beat.

"'We're agoing to have a little talk first,' she says, pointing to a chair. 'Look up your hat and sit down there and behave. I've missed you something terrible and I'm so glad to see you again that I can't hardly act proper, but I'm going to try. What's this story I hear about you finding a petrified man?'

"'This here is certainly a blow to me,' says Enrico, 'but I'll tell you. You see there was some whitetail tracks leading out of the cañon and over toward Bitter Water, and as I was a-following 'em I seen something sort of sticking up out of the ground, and, my curiosity being excited——'

"'I know all that by heart,' Sedalia says calmly. 'Now you tell me one thing. You say you dug up——'

"'The luckiest find I ever made in my life, excepting when I found you,' says Enrico. 'Pa and me has taken in close to ninety dollars already, and we'll double that to-morrow, and—— What for are you pointing your finger at me, honey?'

"'Who buried what you dug up?' says honey. 'You tell me that Enrico Billings——'

"'Darling,' says Enrico, 'I am not but twenty-five years old and you can't expect me to be posted on what happened maybe twenty-five centuries ago. If it was something halfway recent I might hunt up the undertaker and get you a list of the pallbearers, but you're asking too much.'

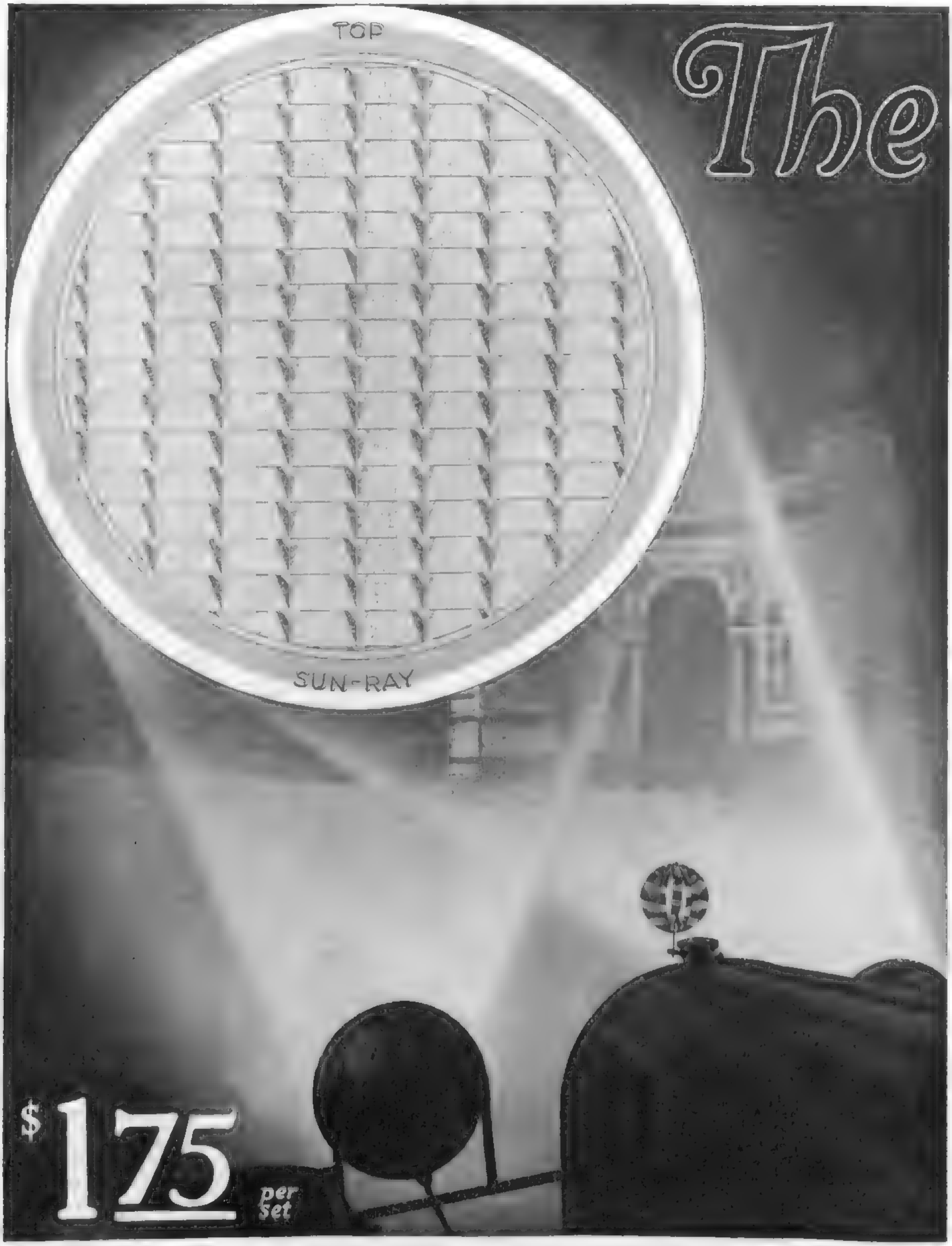
"'How much did pa pay you for his half interest, and where did he get the money?' she goes on.

"'Sho!' says Enrico; 'ain't pa and me partners? He furnished the wagon, come to that.'

"'What did pa use up two boxes of axle grease for a Sunday, and how did he get that plaster in his hair, and what were you men laughing about, and why did pa take a bath?'

"'Why, sweetheart, don't you think pa would know without me guessing?' says Enrico. 'Why not ask pa?'"

(Continued on Page 89)


The
TOP
SUN-RAY
$1.75 per set

Sun-Ray Lens

Light on the Lens Business

For the Consumer

All the automobile lenses now on the market can be roughly placed in two general groups. One *diffuses* light over a broad area. The other *deflects* or *refracts* it in a *concentrated beam* on the road.

And the majority of these lenses cost from three and a half to six dollars.

But here is a *new* lens, the Sun-Ray, *selling at $1.75—and combining all the advantages of both the diffusive and refractive types.*

It gives you a side diffusion of 168 degrees *plus* a powerful refraction. It shows the road far ahead, *and in addition* makes it easy to see ditches, cross-roads, curves and signs.

It has been carefully worked out, produced and tested under the personal supervision of capable illuminating engineers and lens experts. It meets the complicated *legal requirements* of every state in the Union. It does everything a lens should do.

Yet the Sun-Ray Lens costs only $1.75 a pair.

Put Sun-Rays in *your* headlights *today*. They are made to fit every make of car. Take the danger out of night driving. Further the courtesy of the road—*and save money.*

Get Sun-Rays from your dealer or if he can't supply you send direct to us enclosing $1.75 and tell us the make and model of your car together with the diameter of your present lens. We will send you a set of Sun-Rays by return mail.

For the Dealer

Dealers are snapping up this new Sun-Ray lens—*and are selling it*—because it is fundamentally *right* in design and construction—and because it is, we believe, the first *really effective* lens to sell at such a *low price.*

Thick triangular prisms on the *inside* of the lens give wide side diffusion and greatly reduce glare *without* interfering with the effectiveness of the driving light. Horizontal prisms, also on the *inside*, bend the light rays down, preventing waste light up in the air, and complying with the 42-inch laws.

Think of the selling possibilities of an effective lens like this, at only $1.75 a pair. Think what a comprehensive market it reaches—a scientifically correct lens with new, startling and exclusive talking points, selling at $1.75 in every size.

This opening announcement is just the beginning of a liberal national advertising campaign that will make Sun-Ray lenses known to motorists in every nook and corner of the country. It will simplify your selling problems. It will put extra profits in your pockets on a very small initial investment.

Sun-Ray lenses fit every make of car, are easy to put on, and add greatly to the appearance of the headlights. Get in touch with us at once and get in on the ground floor. Non-glare laws are being passed in more cities and states all the time. Motorists *must* have lenses. They will *buy* Sun-Rays. Write or wire today for our sales plans.

THE PRISMOLITE COMPANY, 4th and Gay Streets, Columbus, Ohio

Every size for

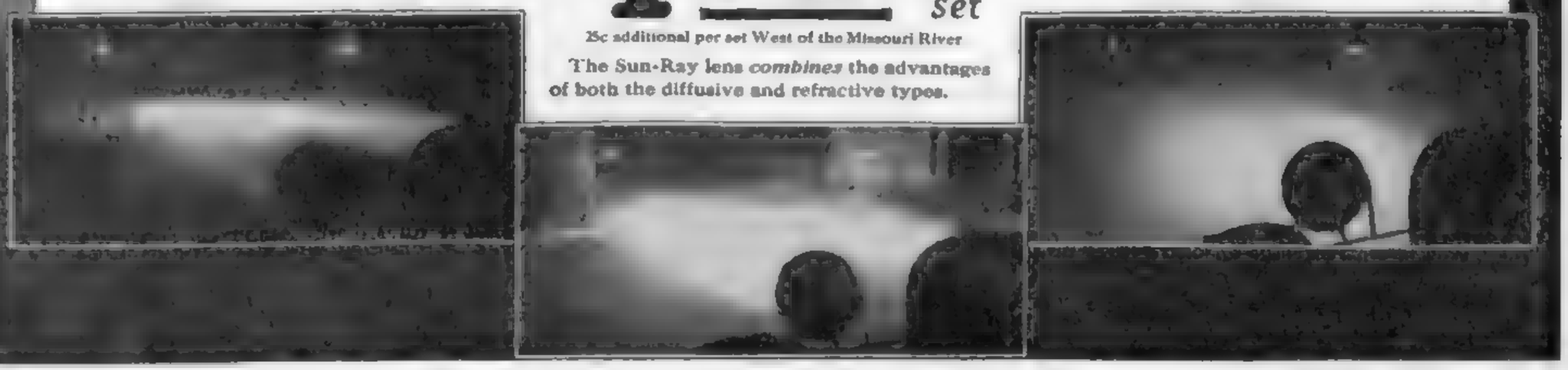
$1.75 per set

25c additional per set West of the Missouri River

The refractive type of lens sacrifices diffusive side lighting for a bright beam of light concentrated on the road.

The Sun-Ray lens *combines* the advantages of both the diffusive and refractive types.

The diffusive lens gives wide side lighting but its very construction precludes the possibility of a bright "distance beam."



Templar

The First Superfine Small Car

HERE for the first time is a superfine car of moderate size—the Templar

Materials that characterize the Templar *throughout* have heretofore been used only in the big superfine cars that sell for five thousand dollars or more

Such painstaking, intensively accurate workmanship *throughout* has gone into the big expensive cars only

Such careful attention to the details of superior finish *throughout* has been confined to the big expensive cars

Now for the first time in an American built car, one may have moderate, economical size with the finest of everything that money and skill can produce

The Templar Car is built to such exacting standards, that it may be in keeping with the Templar Vitalic Top-Valve Motor.

The Vitalic Top-Valve is the remarkable motor around which Templar ideals and the Templar enterprise have been formed

It is a small, compact four cylinder motor with 3⅜ x 5½ inch cylinders or a total of only 197 cubic inches displacement—that, of course, means real fuel economy

But this same small, compact motor develops 43 horsepower at 2100 revolutions per minute.

Top-Valves are completely enclosed and operate in an oil vapor—think what positive, quiet valve action this assures

The three bearing crankshaft is integrally counterbalanced to such nicety that vibration is practically eliminated

The net result is a motor of intense liveliness, remarkable flexibility and extraordinary power for its size—Templar built throughout

To appreciate what the Templar means, think of the very finest motor car you know anything about

The Templar is such a car on a smaller scale,—even to the easy riding qualities

We are selecting Distributors and Dealers throughout the country, in keeping with the exceptional character of the Templar Car

Deliveries, in accordance with our production schedule now in full operation, will commence March first

Meantime the Templar Cars may be seen at the National Automobile Shows at New York and Chicago.

The Templar Motors Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio

2000 Halstead Street, Lakewood

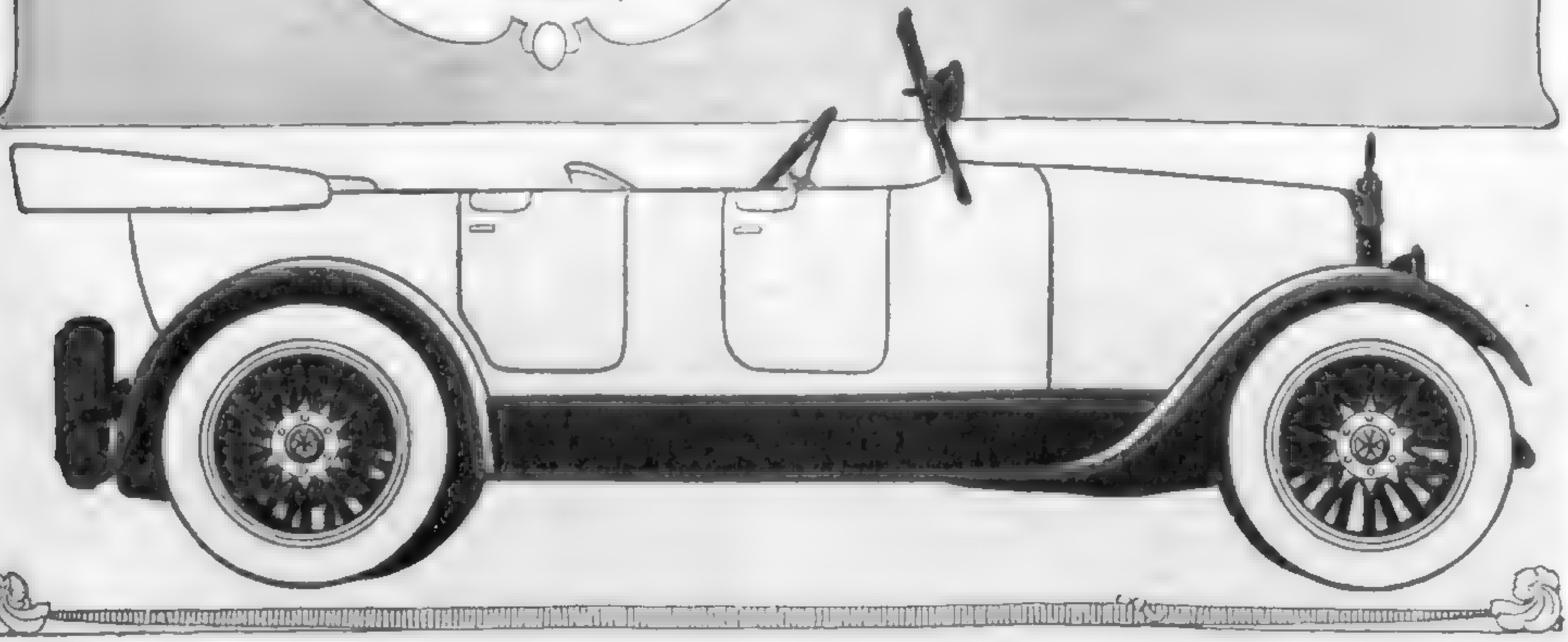
Specifications

Templar Vitalic Top-Valve Motor, 118 inch wheelbase, 32 x 4 inch Goodyear cord tires. Axles—Front, I-beam carbon steel, steering knuckles of Chrome Vanadium. Rear, Chrome Vanadium differential, 05 nickel steel Rock Reduction. Springs—half elliptic front and rear, Chrome-Vanadium, bushed with "Norma" compression springs. Transmission—Nickel steel gears, 40 carbon steel [illegible] operation, on New Departure ball bearings. Choice of three standard colors

Body Styles and Prices, F. O. B. Cleveland

Five Passenger Touring . . $1085
Four Passenger Touring . . $1085
Four Passenger Convertible . $1185
Two Passenger Touring Roadster $1185
Enclosed Bodies Custom-Built to suit purchaser

Vitalic Top-Valve Motor



(Continued from Page 85)

"'I have,' she says. 'So you've give up hard work and the plaster-of-Paris business?'

"'Why, no, pretty one!' says Enrico. 'Whatever put that into your dear little head? Far from it and quite the contrary. The plaster business takes capital, though, and we'd just used up all the capital I had. We was just a-talking and wondering what we would do, when here this petrified man drops on us from a clear sky. By the time I've taken him round a while we'll have capital to start the plaster business just a-whooping. I reckon I'll start out about Tuesday and work the hills camps and towns.'

"Sedalia got up and walked over to her bedroom. 'I hope you'll have a pleasant journey,' she says. 'Good-by!'

"She slipped into the bedroom and shut and locked the door. Enrico tried to talk to her through the keyhole, but the line seemed to be out of order and he got discouraged, and when pa came in and tried his hand at remonstrating, with equal poor luck, he gave up and went back to town.

"Pa showed up at the drug store in time for the opening of business next morning and didn't bring no glad tidings with him. Sedalia, seemed like, didn't approve of the petrified man and hadn't no idea of connecting herself with him by marriage, and all bets based on that proposition was declared off. That was about the size and dimensions of it, pa said. 'What's more,' says pa, 'she won't hear to me touring the hills with you, nor no other place. I reckon I'll have to be a silent partner in this here, Enrico.'

"Enrico said he'd talk it over with her that evening, and right away him and pa got too busy to pursue the subject. They had to go out to dinner one at a time while Billy Morgan spelled them, the rush was such; and at supper time a bunch of the boys from the Circle-Bar rode in, arriving simultaneous with five hand cars full of micks from the grading camp at the falls and a message to pa from Sedalia saying that she'd shut up the chickens and gone a-visiting for a few days with a neighbor and for him to feed the cat and there was bread enough to do him in the oven.

"'She don't say where she's gone visiting,' says Enrico.

"'No,' says pa. 'It might be with Miss' Gibson at Ash Creek, or it might be the Wolcotts at Cascade, or the Lowdens on Coffee Flat—or anywheres. Wherever it is, it's my notion that she won't be back until this here show is out of town. These here fool women!'

"'Don't say that,' says Enrico. 'Sedalia ain't no fool—and that's the trouble. She's too high-minded and white-souled and tender-conscienced to understand business, that's all, bless her! What will we do now, pa?'

"'I reckon you'd better light out for the upper hills,' says pa. 'They say absence makes the heart grow fonder, and I can keep you posted while you're gone. We'll have an evening performance here for the boys, and continuous to-morrow, and by that time Hermosilla will be about cleaned up. Anyway, we can make a return date for any small change we've missed.'

"'I don't know,' says Enrico. 'They say out of sight, out of mind, and if Sedalia keeps set as she is—— Well, I guess I'll take a chance and see what happens.'

"Several things happened. On Monday Enrico hired Lou Green and Sam Whittacre for assistant lecturers and ticket-office clerks and, with the Petrified Pagan rolled up in a tarp in a brand-new wagon, hit the trail, acquiring capital as he went. Wednesday Sedalia got back from her visit and rolled up her sleeves to clean house after pa. Friday the Hatchet noted that Dick Wade had returned from his canvass of the Oelrichs Precinct and reported that according to conservative estimates a majority of no less than thirty votes would be rolled up for the Democratic ticket in Oelrichs alone. The same evening Dick sat on the porch of the M. E. Warren ranch and done his level best to make Miss Serena Warren like him. Taking it all round he seemed to be making a pretty tolerable good job of it. Anyway, pa got uneasy enough to join the merry group and turn the conversation to politics. When Dick finally went pa told daughter that he was ashamed of her.

"'Carrying on with a no-account office seeker!' he says.

"'That ain't all,' says Sedalia. 'He's an officeholder and an office getter, and he's agoing to be our next sheriff and a terror to evildoers and frauds and such. I don't know whether he'd let his wife's relations stand between him and his sworn duty—if he had a wife—but from what he said I don't believe he would.'

"'What did he say?' asks pa. 'Anything about the petrified man?'

"'Nothing particular,' says Sedalia. 'He's got some sense; and when he seen the subject was unpleasant to me he dropped it. But I think he was real sorry that you was mixed up in it.'

"'Huh!' says the old man with a grin. 'I guess he is! Know how much Enrico took out of Buffalo Gap?'

"'I ain't interested in Enrico,' she says.

"'You've changed your mind a heap,' says pa.

"'You've changed yours a heap about Dick,' she says. 'I don't aim to be undutiful, but I wish you'd let Dick and me alone.'

"The way she said it, pa judged it best to say nothing, but he kept up a devil of a thinking. Next day he brought Sedalia a letter and a package from Enrico, but she didn't open either of them—not while pa was round anyway. Along in the afternoon Dick made another call, but pa didn't talk so violent as he had the day before, although he gave Dick to understand that he was too numerous, about as plain as a man can without saying much. All the same, he wrote to Enrico that Sedalia acted as if she was tickled to death to get his letter, and he allowed that she was weakening.

"Enrico was at Rapid by that time, doing a land-office business and sending drafts to pa regular. Joe Simms, the Hatchet man, looking over his exchanges, seen that his piece about the Bitter Water Back Number was copied all over the territory, and even the Sioux City and Omaha papers had it in. The Sioux City Journal did mention the Cardiff Giant with insinuations, and The Fargo Argus joshed a considerable, but mostly the newspaper boys took a sort of pride in the find and gave it a good send-off, especially after Professor Thornby, of the School of Mines, come out in an interview and indorsed the Miocene theory to the extent of two columns. Enrico stayed quite a while in Rapid and then went on to Deadwood, and the report he sent from there put a grin a foot wide under pa's whiskers.

"All the same, Dick Wade worried pa a heap. Dick hadn't said nothing to him about Enrico, only to ask kind of particular when he was a-coming back. He seemed real anxious about that—but there wasn't hardly a day that he didn't get round to sit a while with Sedalia, and Sedalia wasn't never too busy to give him a little time. Enrico kept a-writing to her steady, and there was most as many packages as letters from him, but she never let on to pa about them. Then came election, and Dick was elected sheriff.

"Pa went to town to vote against him of course, and stopped over for the returns. Next morning he found another letter from Enrico in his pocket, that he'd overlooked in the excitement. Enrico was at Lead and allowed that there wasn't no falling off in attendance so far, and that the receipts was considerable over the expenditures. He mentioned that he had sent fifty dollars to Nels Brakke from Rapid and had just found out that Nels went on a big spree as soon as he got it, and then resigned from the foundry, observing that he had a soft snap and was going to work for Nels henceforth. After which he had left town.

"Then Enrico says: 'You keep on telling me that Sedalia is a-weakening, but I don't see no signs of it. She don't answer my letters, and if them little tricks I've been sending has found favor in her eyes I ain't got no means of telling it. I've a big notion to take old Hard-pan back to Hermosilla for that return date right away, for I'm a heap easier fixed-mentally than I am in my mind. What in thunder makes you think she's weakening?'

"Pa put the letter back in his pocket and braced Sedalia. His hair was a-pulling considerable, but he made out to speak soft and gentle. 'Little girl,' he says, 'what for don't you write to poor Enrico and cheer him up a few? There he is, sad and lonely, long miles away, a-toiling and a-slaving to pile up money for you, a-writing to you every day and a-sending you fond tokens of affection, and you don't let out a grunt. I ain't asking you to slop over or take back anything, but that boy's big, warm heart is a-breaking, and the least you could do would be to act polite like a lady. Now ain't it?'

"'See here, pa!' says Sedalia. 'You can tell that poor, sad, lonely, broken-hearted partner of yours that he's wasting postage, paper, wrappings and string sending letters and tokens of affection to me. I can use wood in the stove just as well, and get more heat. If he gets too lonesome with his petrified man mabbe he can dig up a petrified woman. By the way, I'm going riding with Dick Wade this afternoon and you may have to get your own supper.'

"Pa didn't say nothing to that in her hearing, but he put out for the barn, his mouth shut hard, his eyes popping, and his general complexion between a warm red and a rich purple. He walked quick, but it was just as well the barn wasn't no farther off. There was an innocent little calf a-standing chewing its cud in his line of march, and that calf caught a sight of pa's face and gave one blat of terror and struck for the Battle Mountain Range, sailing over a five-foot pole fence as if it wasn't nothing but a line chalked on the ground. What pa said in the barn didn't set fire to the fodder, but it would have sure made an insurance company nervous. Then he had a long spell of thinking, and as a result he wrote to Enrico that there wasn't no need nor sense in him starting back as long as public interest in prehistoric relics was unabated.

"'The reason I think she's weakening is that I know blame well she is,' he says. 'Just for one thing, to-day she made some remarks about you seeking the society of other women up there that looked like she was a-getting worried. I don't say she ain't mad yet, but she'll get over that all the quicker if you stay away and quit writing.'

"A week later Jack Skinner, a well-known ranchman of Point-of-Rocks, Custer County, was a-riding after horses on French Creek when his horse stumbled on something white sticking up out of the ground and throwed Mr. Skinner over his head. When he come to, Mr. Skinner investigated and found that the cause of the accident was the petrified remains of some antediluvian aborigine what had remained hidden for uncounted ages until this fortuitous chance happening brought it to light. Mr. N. Brakke, a mining man from the upper hills, was with Mr. Skinner at the time and helped dig up the ancient stiff, which is now on exhibition in Paul Klemman's wareroom for twenty-five cents per exhib.

"That was in the Custer Chronicle, where Joe Simms, the Hatchet man, seen it. Joe clipped out the piece, but he didn't print it, and he kept his mouth shut about it. He didn't say nothing when, soon after that, a prominent sod-buster, of Vermilion, while digging a well, struck his pick into what proved to be the shoulderblade of a lapidified human form that a Swedish scientist by the name of Brakke pronounced a genuine antique. All Joe done was to grin and paste the clippings in the back of his daybook.

"Pa still kept watch faithful, but what he seen of Sedalia and Dick didn't put no flesh on his bones. Every time he mentioned anything about Enrico, the girl would talk about Dick Wade, and she'd talk about Dick Wade if he didn't mention Enrico. The way she primed for Dick was as sinful as it was unnecessary, and about an hour before Dick come and he was coming to relieve regular she'd act as restless as a bear in a ski net and look out of the window every twenty seconds or so to see if he wasn't coming on the horizon.

"Finally pa concluded that he'd watch the horizon some himself, and as soon as Dick loomed pa aimed a little to the right and low and cut loose. Dick stopped short. Pa whanged away again and knocked up the dust about six inches to the left. Dick hollered something, but pa couldn't hear just what he said. What Dick heard next was a loud humming noise right over his head, and he judged it best to turn his horse round and go back to town. Not that he was scared—he wasn't naturally scary, Dick wasn't; but he had awful good sense about some things. Pa chuckled to himself and, leaving the old gun cached in the plum bushes, he went back to the house and found Sedalia putting on her best hat.

"'Where are you going, girl?' he asks.

"'I'm going to town,' says Sedalia, 'where it will be safe for folks to see me,' she says. 'I'm free, white and sweet nineteen; and I claim I can pick my company without the aid or consent of any parent whatever. A girl may be good-looking and attractive, which I don't say I'm not, but I don't want any handicap of being known as a death risk at five hundred yards.'

"'Don't talk foolish, girl, and don't drive your old father to extreme measures,' says pa.

"'I'll drive myself—or I'll ride Patsy,' says she.

"'Well, I'll drive you in,' says pa, and he hikes out to the barn and turns her Patsy horse and one of the team horses loose on the range. Then he climbs the only other horse there was left and put out for town himself. 'By gosh!' he says; 'I've got to get Enrico back if he has to leave a thousand dollars a day receipts. Here's where I burn the wires between this and Central City, and if I can't keep Dick stood off till the boy gets here I'll buy a couple more boxes of axle grease and eat 'em.'

"He didn't do no telegraphing, though, as it happened. About the first person he seen in town was Dick Wade. Dick didn't make no move, forward or back, but waited for him to come up. 'Howdy, Dick!' says pa. 'Why don't you come to see us?'

"'I figure on doing so, as soon as the road is open,' says Dick. 'I left my opener at home the last time, but I don't aim to be so forgetful the next time,' he says. 'How are you feeling, Mr. Warren?'

"'Poorly, sir, poorly!' says pa. 'My right eye is a-troubling me and my hand and arm ain't so steady as I could wish. They'll improve though. Yes, they'll improve, all right. Health is a great thing, Dick. Always take care of your health and keep out of unhealthy places.'

"'That's good advice,' says Dick. 'Jails is generally conceded to be unhealthy, but some folks don't seem to care whether they keep out of jail or not. How is Miss Sedalia?'

"'Sort of out of sorts,' says pa. 'I guess she'll be all right pretty soon though. Enrico Billings is a-coming back. She ain't been like the same girl since he went.'

"Dick pricked up his ears. 'Coming back, is he?' says he. 'When do you expect him?'

"'Why, most any minute,' says pa. 'You see.'

"He stopped short. There come a squeal of brakes from the grade the other side of the creek, and here was a covered wagon a-sliding down to the bridge with BITTER WATER PETRIFIED MAN in big letters along the canvas!

"'By gosh!' says pa, slapping his leg; 'there's Enrico now!'

"Pa set off hotfoot for the bridge, and Dick Wade watched him for a minute and then struck off down the street and went into Doc Minnifer's office. Doc was busy with a patient, so Dick sat down in the waiting room and waited, with one eye on Billy Morgan's drug store, which he could see from the window. Pretty soon the covered wagon drove up to Billy's side door and Enrico and pa and Billy and a couple of other men lifted out something long and hefty rolled up in a tarpoleon, and carried it in. Dick Wade grinned and licked his lips. Then he rolled him a cigarette and continued to wait.

"Ten minutes from that, Enrico and pa come out of the drug store together.

"'I tell you I was just agoing to telegraph you,' says pa. 'I ain't to blame. I allowed she was letting him come round just out of pastime.'

"'Sure,' says Enrico, kind of sarcastic. 'It would have been a pity to have took my mind off of business when I was doing so well. I'm glad I got that note. Whoever it was wrote it was a friend of mine.'

"'What did it say?' asks pa.

"'A plenty,' says Enrico. 'Just that unless I brought more of my stone man than I did of my flesh-and-blood girl I'd better hustle back afore Dick Wade got her.'

"'I wish I knew who wrote it,' says pa. 'I'd sure make the nearname, black-hand hackster hard to resuscitate. It's a lie! I don't say that shooting at Dick was good policy, but as soon as I seen I'd made a mistake and there was a chance of anything happening I sent for you—or I was agoing to. That's no lie.'

"There was just passing the Hatchet office and Joe Simms rapped on the window and beckoned hard for them to come in. Enrico shook his head, but Joe made more signs, so he went in, pa trailing along after. 'I'm in a rush, Joe,' says Enrico. 'I'll look in again later on.'

"'I won't keep you a minute,' says Joe. 'I seen you only just come in a little while ago, so it's likely you don't know about all your brother capitalists and big bugs that's just arrived on a special car from Chicago with the V. P., the G. P. A., the G. F. A. and other prominent initials of the F. E.'

(Concluded on Page 93)

Clydesdale MOTOR TRUCKS

Tested in the Crucible of War—and Found Fit

The Clydesdale motor truck has met the harshest tests of all time—the tests of the great European war—*and has conquered.* Nearly three years ago this truck, which was efficiently performing its peaceful duties here, was selected for war service in Europe.

The keenest engineering minds of France, England and America met and in joint conference made certain changes in its construction to enable it to meet better the super-strains of war service. As a result it now embodies the best practices of these three nations—combining the refinements of European design with the advantages of American manufacturing methods.

Production was rushed and hundreds of trucks have been sent abroad. Continuous repeat orders are eloquent evidence of the service the Clydesdale is rendering. It has been tested in the crucible of war—*and found fit.* It has satisfied the most critical group of men in the world—the army truck drivers of the Allies.

But traffic managers in this country are *equally enthusiastic* over its performance in *peaceful commerce.* The Clydesdale embodies important and exclusive features—features that have proved their value in both war and peace.

Prominent among them is the Krebs Patented Automatic Controller. This device is not an ordinary *governor,* but an *exclusive patented attachment that practically acts as a second driver.*

It *maintains any speed*—up hill or down, and positively *prevents engine racing.* This feature alone effects a tremendous saving in the life of your entire truck. It also enables a comparatively inexperienced man to handle the Clydesdale efficiently.

Another exclusive feature is the Clydesdale radiator, patterned after the famous London General Omnibus radiator—with a tremendous cooling surface of plain standard copper tubing. It is mounted on the chassis frame on double-acting springs, eliminating all excessive jarring and vibration.

Clydesdale transmission has four speeds, giving greater power and flexibility. Final drive is through worm-gear.

The Clydesdale deep, pressed steel frame is heavily cross braced, giving ample strength for any emergency. A rugged four cylinder L head motor supplies an abundance of power with a minimum expenditure of fuel. The drive is taken through substantial radius rods. Long chrome vanadium springs give perfect suspension, and all suspension pins are ground accurately to size and operate in bronze bushings.

Each detail of construction is an index to the strength of the entire truck—a strength that has enabled the Clydesdale to win its spurs under conditions far harsher than you will ever impose upon it.

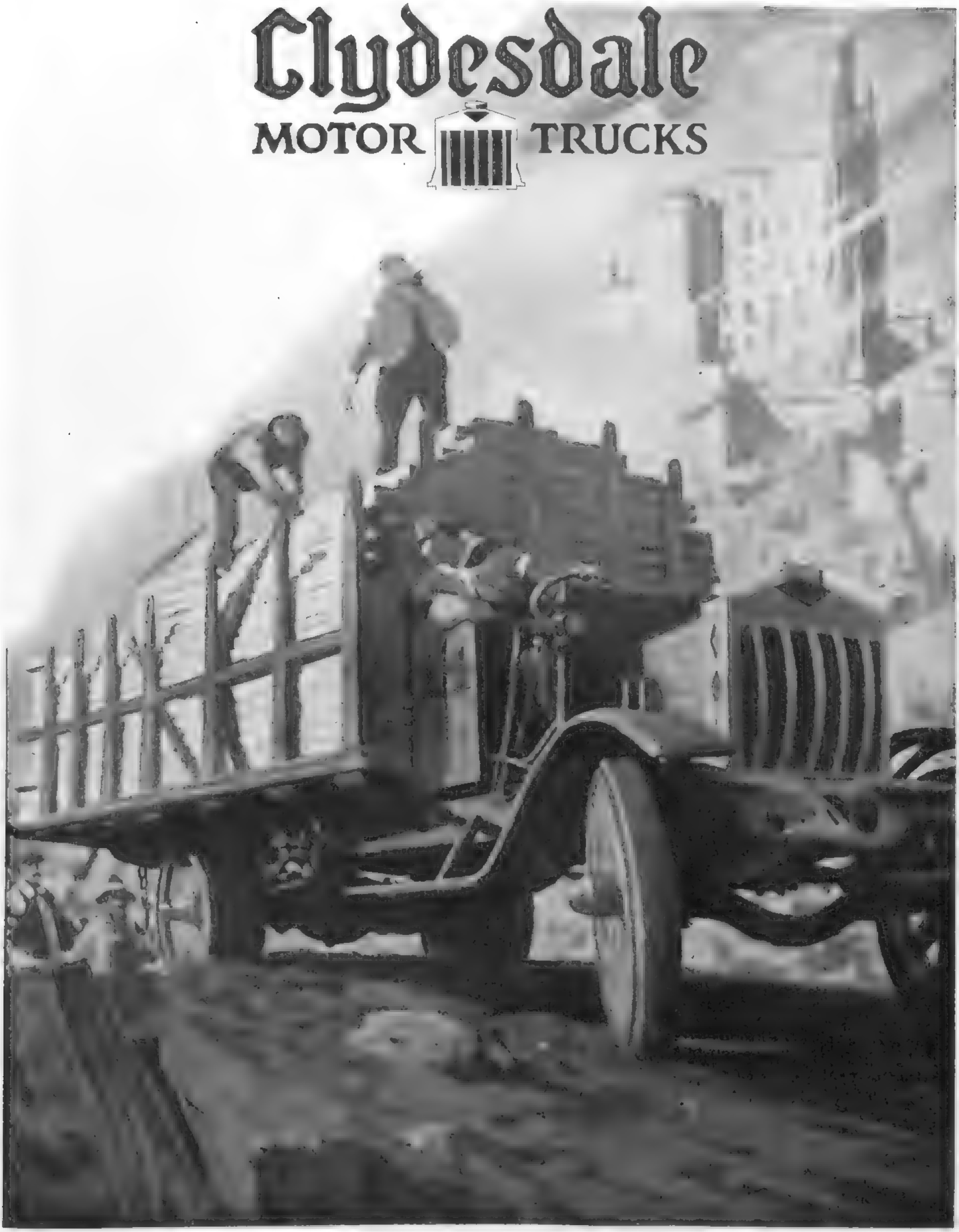
The Clydesdale line is *complete,* ranging in capacity up to five tons. Ask our dealer to call and demonstrate.

Motor Car Merchants

The Clydesdale line offers you the greatest selling opportunity in the entire commercial car field. Just now particularly, you can greatly increase your business with very little additional capital by taking on the Clydesdale line. We are anxious to add the right type of merchants to our selling organization. If you think you can qualify and want a permanent proposition, write or wire us at once.

The Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, Ohio

Clydesdale
MOTOR TRUCKS



FEDERAL TIRES

DOUBLE CABLE BASE

Fifth Avenue, New York City

Thousands of Cars in the United States Are Equipped With Federal Tires

Thousands of people in the United States use only Federal Tires because the Federal is the *one and only one* which offers these perfected improvements that prolong service and lessen cost.

Unstretchable steel cables in each base of Federal Tires anchor them so firmly to the rim that—

They cannot possibly rock, shift or slip off.

The tube cannot be pinched under the base against the rim. Rim-cut is eliminated absolutely.

Also blow-outs just above the rim are prevented.

This exclusive feature also permits use of a soft, flexible bead filler. The common variety of hard, sharp-pointed bead fillers cuts and grinds into the fabric.

Not so with Federal Tires!

In addition, Federal Tires have a heaping measure more of superior advantages that contribute to their longer wear, safety and ultimate economy—

Such as perfect fabric tension and balance of materials!

Two scientific tapered non-skid treads are optional.

They wear evenly and maintain a uniform pressure against the tire's carcass

Remember, these exclusive features are found *only in Federal Tires*. That is why *thousands* upon thousands of people are using only Federal Tires.

In addition to our non-skid Rugged (white) and Traffik (black) is our Cord (black)—all three with the exclusive Double Cable Base.

Let your Federal Dealer explain the many vital advantages of Federal construction—it will save you money!

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
OF ILLINOIS
Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

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"'I didn't hear of it,' says Enrico. 'Much obliged for informing me. Tell 'em I'm sorry I was too busy to see 'em and I hope they'll make themselves at home. See you later.'

"'Sit down, dog-gone you!' says Joe. 'Give me time to say a word. The whole gang is in the Eagle-Bird clubroom right now, and I want to take you over and introduce you. I'm on the entertainment committee and I want to entertain them with a private view of your Paleozoic Piute.'

"'See here, Joe Simms,' says pa, breaking in, 'a joke's a joke and I can take one with the next fellow, but when you get to talking about Piutes, with personal applications, I'll be gol-swizzled if ——'

"'Pa,' says Enrico, 'you take a tumble to yourself and hush. Joe didn't mean nothing personal, and you're delaying the game.'

"'What's devouring him?' asks Joe. 'Well, anyway, it's up to us to show these gentlemen our manufactures and industries and enterprises, and you've brought back yours right in the nick of time before such is a common spectacle and ——'

"Enrico interrupts him. 'What do you mean by "manufactures" and "common spectacles"?' says he.

"'I thought you was keeping posted on the market,' says Joe. 'Up to date there's about eighteen perfectly preserved petrified persons been discovered, and more a-coming. It's got so a rancher can't ride out after stock nowheres without his horse kicking against a petrified shoulder blade or something, and if he digs a well it's an even break whether he strikes water or a remarkable object of scientific interest. Look over them clippings, and while you're doing that I'll go and tell the crowd. Over at the drug store, ain't it?'

"Without waiting for an answer Joe lit out for the Eagle-Bird clubroom. Pa sat with his jaw sagging while Enrico run his eye through the notices of discoveries.

"'Well,' says Enrico at last, 'I'm agoing to see Sedalia. It looks as if there were a lot of fake fossils being exhumed and as if that squarehead, Nels Brakke, was largely responsible for the outrageous fraud on a credulous public. But we'll talk that over. You can go up to Billy Morgan's and do the honors if you want. I'm agoing to see Sedalia before Dick Wade ——'

"'Enrico Billings in there?' somebody hollers. The next thing in busts Billy Morgan panting for breath and with the sweat rolling down his red face.

"'Enrico,' says he, 'that blamed saphead, Dick Wade, is a-holding an inquest on your petrified man and I reckon it will be a pious idea for you to attend as a witness.'

"It seemed like that about a minute after Enrico and pa had left the drug store Dick Wade and Doc Minnifer arrived there, looking mighty important. 'Billy,' says Dick, 'it has come to my official notice, as duly elected and qualified and holding-over coroner of this here county, that you have here on these premises the *corpse delicti* of a person to the deponent unknown, the cause of whose decease is also unknown, and which was found by one Enrico Billings within the borders and jurisdiction of the county aforesaid. Me and doc are here, ex officio, to view the said remains and to take such steps as we may deem necessary. In the back room, ain't it?'

"'It's in the back room, but I don't know about you seeing it right now,' says Billy. 'Enrico and Old Man Warren didn't figure on opening the show until to-morrow. Better wait until one of them gets back. I guess it will be all right then.'

"'Billy,' says Wade, 'this here is the law, and don't you monkey with the law or put no obstructions in its way. We are agoing to sit on these remains right now—not to-morrow nor yet ten minutes from now.'

"'You want to sit as bad as a broody hen,' says Billy. 'What do you figure on hatching?'

"'Never you mind!' says Dick. 'You remember I'm coroner until I'm inaugurated sheriff in March. Stand aside, Billy! Come on, doc!'

"He pushed past Billy, and doc followed him into the back room, where the petrified man was reposing on a platform that had been built for it. Dick pulled the tarpoleon off it, at the same time removing his hat, and doc took his old lid off likewise. It was sure a solemn-looking object. In life it might have been a man of about five foot nothing much, with thin, knobby legs and arms and kind of humped-shouldered. Its features were sort of doubtful, but you could easy make 'em out, and the chin was long, like there was kind of whiskers on it. It laid sidewise and one knee was a little drawed up. All over, it was kind of rough-skinned and stained greenish here and there. Billy Morgan pointed out the toe-nails and finger nails, which was real distinct, except on one hand.

"'He looks natural, don't he?' says Billy.

"'I suppose there ain't no doubt of him being dead, doc?' says Dick Wade.

"Doc tried to dig his thumb into an arm. 'I guess the ordinary tests ain't to be relied on,' he says. 'All the same I wouldn't hesitate to say that he was totally defunct; in fact, I'd stake my professional reputation on it. The *rigor mortis* is unmistakable.'

"'In that case we've got to find out what done it,' says Wade. 'There's a dent in his cabeza that seems to point to foul play, but he's badly pitted and it might be smallpox. We hadn't ought to take chances of an epidemic of smallpox in this community, had we, doc?'

"Doc clawed his whiskers. 'Hard to tell what it is without an autopsy,' he said. 'The way his leg is drawed up and his hand pressed to his abdomen is symptomatic of cholera,' he says. 'It might be Asiatic cholera. There ain't no doubt that the original settlers in this here continent was Asiatics.'

"'Autopsy goes then!' says Dick, pulling a stone hammer from under his coat. 'We can call a jury after it's over.'

"Billy Morgan tried to stop the proceedings there, but he seen he wasn't going to succeed, so he started after Enrico. Dick hauled off and brought down the hammer with a whack and then dropped it and held his elbow.

"'Well!' he says. 'That's certainly one hard citizen!'

"He shook the feeling back to his arm and then picked up the hammer again and started in more cautious. In five minutes he had the limbs amputated and a cross section of the cholera district exposed. From that on the dissection was tolerably easy, but there was several pieces considerable larger than a walnut left of the subject when Enrico and pa came busting in something like Yellow Creek the time the big dam gave way.

"Enrico was first, and he struck Dick Wade with a seventy-five-mile velocity and a pressure of a hundred pounds to the square inch. Dick landed on a carboy of wood alcohol, and he claimed afterward that it was the fumes that really knocked him out. Doc Minnifer was standing back laughing his old fat head off when pa pasted him, and doc's face hurt him too bad to even smile for close on to three months after. For the time being his sense of humor was nothing but a gory pulp. Wade got to his feet and swung the stone hammer, but unfortunately for him he missed his lick, and Enrico hit him with great force and violence, not to speak of celerity, about twenty-eight times, three of the times while Dick was in a nearly perpendicular position and the rest while he was more or less horizontal. Doc Minnifer got the side door open by that time and went out without troubling to close it behind him, with pa a close second. Dick Wade went out the same way, but with Enrico's able assistance, and he lit similar to a sack of oats. Considering the amount of action and the results, it was about the rapidest ruction on record.

"When it was over, Enrico sat down on the platform, sort of slumped, and gazed mournfully at the fragments of his hopes. Then he looked up and seen that the end of the room nearest the prescription case was all jammed up with a hushed and awe-struck mob of witnesses in tailor made clothes, many of them wearing side whiskers and diamonds and other evidences of wealth. Joe Simms, the Hatchet man, was on the edge of the herd and he stepped forward.

"'I brought these here gentlemen to see your justly celebrated petrified man, Mr. Billings,' he says.

"'There he is,' says Enrico sadly, waving his hand at the litter. 'Help yourselves, gentlemen! Take some of him along as souvenirs if you care to; but if you'll excuse me I want to think.'

"He rested his chin on his hands and forgot them while they crowded round and Billy Morgan and pa explained things. After a while somebody touched him on the shoulder. It was the V. P. of the F. E., a kind gentleman with a white waistcoat draped with half a yard of gold watch chain.

"'Sir,' says the V. P., 'I want to express my sympathy and at the same time congratulate you on your efficiency as a double-handed pivot-action scrapper. I should be proud to shake hands with you.'

"'Don't mention it,' says Enrico wearily. 'You're welcome any time.' He gave the V. P. a limp hand and then dropped his chin and went on thinking. After a while there was another touch on his shoulder. This time it was a lean gent with eyeglasses, who was holding a piece of the bohunkus' left ear in his hand. 'Excuse me,' says this one. 'My name is Westerman—Henry Westerman, of the Westerman Hard Plaster Company, in Omaha. My curiosity is excited ——'

"'So was mine,' says Enrico with a sigh. 'That's how it all began.'

"'—— by the composition of this here,' says Mr Westerman. 'I've just took the liberty of pounding a bit of it up,' he says. 'If you can give me any information regarding the same it might be worth your while.'

"'It was discovered near the south fork of Bitter Water,' says Enrico in a sort of dreamy voice. 'I happened to see something sticking up out of the ground and, my curiosity being excited ——'

"'Just so—exactly!' says Mr. Westerman. 'That part of it is all right. Now isn't there some quiet place you and me can go to and talk plain and confidential? This may mean business.'

"Enrico looked at him and seemed to come to life all of a sudden. 'Wait a moment,' he says, and went over and spoke to pa. Then he came back to Westerman. 'All right,' says he. 'I guess I can spare you half an hour just as well as not.'

"It took considerably more than an hour, the way it turned out, for Enrico and this Eastern party to do their talking; and after they was through Enrico found he had some more business to attend to, so that he didn't get to see Sedalia that night after all. All the same, he was round to Old Man Warren's reasonably early in the morning. Pa wasn't nowhere round, but he found Sedalia in the kitchen, where she was singing a happy little song and finishing up the breakfast dishes with her back turned toward him.

"She didn't look round when she heard his step. 'Sit down, Dick!' she says. 'I'll be through in a minute.'

"'Dick ain't able to come this morning,' says Enrico. 'He's sort of indisposed. I'll sit down and wait for you though.'

"She turned round sharp at this. 'Oh, it's you!' she says with a raise of her eyebrows and a forty-below tone of voice. 'How do you do, Mr. Billings? I'm sorry, but pa is out hunting a calf that got away. If there's any word you'd like to leave ——'

"'I'll be here when he gets back, thank you, Miss Sedalia,' says Enrico, mighty sober and polite; 'but what I come here for, special, not counting a business engagement that I've got with an Eastern gentleman, is to tell you that I'm through with petrified men for keeps. As betwixt a petrified man and a flesh-and-blood angel there ain't but one choice possible for me. I don't want you to think I don't appreciate strictly honorable sentiments, such as a noble-minded lady like you that ain't had no business experience would naturally entertain, and I own up that I done wrong to do what I done. Two thousand five hundred dollars clear of expenses ain't no excuse, but now I see plain how you feel about it I've quit.'

"'Was you threatened with arrest up in the hills if you didn't?' asks Sedalia.

"'I was not,' says Enrico. 'I was doing right well there. Nobody ever catched me lying flat-footed, and that's the truth. I came back account of you. "I'll humbly ask her to forgive me," I says to myself. I don't deny that Dick Wade held an inquest on our stock in trade yesterday and smashed it up to smithereens with a stone hammer, but my intentions was to get shut of it anyway.'

"'Oh!' says Sedalia. Just 'Oh!' was all she said for a moment, but she put the end of her thumb between her teeth and seemed to study on that information. 'You say Dick is indisposed?' she says.

"'Sort of under the weather,' says Enrico. 'You must have been disappointed,' he says.

"'Well, not exactly,' says Sedalia. 'You see, I knew it was you. You got back yesterday, didn't you? I know you did, from the way pa acted. Anything more you want to own up to, Enrico?'

"'That petrified man was artificial,' says Enrico. 'We made him out in the shed. It was a kind of a casting of pa. We greased pa and put him into what they call a flask—which was reverse English from the way pa has always used flasks. Then we packed sand round him and got his impression in two sections. That Swede was a molder, and he done the fine work. That's the whole truth of it.'

"'Anyway, you came back,' says Sedalia. She lifted up her eyes sort of bashful and blushed all over her face and neck. 'You must have started the minute you got that anonymous letter,' she says.

"She made a jump and tried to get away the moment she said it, but Enrico caught her, and after a furious struggle that was prolonged for as much as half a second she gave in, and the conversation wasn't renewed for considerable of a while.

"Finally, though, Sedalia got her fingers twisted with a good holt in Enrico's hair and squirmed part ways out of his embrace. 'You coot!' she says. 'Why didn't you tell me about it from the start? Of course I'm noble-minded, but I hope I've got some sense, and I guess you gave everybody the worth of their money. If I hadn't guessed about what you'd done I'd have give fifty cents to have seen it myself.'

"She gave his head a shake and went on: 'Another thing. I meant to make you into a wealthy and respected citizen myself, and you go to work and take the job into your own hands without telling me. Ain't you ashamed? And Dick Wade coming round all the time while you was gone didn't make a particle of difference to you! You stay away just the same, no matter what I do. Didn't pa tell you how I was carrying on with him? I don't care; you came when you thought you had to. But why did you wait until this morning to come and apologize? I suppose you half killed poor Dick Wade. I hope you did.'

"'Honey,' says Enrico, 'you sure make a high score when you start guessing, but you won't have to guess from this out. Seems like I've got the only mountain of some sort of silicate sand in the whole round world on that claim of mine over the ridge, and that sand is the only thing that you can mix up with gypsum plaster in a certain way to make a certain first-class, number-one kind of cement that's in extra demand. I didn't come last night because I had to file on that claim right away to cinch it. In an hour from now I expect a gentleman to look over that sand mountain and pa's gypsum deposits, and six months from now you won't be able to see the ranch for the solid tracks and gypsum factories on it. Didn't I tell you I was going into the plaster business?'

"He looked at his watch and stuffed it back into his vest pocket in a hurry. 'Honey,' says he, 'let's make the most of that hour.'

"And I reckon that's about all," concluded the old bullwhacker. "Of course folks don't stop living after they get married; but shucks! who cares? They make the most of their hour, and then the business engagement comes along and grabs 'em, and we sort of lose interest. Enrico got his sidetracks and his plaster factory, and back there in Omaha he's reaching out and getting more things all the time. Sedalia has got about everything she can think of wanting, I guess; but I doubt if them sixty golden minutes set with thirty-six hundred diamond seconds that Westerman busted into wasn't more satisfactory than any times they've had since. They got each."

"Well, that's a right instructive story," said the Bar-T boy, throwing his skull up in the air and catching it. "It goes to show that this here is a world of deceit and skin games."

The stock tender made a movement of decided impatience. "Let up on that!" he snarled. "You may not know that there was an Iowa family massacred by the Indians near Medicine Butte in '79, and anyway human relics ain't to play ball with. Give that here!"

"Wait a minute and don't get worked up!" said the Bar-T boy, waving him off. He thumbed a cigarette paper from a book that he drew from his pocket and then snapped back the upper section of the skull's frontal and parietal bones, disclosing a neat cavity filled with tobacco.

"Paper ma-shay," he said with a grin. "A cigar drummer gave it to me in the agency store yesterday. I thought you old suckers would bite, sooner or later."

Macbeth

America's Most Successful Lens
Because It Ends Headlight Perils!

Are you breaking the law?

Are you endangering your safety and that of others by using inferior lenses that diffuse light or inflict a blinding glare?

Stop it before it is too late!

Put this lens with the exclusive green glass visor on your car. It is legal, safer and more efficient. It complies equally well with laws from the state of Washington to New York.

Directions with every pair explain how lamps can be adjusted so as to get the exact range of light required by different state laws.

Four years were devoted to its scientific perfection by world-famed lens experts. No other lens is backed by the same world-wide lens experience, facilities, and resources.

Why not have the most efficient lens on *your* car?

It avoids wasted light in the air; does not dangerously weaken light in order to evade the law and neither offends nor imperils others by blinding glare.

The green glass visor distinguishes the Macbeth lens. It is the final touch of style as well as of efficiency.

All upward rays are re-directed *down* to the road—avoiding *wasted* light and *dangerous* glare.

The front surface of the lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with *scientific accuracy*.

These prisms re-direct and bend the rays of light at the correct angle to give a *long* light and concentrated brilliance *on the road*.

All the light, therefore, is used *right*—right on the road where you need it.

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally, thus providing the very essential *side lighting* for turning corners.

In order to get the *full* benefit of your light with *complete* safety, do not delay, get Macbeth Lenses!

Lens ware for all kinds of illumination and for industrial and scientific purposes. Complete lighting fixtures.

Price per pair $5
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Macbeth lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere.
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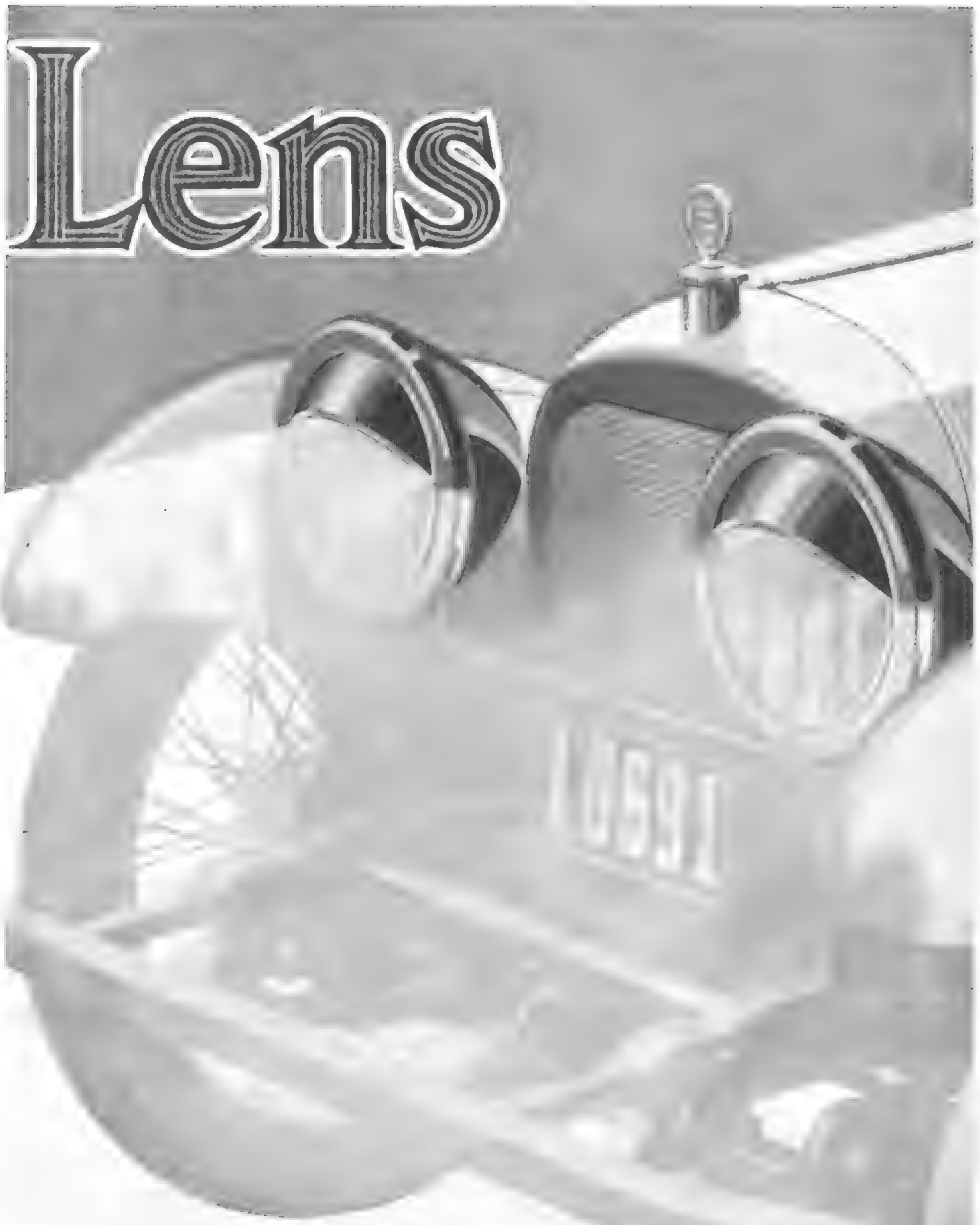

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$1585

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Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

The Climax *of* Sport Types

IT STANDS OUT as clean-cut and distinctive as an army officer in a group of civilians.

Being affiliated with a whole chain of factories devoted exclusively to manufacturing automobile parts, Lexington has greater resources and wider latitude in which to express public demand.

Also—Lexington has avoided the error of trying to combine a regulation touring car and sport model

This Spor-tour is a *specialized* model. It is powerful, speedy, and nimble in action—as adequate in its mechánical prowess and easy-riding accommodations as it is strikingly different in body appearance.

The sides are high and beveled a new treatment. You sink deep into the body in seats that are tilted at a rakish angle.

The improved chassis is the same as the new Lexington Minute Man Six Touring Car. It has the motor dead gas cannot choke. Our exclusive Moore Multiple Exhaust System develops more power, combined with substantial saving in fuel.

The pressure of your little finger will operate the emergency brake

Only because of Lexington's unique chain of allied factories is it possible for us to specialize upon this type of car and give this greater value at such moderate cost

Lexington Motor Company, Mfrs., Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

THE SALVAGE OF WAR

(Continued from Page 16)

Frenchwoman who works with her hands are not quite so sensitive as yours. She not only sees salvation for a great many of the soiled shoes but a highly satisfactory rate of compensation for herself in the salvaging. These sorters have nimble fingers and keen eyes. In a second they decide what shoes are fit for service again and what ones—usually those with bad uppers—must be discarded. If one shoe of a pair is unfit for further use the other is saved, and since the sizes are standardized it is linked up with another odd one and the two go on their way of service.

Shoe reclamation, as you may well imagine, is not fragrant. But the Frenchwomen and their sisters in the London factory buck up to the job with great fortitude. It is all part of the day's work.

The shoes go through a systematic process of overhauling. One group of women clean the rough mud from the outside, clear out all the foreign matter inside and plunge them into great tanks of hot water mixed with carbolic acid. Following this bath they are scrubbed thoroughly, after which they are dried out on racks and coated with warm castor oil. They then pass to a group of amazons, chosen for their physical strength, who put the boots on iron lasts and tear off the old soles and heels. The shoes are now sorted out into sizes by pairs, enter the domain of another group, who tack on temporarily the correct sized sole before it is permanently nailed on by machine. The heel-tipping, toe-plating and hobnailing—these army shoes must be like iron—are done by hand.

Every shoe salvaged is blocked for several hours so as to guarantee the exact size. After these blocks or lasts are removed the heels are inked, the size is stamped on the sole, the boot is again oiled and goes into the store ready to be requisitioned. Like the leather jerkins salvaged in Paris these repaired shoes are more popular with the soldiers than new ones, for the simple reason that they are broken in for wear and never pinch the feet.

So much for the uppers that can stand new soles and heels. What becomes of the uppers that are frayed and torn? Once more Scotch thrift has come to the fore and saved the day. When the French shoe-salvage shop was first inaugurated all the damaged uppers were discarded. One day a young Aberdeen sergeant, wounded at Mons and who was still standing by the colors by acting as foreman in the shoe shop, decided that these uppers should be saved. Almost on the spot he invented a machine that converts the unrepairable uppers into shoe strings. It is a circular knife operated at high speed. With great dexterity the French girls hold the upper in front of the knife and pull out the lace by the yard.

All told, more than a million pairs of shoes were salvaged in 1916, and the record for last year was considerably over this number. At the present high price of leather the saving runs into millions of dollars.

Happy Hun Prisoners

No detail of British army salvage is quite so striking in its human aspect as the retrieving of automobile spare parts. To observe this we will go back to the empire of mechanical transport and establish ourselves at one of its largest base depots. Here, in an immense new concrete factory, which represents the last word in time and labor saving construction, you will see one of the strangest sights of the war. It is nothing more or less than twelve hundred German prisoners, still clad in their fatigue uniforms, working at lathe and bench, under the foremanship of British sergeant-majors who were skilled mechanics before the war.

The German prisoners represent the combing out of the many thousands of Huns now in British hands. When it was decided to salvage damaged automobile parts there rose at once that most persistent of all war questions: Where is the skilled labor to come from? Back in England every available, able-bodied mechanic was geared up to munitions making or some other essential war industry. A long-headed subordinate under the director of transport solved the problem by suggesting that artisan German prisoners be used. Every batch contained at least a few competent workers. He argued that they could earn their board and lodging at a lathe much better and render a larger service to their keepers than by building roads or carrying sacks of oats at the supply depots.

The net result was that every prisoner-of-war company underwent a strict investigation. It was an easy task. These companies are all in charge of their own noncommissioned officers, who, with characteristic German efficiency, keep complete records of their men and their pre-war occupations. These N. C. O.'s were asked to choose the most skilled of their colleagues.

When the factory was completed twelve hundred operatives were ready and more than willing to go to work. The big, warm, well-lighted and perfectly ventilated plant was like heaven after the cold roads, dirty ships and drafty warehouses in which many of them had toiled since their capture. These prisoners proved to be so capable and so industrious that the British Government now gives them a money allowance of three francs a day. This wage is paid in a special money printed for this purpose. It is legal tender at the army canteens, where the boche prisoners can buy cigarettes, jam, beer and their dearly beloved sausage. Whether it is due to the extra money or to the comfort in which they work one thing is certain—the German prisoners on the salvage task have made good. Most of them are wise enough to realize that, following this unique experience, they will not only be alive but much more efficient when the war ends.

Metal-Repairing

At this German-run shop $25,000 worth of spare parts are salvaged every week. When you consider the immense need of automobile and truck spares, the great difficulty in securing them, and the scarcity of steel you can understand how essential this branch of reclamation becomes.

There are three alternatives in mechanical-transport retrieving: The first is to repair the article—as, for example, a magneto—and restore it to its original form; the second is to melt down the metal and use it for raw material; the third is to scrap it. All scrap from the mechanical transport goes to the ministry of munitions. These same rules apply to the salvaging of aëroplane-engine parts.

More than 3000 separate motor-vehicle parts are repaired and issued for immediate use each week. They include complete engines, radiators, ball bearings, axles and wheels, accessories and fittings, like lamps, batteries, wind screens, magnetos, inner tubes, spark plugs and speedometers. All together, 50,000 spark plugs and 2000 magnetos have been reclaimed since the work began. The total value of all the salvaged parts is more than $2,500,000.

When a part is beyond repair the material of which it is composed is frequently used for the reproduction of that spare or for the repair of some other. Destroyed radiators are melted down to make new ones. Burnt-out truck valves are machined into car valves. Worn brass bushes are recast and made into new ones. About fifteen hundred such parts are made and remade every week. Absolutely nothing is permitted to go to waste. Even the solder used comes from the scrap heap.

Like nearly every other important war activity, the reclamation of automobile spare parts is doing its part in the permanent uplift of industry. Its prize contribution is a new system of renewing iron or steel parts. For the want of something better this process is called electric steel deposition. Any metal part that needs building up can be restored to its original form by this ingenious device, which applies new metal electrically. It is really a bath, resembles electroplating in operation and was installed by one of the temporary officers stationed at the factory.

The next chapter in the story of war salvage takes us across the Channel to an ancient citadel of British ordnance, long the center of treasured military traditions. Here you see an entirely different class of work. It deals for one thing with web and canvas equipment. This includes packs, haversacks and cartridge belts. Originally all these articles were made of leather, but as the demands of war grew at such tremendous pace the web stuff was substituted for the hide and is proving to be just as efficient and much more easily salvaged.

At this arsenal John Bull's war laundry goes at full swing. All the web and canvas equipment is washed in huge tubs and is darned by machinery. It is restored to the men as good as new.

But it is with leather equipment that the real miracle is wrought. Hundreds of saddles come in from the Front every week. Many of them are shot full of holes and nearly all have the mud of the French roads still clinging to them. A new officer's saddle represents an outlay of $50 to $100. In this process of salvage it can be remade for a few dollars.

So, too, with the leather trench-tool carriers, which represent a very considerable item of expense. This procedure discloses one of the many illustrations of war utility. In the old days before this war, when no one thought of husbanding raw material, the British troops that went to India and Egypt used huge leather bags to contain the spare bedding. They represented acres of hides. All these now unnecessary bags have been called in and converted into containers for trench tools.

One significant adjunct of the leather restoration is a school for saddlers, which is operated in connection with the salvage work. Here the men are trained to do repair work in the field. They get a complete course of instruction under experienced saddlers. In the workshop you see dummy horses equipped with every kind of leather kit used in the army. Every man must serve his time in the leather-salvage department, which gives him practical experience.

When he goes to France or one of the other theaters of war he can tackle any sort of leather-repair job.

No evidence of the completeness of the army-thrift crusade is more striking than the treatment of carcass cloths. It deals with the large pieces of white linen used to cover the carcasses of beef that come from South America, the United States and Australia. In ordinary times and in ordinary wars these blood-stained sheets would have been thrown away as worthless. Today you see them literally cooked down in large vats. Their long contact with the beef on the voyage has impregnated them with considerable fat. In the boiling process this grease comes to the surface, is skimmed off and used for what is called "dubbing," an excellent leather softener. The rags themselves are cut into small pieces and employed for general cleaning purposes. This operation represents salvage raised to the nth degree. It is also splitting hairs.

Bakery Economies

No less drastic is the treatment to which the empty flour sacks at army bakeries are subjected. Flour always clings to its cloth receptacle and it is worth reclaiming. The bags therefore are dropped into a hopper which revolves at great speed and extracts every particle of flour from the goods. The sacks are used for various purposes and the flour goes into army bread. At one bakery in France the saving in flour that would otherwise have been lost in the sack is not less than $200 a week.

While we are on the subject of flour I am reminded of still another unusual piece of salvage. Nearly all the ovens at one of the largest base bakeries in France, in which hundreds of thousands of loaves of bread are baked every day, are merely reclaimed traveling ovens that were originally part of the commissary equipment of troops in the field. On account of the rough usage they usually show signs of deterioration in the outer casing after six months of hard service. With this decay comes a decrease in bread output, because less heat is retained. This proved to be a serious handicap in the feeding of troops. It was almost impossible to make adequate repairs and scores of the ovens had to be scrapped. Since each one cost $900 to $1000, the loss to the public purse was very great.

A bright young man in the Army Service Corps—once more the ever-ready and useful temporary officer—suggested that these traveling ovens could be bricked in and made into ground ovens. Two ovens were accordingly installed in this way, and they proved to be so successful that within six months practically every oven at the depot I am describing was built out of abandoned field property.

In the field the traveling oven burns wood. This proved to be a very expensive item for the bakeries. Coke was substituted, with the result that a great saving in fuel cost was effected. As a matter of exact fact, the saving at this one bakery amounts to $12,000 every month, and this includes the cost of transporting the fuel. More than this, not a single traveling oven has been scrapped since the scheme was inaugurated. To cap the climax of conservation at this bakery I have only to add that it is built on reclaimed ground.

The system of salvage extends everywhere. Nothing is immune. Every gasoline can is used and re-used until it is dilapidated, and then the tin is sold. The wooden packing cases are employed until they fall to pieces and the scraps become kindling. Hospital dressings are sterilized and sold as cotton waste. Small motor parts are sent up to the Front in empty cigarette and tobacco tins set aside for the purpose. Damaged gas helmets are washed in warm water so that the chemicals used in them may be retrieved. The British soldier is taught that true economy, like the wealth that accumulates from pennies, is merely the sum of small things.

Battle Salvage

The same minute conservation applies to battle salvage. Wherever you go in the zones of the armies you are likely to see unexploded shells, or duds as the army calls them. Before economy got its grip on the fighting hosts very little attention was paid to them. They were allowed to remain in the fields where they dropped. Up near a battered village that had recently been captured I saw this sign in the midst of the ruins:

SAVE SHELLS. THEY ARE FOR FRITZ—NOT FOR WASTE

In a French town taken by the British forces last summer, which had been under severe bombardment for a long time, these signs are posted everywhere:

PICK UP A NAIL AND SAVE A HORSE

Under these signs are empty biscuit boxes, into which the men throw the nails that litter the streets. One reason for this injunction, aside from the fact that it saves actual nails, is that it prevents many an army horse from getting them in his hoofs and going lame.

The salvage of wood—and more especially the timber taken out of captured or abandoned German trenches—is carried on on a very large scale. Each army has a [illegible] as part of its equipment. One British army salvaged all its wood needs for six months out of the supports and walls obtained from German positions. This did not include the thousands of pollard trees that had once lined the roadsides and that had been slaughtered by the retreating Huns with characteristic wantonness.

This panorama of reconstruction ranging from redeemed biscuit cans to restored nine-inch howitzers, is merely the approach to the most significant of British salvage processes. For now we come to food economy, to the conservation of the one commodity that more than any other, not even excepting guns and ammunition, will help to turn the tide of conflict. At a time when the food question is looming large as a crucial war factor this work is of supreme interest to the whole American people.

The greatest army waste was with food, and by the same token food is now the basis of the most remarkable of all salvage activities. It furnishes the lesson in thrift that reaches from the domain of battling armies straight into every man's home. It is the universal theme.

When John Jones, the average citizen anywhere, growls about the high cost of living and contemplates the hole that kitchen extravagance makes in his income, he thinks that he is a much-abused person. He is struggling with a problem that affects only his own household at most, comparatively few people. Consider then the proposition that confronted the British Government, with thousands of kitchens and millions of men to feed, and you realize the enormity of the waste in cooking and eating made in the national pocketbook.

(Continued on Page 101)

The Pulse of

MANUFACTURING schedules and service-reputation maintained — that is the welcome story the production score board tells the production manager and the superintendent where Robbins & Myers Motors are the driving force behind the work.

On-time production reflects efficient equipment—no delays due to power failure—no idle hands—no lost motion anywhere—complete utility of every power unit, of every working moment and every working dollar.

For complete assurance of such efficiency, representative concerns install Robbins & Myers Motors because of their unfailing dependability year in and year out. To these concerns, Robbins & Myers Motors are a guarantee of maintained production.

Whether for the large shop machine or for the compact hand drill,

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

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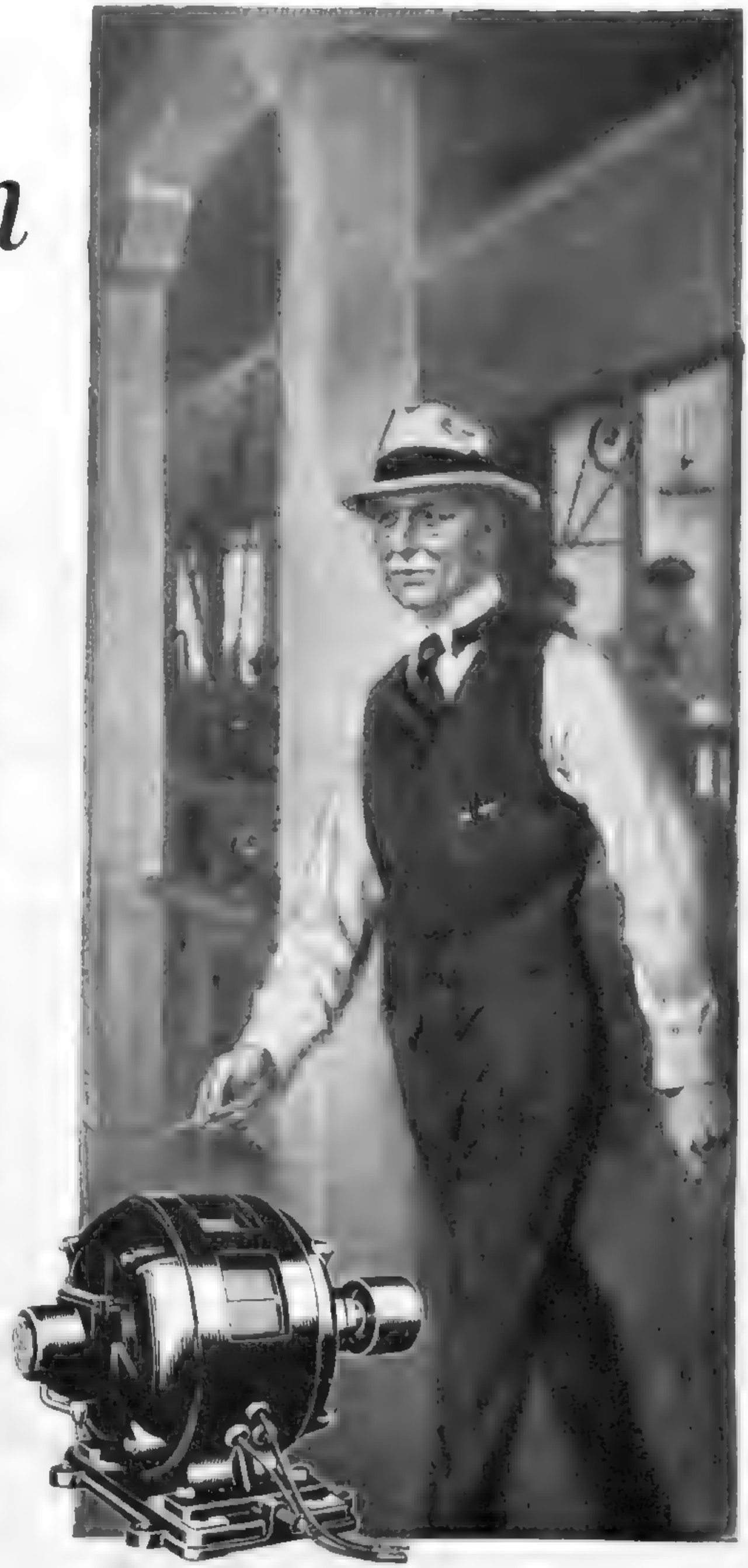
To be Robbins & Myers equipped is a sure sign of unusual quality throughout. Into every R & M motor is wrought twenty-one years of successful motor experience.

Power users will do well to consider Robbins & Myers Motors when adding new equipment. Interesting data also await electrical device manufacturers and dealers.



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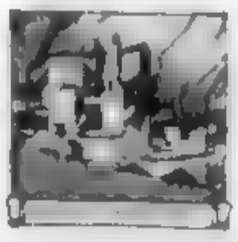

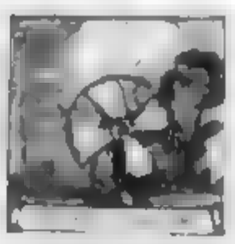

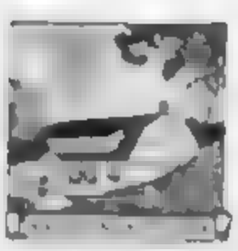

Miller Announces Uniform Tires

Built By Crack Squads (96% Perfect)

Now we present what motorists long have sought—Uniform Tires. Not uniform only in looks—all tires are that. What we announce is uniform mileage. And this in tires already famous for wear. Please read—

MOTORISTS today must choose between approximately 429 brands of tires. Even tires made side by side, in the same factory, differ in mileage enormously.

If you get a "lucky tire" it may run between 5,000 and 10,000 miles. The next may fail under 1,000.

Not so with Miller Tires. Once they varied, too. Today less than one per cent ever call for adjustment. This means that Miller has stabilized tire mileage. And this notwithstanding that tire-making methods are known to all makers.

But tires are mostly hand work. They differ as the men who build them differ—and always must.

Miller has triumphed by solving this human equation. By ridding these tires of "human variables."

Tires 99% Excellent

Miller tire builders are carefully recruited. Each must meet exacting standards. Then science keeps books on every man's personal efficiency.

He is marked on every tire that he builds.

But more than that, he is penalized if ever one comes back. Thus we've created a body of master tire-builders—called the crack regiment of the whole tire army. Their average personal efficiency is 96 per cent.

The tires they build—99 in 100—wear practically uniform under like conditions. Tens of thousands of records furnish conclusive proof.

One Motorist in Fifty

If we were striving for quantity output we could never produce tires so uniform. Picked men are limited. And if we multiplied workmen, we would increase the chances for variables to creep in.

Team-work by its very nature is limited to a few.

Hence we can supply only one dealer in each neighborhood. And only about one motorist in fifty can get Millers.

These are the only tires actually **geared-to-the-road.** Note the ratchet-like tread—how the cogs engage the ground at each turn.

That gives positive traction; it keeps the wheels from slipping. They can't spin when you start your car.

Thus the Miller **Geared-to-the-Road Tread** prevents scuffing and burning tires.

And of course it makes all roads safer.

Miller UNIFORM MILEAGE **Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Give Them This Test

Next time you buy tires go to the nearest Miller dealer. Don't buy only one—put a pair of Miller team-mates on opposite wheels of your car. Then both will experience like wear.

After that proof of Miller uniformity you'll never trust to luck.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY

Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team Mates of Uniform Tires

(Continued from Page 97)

As you well know, John Bull had no time to think of, much less to practice food economy during the first year of the war. His job was to keep his new and growing armies fed, regardless of consumption. But when the great machine of supply struck its stride and the armies were shaken down, one of the first things that bobbed up for investigation and possible supervision was the question of food outlay. Already the menace of famine brooded over the horizon. The submarine danger was growing each day, food ships were going down every week, England was in the grip of a food controller. The conservation of what men and women ate became a matter of vital necessity.

Of course food restriction had to begin with the civilian. The last person with whom it could possibly be enforced was the fighting man. Yet no one realized more than the army chiefs themselves that the wastage among the troops was little less than criminal. Something had to be done.

It followed, therefore, that along in the summer of 1916 a definite movement was inaugurated to conserve and control army food consumption, but most of all to put a check on the hideous waste that was sacrificing untold tons of supplies every year. A new wing of the Quartermaster-General's Department was set up and dedicated to the supervision, maintenance and auditing of all mess services at home and abroad. It was technically called the quartermaster-general's inspection services.

Before this new department had been in operation twelve months it had not only brought about drastic reforms that saved millions of dollars but had stimulated industry, stiffened British independence in one very essential branch of munitions making, and established a full-fledged and highly profitable business.

Since the kitchen was the root of the food-wastage evil it became the goal of a great offensive. First of all the army cooks were put under the microscope and carefully analyzed. Up to this time most of them had been drafted from civil life. The majority were incompetent. They looked upon government food as something devised for waste. In this idea they were aided and abetted by the soldiers themselves, who frequently threw away more of their rations than they ate. This grand carnival of extravagance at government expense was doomed to a speedy finish.

"If we are going to censor the kitchen we must begin with the cook," said the new watchdogs of the messes.

The only way to get efficient cooks was to train them, so schools of cookery were started in England and Scotland. They are in charge of temporary officers, all experienced caterers in civil life, who are called instructors in catering. These schools proved to be so successful in the United Kingdom that scores were established along the lines of communication in France at every large infantry base depot.

The Army Cookbook

The course of instruction lasts for four weeks. For fourteen days the candidate attends daily lectures on every phase of cooking, from cutting up the sides of beef and the reception of uncooked material generally to the preparation of a complete meal. He is given a course of talks on diet, he is taught to build improvised ovens out of empty biscuit tins or scrap sheets of iron in case he is with a unit that loses its baggage train on the march; he is shown how to eliminate waste in every phase of kitchen work.

After two weeks he is put on the job of cooking food for the men at the depot to which his school is attached. At the end of his period of instruction he is required to pass an examination. If he meets all requirements he is given a small card which certifies that he has completed the course in the school of cookery, and it becomes his passport into the zone of full-fledged army cooks. Since the establishment of these schools 42,250 graduate cooks have been turned out. They are the minutemen of army food economy.

The thoroughness of the cookery course is evidenced by many illuminating documents. Typical of these is a manual of military cooking and dietary, which is the cookbook of the army. The rawest cook in the world could produce something eatable by simply following its instructions. It shows how every article of food served in the army can be used to the best advantage and made to do the utmost work in case of a breakdown in food transport. Since troops in the field are sometimes called upon to impress or buy cattle for their sustenance it has a chapter on killing and skinning, and the preparation of the carcass. This section goes to the extent of reproducing pictures of cattle, sheep and pigs showing their various edible parts in cross section. Even with the cookbook the British army instruction omits no detail.

There is a series of books dealing with the construction of army ovens. The cook is taught not only how to improvise ovens out of scraps but to keep his kitchen tools in good repair.

A complete words-of-one-syllable culinary literature has been prepared for the army cook. One of these books is called The Cookhouse and Simple Recipes. It is packed with helpful hints on how to keep the cookhouse sanitary; how to build fires; how to cut up bread, cheese and cake with the least possible waste; how to make the most of every ration—that is, make sausages, rissoles and other combinations out of leavings; and how to manufacture improvised bread slicers and potato peelers. It is really a full course in domestic science.

One important feature of the book deals with the soldiers' diet sheet. Under the new army-food regulations every master cook is required to make out a weekly diet sheet that announces the complete menu for the men. It is posted conspicuously in the cookhouse and mess rooms every Sunday morning. Its chief advantages are that the cooks know what to prepare from day to day, and the men know what they are going to have. It facilitates the ration indent, tends toward economy and helps to insure a variety of food.

What the Cooks Have Done

The instructors in catering are very important army individuals. A flying squadron is constantly on the go, making unexpected inspections of cookhouses. In their operations they are akin to the inspectors in the mechanical transport, and like them are the terrors of the slacker and the sloven.

The results of every inspection are reported on a form which is specially prepared for this purpose. It records the name of the unit, its station, its average daily feeding strength, how the meat and other foods are stored, whether the master cook is trained or needs training, and finally if a so-called stock pot is in use. The stock pot is a very important first aid to army-food saving. It is usually a huge kettle into which all surplus and eatable meat and bones are dumped and which becomes the sanctuary of the justly famous army stew.

This constant supervision of cooking has not only reduced waste but enabled the British Army to curtail its rations considerably during 1917. Two ounces a day have been pinched off the allowance of breadstuffs except in the cases of soldiers under nineteen, who have the prize appetites of the service. The salt ration has been cut down by a quarter of an ounce a man a day, and a considerable saving has been effected in the consumption of tea. All these items represent a saving in actual cash of approximately $20,000,000 a year, and the economies in this direction have just begun.

Though this whiphand over waste reduced the ration and eliminated extravagance in the preparation of food there was still an enormous wastage in the kitchen. Every day in the hundreds of army cookhouses at home and abroad the leavings from plate, dining table, pot and skillet were dumped indiscriminately into the garbage heap. These by-products of the army ration represented in the course of a year thousands of tons of bone and fat which had a perfectly good and profitable commercial use.

So the Quartermaster-General's Department bestirred itself to utilise all this waste, with the result that it has built up a huge industry that conveys one of the most useful lessons of the war.

Two definite causes contributed to this really remarkable conversion of refuse into money: The first was the daily reminder in the shape of garbage that had to be burned, the second and more important dealt with that mainstay of all army advance munitions. As long ago as 1915 England realized that she was paying an excessive price for glycerin, which is one of the essentials in the making of high explosives. The soap makers in the United Kingdom notified the government that owing to the abnormal price for glycerin it was $1250 a ton against the pre-war price of $250 the American soap makers were in a position to sell their product abroad at a price with which the British manufacturers could not compete.

In order to understand the connection between soapmaking and glycerin—from which nitroglycerin is made—you must first know that fat produces soap. One of the by-products of soap making, in turn, is the much-needed and now highly prized glycerin. One hundred pounds of fat produces ten pounds of glycerin. Before the war, and when there was only a normal demand for high explosives, glycerin had to be content to occupy a place in the industrial catalogue as a mere by-product. Since the war the tail wags the dog and glycerin is as rare and almost as precious as gold. Now you can see why the American soap maker could afford to sell his product for a song in the United Kingdom.

No wonder the British soap makers were up in arms. They made it very clear to their government that if the state of affairs that I have just described continued, the manufacture of soap at home would have to stop and the government would be entirely dependent upon the American market for its supply of glycerin, and at an excessive price.

The British Government at once got busy. It prohibited the importation of soap from the United States and decided to collect all the fat from the army camps and use it for the double purpose of producing British-made soap and British glycerin for British shells. Here you have one of the many side lights on that growing self-sufficiency of the empire which will be a tremendous weapon when the war is over.

An agreement was entered into between the army, the government and the soap makers. The army agreed to turn over all the by-products of camp and kitchen to the soap makers, and the soap makers, on their part, undertook to supply the Ministry of Munitions with all the glycerin extracted from the fat at the pre-war price of $250 a ton. The scale of prices for all refuse would depend upon the market variations and would be fixed each month by a group of manufacturers known as the Committee for the Purchase of Army Camp Refuse. The committee—headed by Mr. John W. Hogg, one of the soap kings of England, and a business man of wide and practical experience.

Now began the great mobilization of waste products. It was easier said than done. Here was the problem: In thousands of camps the grease and bones were dumped out every day. Obviously all this litter could not be conveyed to England. It had to be reduced to fat on the spot.

Saving the Fat

Once more a difficult technical proposition was put up to the army, which met the emergency with customary resource and ingenuity. A chemist in the Royal Army Medical Corps, Captain Ellis by name, who was an assistant inspector of catering, and who had been an expert chemical adviser before the war, invented an apparatus known as the Ellis Field Fat Extracting Plant. In this process the rough fat and bones collected from the camps are treated in boiling tubs through which superheated steam is passed. The fat is run out, put into barrels or kegs and dispatched to England to the Committee for the Purchase of Army Camp Refuse. Altogether eight of these plants are in operation in France alone. There are half a dozen more in England. They are usually attached to an important infantry base, where cooking is conducted on a very large scale.

These fat plants are the wholesale establishments. In order to round up every available scrap of refuse all units in the field, no matter how small, become sources of supply and represent the retail end. These units render the suet, skimmings or refuse down to what is called dripping, which is sent to collecting depots in old biscuit and tea tins. These collecting depots are at smaller bases, where the erection of a plant is not justified. If the dripping is properly rendered down it is dispatched at once to England. If not it is sent on to a field-extracting plant for further treatment.

There is a complete system of accounting. The collection of fat from the armies in the field is organized as follows: The rendered dripping is handed in to officers at railheads, who give a receipt for the weight received. Attached to this receipt is a voucher for the cash due the unit. This voucher is legal tender at any army canteen. The money is used by the men to buy additional luxuries, such as fresh vegetables or fruit. Often the proceeds of their kitchen economy are devoted to the purchase of utensils to improve the mess arrangements of the unit, such as extra dishes, cruets and bacon cutters.

When dripping is sent direct to the fat-extracting plant an account is opened for each unit and each unit is credited with every installment that it sends in. Here, as in the field, vouchers are attached to every receipt, and they can be handed in at the canteens as payment for supplies.

I visited one of these field fat-extracting plants somewhere in France. It was located near an important supply depot where thousands of men were camped. It proclaimed its presence long before I reached it. It was like approaching Packingtown in Chicago when the wind was in the wrong direction.

In charge was a young lieutenant who before this war had encountered nothing stronger in the way of odors than the breeze from the Thames. Now he labored in the midst of a frightful stench. He had been wounded twice, as his two sleeve stripes showed, and might have had a soft desk job at home. But he was willing to stick it out on a task that he frankly admitted was much more trying than fighting Germans.

Uses for Garbage

The plant was as busy as it was smelly. Every now and then a big army motor truck would rattle up with a load of garbage. Special containers are used which bear the number of their army unit. Off to one side was a swill warehouse. All the leavings of the rendering plant, together with accumulated potato peelings, are sold to the French farmers for hog food at fifty cents a barrel. The business at this particular place was so extensive that a bookkeeper was constantly employed to keep track of its affairs.

The conversion of actual meat refuse into fat for soap making is only one phase of the utilization of waste products. Bones compete with drippings in salvage importance. After all the fat is boiled out of the bones—one hundred pounds of bone produces ten pounds of fat—the remains are crushed and sold for fertilizer.

Even the scraps from the soldiers' plates are utilized. When you go to an army mess hall you will observe that every soldier files out, plate in hand. Outside the door he stops at a tub and scrapes all the leavings on the dish into it. These leavings are dried and chopped up for chicken food. Bread crumbs are treated the same way.

The system which assembles army refuse is as complete as scientific business methods can devise. In every army cookhouse hangs a comprehensive chart issued by the Committee for the Purchase of Army Camp Refuse, which shows how recoveries of fat are made. From this chart the cook can see how to cut off suet, trimmings and so-called butcher's fat from the raw material; how to get cracklings, skimmings and all scraps from the processes of cooking; how to retrieve sausage skins, bacon rinds, the marrow from bone after the food is served; in fact, how to utilize every possible particle of food that passes through his hands. This economy has almost become a vice, because an army order had to be issued last September requesting cooks not to pare down their trimmings for glycerin fat too close. The actual food supply was sometimes impaired through overzeal. This resulted from competition between units to secure high figures in the monthly by-products return.

The cost of setting up and operating the fat-extracting plants is obtained from a central fund created by retaining a small difference between the price obtained for the fat from the Committee for the Purchase of Army Camp Refuse and the price paid to the units for the waste material. This Fund is administered by the quartermaster-general's inspection services. Out of it is paid the cost of erection of factories, labor and the maintenance of the various collecting depots.

I can give you no better idea of the results of these salvage operations than to say that last year enough glycerin was obtained from army fat to provide the propellant for 18,000,000 six-pound shells. This means that approximately 1800 tons

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PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

TO BE really popular a motor car must have, not only *many* friends, but the right *kind* of friends. It must be indorsed by the conservative, discriminating buying public — that smaller body of citizens that represents our best thought in business, professional and social activities.

It is such an ownership that establishes confidence and builds prestige. It is such an ownership that has made PAIGE supreme among the "light sixes," and the Paige dealership an institution of true local significance.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

What New York thinks of The Most Beautiful Car in America

An Executive of National Reputation

"I consider my Paige 'Six' the best all-around car that I have ever driven.

"During the past five or six years I have used the Paige car exclusively, and in that period, I have had a Roadster, a 4-cylinder and a 6-cylinder Paige. One of the latter, which I still possess, and am using occasionally, has been in use for three years. This car was taken down last year and thoroughly gone over, and all the bearings were found to be in good condition. No parts required replacements, and all the mechanics found it necessary to do was 'clean her up' in good shape. This was the third season I had used this car, and it actually ran better this year than ever before.

"I have driven my various Paige cars over all kinds of roads with gratifying success. My country home is situated in the hilliest section of Sussex County in Northern New Jersey, and you can readily judge that any automobile I use necessarily receives a very rigid test.

"It therefore gives me pleasure in reiterating that Paige cars have given me perfect satisfaction, and I do not hesitate in recommending them to any prospective purchaser as very efficient cars."

EDMUND MAC KAY,
Manager National Biscuit Co

From "The School of the Soldier"

"If I were to buy another car to-day, it would be a Paige. I cannot say more."

E. J. TIMBERLAKE,
Colonel, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. Military Academy, West Point.

A Celebrated New York Store

"We have owned eight Paige cars since August, 1916. That tells the story. The service given to our Company by you has been one hundred percent efficient."

BONWIT, TELLER & CO.,
By S. Rosenbaum, Treasurer.

Another Prominent Executive

"I am pleased to inform you that my last Paige model has run even better than the two models previously purchased by me. The engine shows more power, and the owners of many other cars are very enthusiastic over it. I am very glad to state that this car has given me particular satisfaction, and absolutely no trouble up to the present mileage of about 6000."

E. L. BALDWIN,
Manager The Jewel Belting Co

A Farm Implement Expert

"I have been in a good many other cars, and I owned another make before I bought this, but up to the present time I feel that if I could afford to buy a million-dollar car I could not find more pleasure and satisfaction out of it than in the Paige."

LEO ALEXANDER,
Leo Alexander & Company.

A Great Merchant

"I have had a Paige car since July 8, 1917, and in that period have travelled over 4000 miles. My summer vacation of three weeks was spent in touring Maine. I crossed over to the Dixville Notch through the Crawford Notch, and back to New York, without a mishap of any kind. Before starting on this trip I had never driven a car more than fifty miles. Many of my friends have remarked the easy-riding springs and comfortable cushions; and for a small car I know of no other as beautiful or as comfortable as the Paige '6-39'."

VAL DYSERT,
Manager, John Wanamaker's

A "Star" of the Movies

"I am now the proud possessor of two Paige cars. One is a special Roadster which I have owned for two years, and have used in connection with my business of taking motion pictures, and it has probably been seen by more than one million people. I have received numerous letters regarding the car.

"I also own a Paige 1918 Model Coupé.

"Needless to say, before my entrance into the motion picture industry, I had been connected with the automobile industry in various executive capacities, and when I say that to my mind the Paige car is, without a doubt, the finest all-around car on the market, within the $3500 limit, I do not believe I am exaggerating one bit."

ARTHUR H. ASHLEY,
Actor-Director The Goldwyn Picture Corporation.

The Home of The Paige-Detroit Company of New York at 1886 Broadway

In connection with this establishment there is a Service Department employing 42 men—the ablest mechanics that the market affords. This department is conceded to be a model of efficiency, and it enjoys a reputation almost national in scope. More than 1000 Paige cars have been sold by our New York Distributors during the present year

A Famous Candy Manufacturer

"This Paige, which is my second, has given exceptionally good satisfaction. Since last August it has been driven over 10,000 miles. For five months this winter it was used over the roads near Asheville, N. C. Those who have toured North Carolina in the winter months know what this test is.

"The car has proved very satisfactory, and I wish to compliment you not only upon the car itself, but also on the prompt and efficient service which I have always received at your hands."

C. D. HUYLER,
Secretary and Treasurer, Huyler's

An Eminent Engineer

"After having had four years of unfortunate experience with another prominent medium-priced car, I spent considerable time in investigating automobiles sold at prices ranging from $1000 to $1750, and came to the conclusion that the Paige offered the greatest value for the money.

"Since that time I have had two Paige cars, both of which have given perfect satisfaction. I have driven my last Paige 8400 miles and until two weeks ago had never removed a spark plug, or had anything whatsoever done to the motor, except to supply it with gasoline, oil and water.

"I have not yet had the valves ground, which I consider to be a unique experience; and after having your chief tester take a ride over some pretty steep hills, he pronounced the motor to be in perfect condition. The motor is as powerful as it was when new."

J. VAN METER,
Gen. Supt. of Traffic American Telephone and Telegraph Co

A Well Known Banker

"I have found my Paige car extremely reliable and non-productive of the multitude of troubles and annoyances often experienced with the cars of other makers. It is of splendid endurance on long runs, economical in operation and upkeep, and a very comfortable car to handle and to ride in. The motor has always delivered ample power for hill-climbing and speed, and its flexibility and quickness to get away have always been in evidence."

S. R. BELL,
Pres. Larchmont National Bank

A Man in Khaki

"This is the fourth Paige car I have bought, and I have driven this one 5538 miles without touching the engine except to oil it."

EDWARD L. KENT,
Lieut., Ordnance Dept., U. S. R

A Prominent Capitalist

"I wish to say that your cars have proven eminently satisfactory, and I cheerfully recommend anyone desiring to purchase a thoroughly comfortable automobile to look at your cars before purchasing elsewhere."

S. W. ECCLES,
Director Kennecott Copper Company

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NINE SUPERB MODELS

Velie Biltwel Six

A Complete Show in Themselves

HERE even all former Velie values are surpassed. In these nine new Velie models you will find matchless construction, advanced refinements, the latest note in dignified and smart design, comfort of deep upholstery, famous Velie coach finish as enduring as it is beautiful—all that appeals to buyers of nicest discernment.

Now, when more than ever your car is an *economic necessity*, you will insist on the best your money can buy. You will choose carefully the type that fills your particular need. That is *efficiency*, as well as good business.

Money cannot buy better than the Velie Red Seal Continental motor; Timken axles front and rear; multiple dry disc clutch; long, underslung springs; push button starter; indications of the Velie quality all through. See the new models at the shows, or at your nearest Velie dealer's. Ride in them. Judge for yourself.

Catalog on Request

5-passenger Touring, $1340; 2 and 4-passenger Roadsters, $1340; 7-passenger Touring, $1595; Sport Model, $1850; Cabriolet, $1800; Brougham, $2450; Sedan, $1885; Coupé, $1900.

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION

15 Velie Place **Moline, Illinois**

Builders of Automobiles, Motor Trucks and Tractors

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of glycerin were obtained from the refuse of the camp kitchens. This glycerin, sold to the Ministry of Munitions at the pre-war price of $250 a ton, meant a net saving of $1000 a ton, or $1,800,000. In addition to this the soldier got the benefit of many luxuries, which made him much more contented and therefore more efficient.

The gross income from the sale of by-products alone last year was $3,940,000. Add to this the saving in the cost of glycerin and the value of the reduction in rations brought about by the supervision of cooking and other economies and you get a total saving estimated to be not less than $30,000,000. A larger phase of this conservation lies in the fact that it enabled a considerable amount of food to be released to the general public. At the same time the army and navy got all its soap free of charge, which is part of the contract with the Committee for the Purchase of Army Refuse. At Saloniki the British Army not only renders all its fat but conducts its own soap factory.

So successful and widespread is the army-refuse business that a company had to be formed to run it. It is under the jurisdiction of the Army Council and is called the Army Waste Products Company, Limited. It is organized and operated just like any British corporation. The quartermaster-general to the forces, Lieutenant General Sir John S. Cowans, is the president, and Major General F. W. B. Landon, chief inspector of the quartermaster-general's inspection services, is vice president and general manager. Though the capital is only seven shillings—about $1.75—it does a business in all its branches of many millions of dollars a year. It could pay dividends that would compare favorably with some of the melons cut by successful American concerns.

More important perhaps than these imposing profits is the permanent lesson to every man who touches the salvage system. He realizes an asset that will be a bulwark for his future. He will go back to peace not only richer in experience but more frugal in habit. The army cook, for instance, disciplined in economy with government property, will instinctively husband his own. It will establish the precedent for his whole family. This contact with conservation is full brother to that other and equally constructive preachment embodied in the lesson of the war-saving certificate which has taught the Briton to think in terms of thrift and which is now happily becoming a part of American economic life.

The whole British army-salvage scheme emphasizes the need of a junk and refuse dictator in the United States, for a control of salvage would save us untold millions and help to shorten the war. It also points the world way to a retrenchment in money and materials that is in many respects the most valuable dividend yet declared by the business of war.

War is not all waste.

Editor's Note—This is the last of the series of articles dealing with Supply and Transport in the British Armies.

OUR LABOR PLUTOCRATS

(Concluded from Page 11)

are making that much now I don't know; but they are no longer a rarity. One miner in the Eastern soft-coal district recently had in his pay envelope three hundred and eighty-six dollars. This is an exception, of course—the mine was not a union mine and the man worked more than eight hours a day; but otherwise the figures quoted me by my irate friend, the superintendent, are not in any way unusual. More than that, the men themselves tell me that, with a full run of railroad cars at the pits, any loader could make two hundred dollars a month; and any cutter could draw down three hundred dollars.

The trouble is, the mines can't get railroad empties; the lack of them is, in fact, the one source of labor unrest visible in the Pittsburgh soft-coal district. If the mines could only get the cars, the men know how much they could make. Their wages are satisfactory; they know how much their organizers have won for them of late; and if their work was constant they would not have a complaint. One of the most prominent labor officials in the district assured me as to this.

"Work is all we ask now," he said. "We have our agreement with the operators—the Government, as well; and if we can get that work we'll be satisfied."

It was about conscription of labor I went to see him. Owing to the fact that the mines were working less than sixty per cent of the time, the men were growing restless; a great many, in fact, were leaving the coal pits to go into other trades. Consequently there was talk in the air of getting the Government to make the men remain at their jobs.

"Conscription isn't necessary," the mine official said, "if the Government can solve the railroad problem the question of the coal shortage will solve itself."

The operators believe this too. The situation, however, has its other side. Among the river mines—that is, mines with both rail and river facilities—conditions are, from the men's side, better than they have ever been. Soft coal, because of the loss in handling, cannot be stored at the pits. Consequently a mine with rail connections only cannot be worked when there are no cars. At a river mine, however, the pit has both cars and flatboats to depend on. Men at these collieries are making a good thing of it; a good many of them, in fact, find the work so profitable that they are working only half or two-thirds of the time. In other words, being able to make as much in three days as they formerly made in six, they are enabled to take a vacation.

Too Many Holidays

I got another laugh out of one incident that illustrates this. It was related to me by an official of one of the big coal concerns. The official, however, failed to glean out of it the same humor I did.

The manager of a big steel and wire plant in Cleveland called him up on the long-distance telephone.

"Why didn't you ship us any coal yesterday?" he demanded.

"Our mines were shut down," was the reply; "it was All Saints' Day, and the miners took a holiday."

The next day the Cleveland man called him up again.

"What's the trouble now?" he asked. "You didn't ship us any coal yesterday."

"The mines were shut down again," answered the coal man; "yesterday was All Souls' Day."

The coal man, angry all through, had told me this much, when he gave vent to a snort of indignation. "Wait till you hear the rest!" he proclaimed. "The next day our mines were shut down again; and when the Cleveland man called up, and I told him they were, he called me a liar and said I couldn't run in any more fake holidays on him. If he ran short of coal, he told me, he was going to buy it in the open market and hold me for the difference."

"What was the holiday?" I asked.

"It wasn't a holiday," the coal man sniffed; "it was the first snow of the year, and the men had gone rabbit hunting."

No Blood From a Turnip

The Government estimates that there will be a coal shortage this year of fifty million tons. The operators maintain, however, that it will be much greater than this. In some cases, they say, where the estimate of the visible supply was based on railroad reports, the Government investigators have figured in the same coal as many as three times. The railroad congestion was responsible for this error. In order to get better delivery, coal has been shipped over unusual routes; and thus each of the connecting lines that handled this new business has incorporated it in its report. However, a shortage of fifty million tons is sufficiently serious to create alarm; and it is this alarm that has caused all the talk about conscription of labor.

The operators, on their side, say that plenty of coal is available, and that the present shortage is due to a lack of cars plus a lack of labor. The labor shortage, they add, though, is not a lack of individual workers; it is the inability, they tell one, of getting the men—the foreign element especially—to work full time. They say that as the men can make in one day what it formerly took two days to make many of them work only when they feel like it.

"That isn't true," a mine official said to me. "If the men are given the cars they will work. The pits have plenty of men, besides. On account of the present rise in wages miners who in hard times had left the mines are now returning."

It is the opinion of a large number of the men that the conscription talk is inspired by the money they are getting.

Of course if the Government takes charge of the coalpits there will probably be no reduction in the present scale; but, at the same time, the men resent this talk. They feel that if they wish to quit—go into other work or take a holiday when they desire to do so—the Government has no constitutional right to stop this. In England, however, this has been taken in hand by the government. Coal is a fundamental need in the manufacture of all war supplies, and in order to maintain an adequate supply here many manufacturers are already asserting that it will be necessary, if things do not change, for the United States Government to follow its ally's lead.

The operators are divided about this. Take, for example, that mine owner—the one whose men went rabbit hunting: he was in favor of it. Other owners, however, have mixed feelings about letting the Government get any grip on their properties. As the railroad men say, government ownership is just round the corner; and mine owners are certainly not in favor of that. Nor are the men, so far as I can find out. Should government ownership come about, the mine owners know they wouldn't get the price they'd ask for their properties; while the men, for their part, are convinced that the Government would not maintain the present scale in ordinary times.

But government ownership of the mines is far, far in the future, of course. The present and most vital question is just how far the Administration is prepared to go in handling the momentary situation. I was talking about this to the manager of one of the biggest coal companies in the country.

"With conscription of labor and a full run of railroad empties," he said, "I could settle the fuel situation in sixty days."

This I repeated to a railroad man, the head of a big freight road.

"Yes," he remarked, but without enthusiasm; "all he asks is to have the world handed him on a platter!"

"The statement is made," I said, "that the fundamental cause of the present railroad congestion is largely one of labor."

"Right!" he acknowledged.

"It is said," I added, "that this is because the roads don't pay their men more money."

"You can't get blood out of a turnip!" was his reply. "You may not believe it—I know, at any rate, that the public doesn't, much less most of our men—but the whole trouble to-day is the fact that we're paying them so much as we are. This congestion, the breakdown you hear about, isn't a matter of to-day; it dates back to 1907."

The Shortage of Men

"Since then freight rates have not risen in proportion to the rise in wages. The result of this has been that construction has suffered in behalf of the pay roll. I mean by this that in order to pay wages we haven't been able to build track and terminal facilities which would take care of the increase in business.

"Now let me show you," he added, "just what an increase in wages would mean to us to-day: We pay common labor twenty-five cents an hour. In the shops, the next step up, a machinist's helper gets thirty cents an hour. To machinists we pay forty cents an hour. Then there are all the various scales paid switchmen and train crews. If one of these classes of labor gets a raise it means that every other class will ask it too. The result is that if the basic labor rate of twenty-five cents an hour was raised five cents it would mean an increase in our pay roll of six million dollars."

In the old days—the good old days of railroading, when the carriers owned the country—any question concerning labor was like a red rag to a bull among high officials. But this official had none of that about him. His air was wearied. It was as if he were willing to lay all the cards on the table and let it go at that. Profits he wasn't fighting for, because, as he said, no profits were left.

"This situation, the congestion of traffic you see, isn't due to just a shortage in cars, or a shortage in motive power, or a lack of terminal facilities; it is because we can't get men enough to handle the business. More than that, the majority of men we are getting are not efficient. They don't stay long enough with us to grow efficient. And railroads can't be run with raw, green men. It is as I say: we have this drifting labor force because we haven't the money to pay higher wages."

The Attitude of Labor

In the effort to get labor this road has made many drastic changes in its former policies. One is in the age limit. Formerly applicants were required to be within the ages of nineteen to twenty-eight years. Now the limit has been raised to thirty-five. But this hasn't helped much. On one stretch of the system twelve hundred and fifty-seven firemen are employed. To maintain this force the road in the last six months has been compelled to employ seven hundred and forty new men.

"What about conscription of labor?"

The railroad official smiled wearedly.

"Don't ask me. I hear a lot of talk about it; they are even suggesting coolie labor, as they have it in France. Whether it will come or not I don't know. This war will be won by labor, of course; but you can't make some people see that."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that your men are not doing their part?"

He flared up instantly.

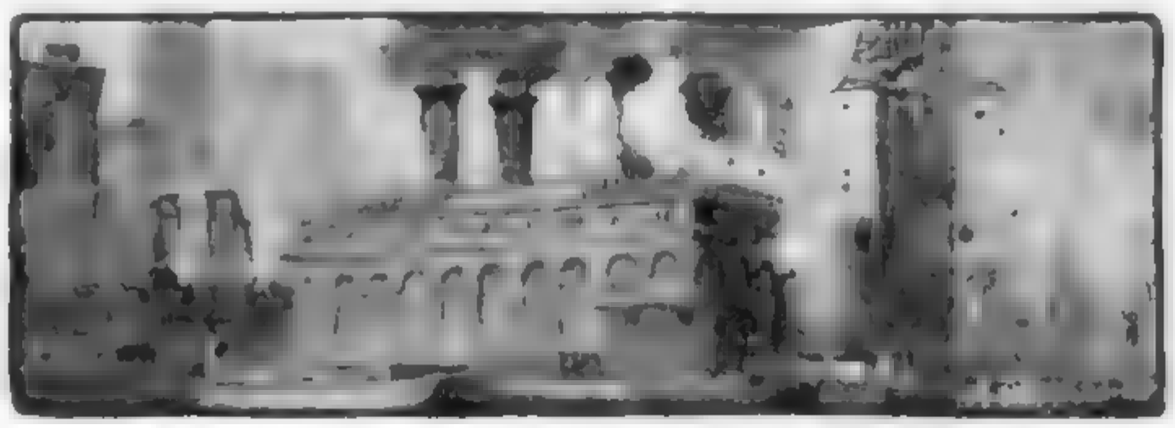
"No body of men are more patriotic and American than railroad men," he said flatly; "the country need have no fear of them. The one trouble about it is the same trouble that affects the entire country. It is the individual. As an individual he may realize the peril that confronts us; but as yet he does not realize that his personal effort counts vitally in the struggle. He passes the responsibility on to the next man. Once railroad men understand this, the country will be able to count on them up to the hilt!"

I recalled the Youngstown manufacturer I'd heard grouching in the parlor car. He'd said labor had the country by the throat. Labor, he'd declared, was using the country's crisis to further its own ends. The unions, he'd added, didn't care a tinker's dam for anyone or anything but themselves. They would let the country go to smash if they didn't get what they wanted. Repeating this to the railroad official, I asked him whether he believed this too.

"I believe," he said quietly, "that when every individual in this country learns what his duty is we shall win this war with a rush."

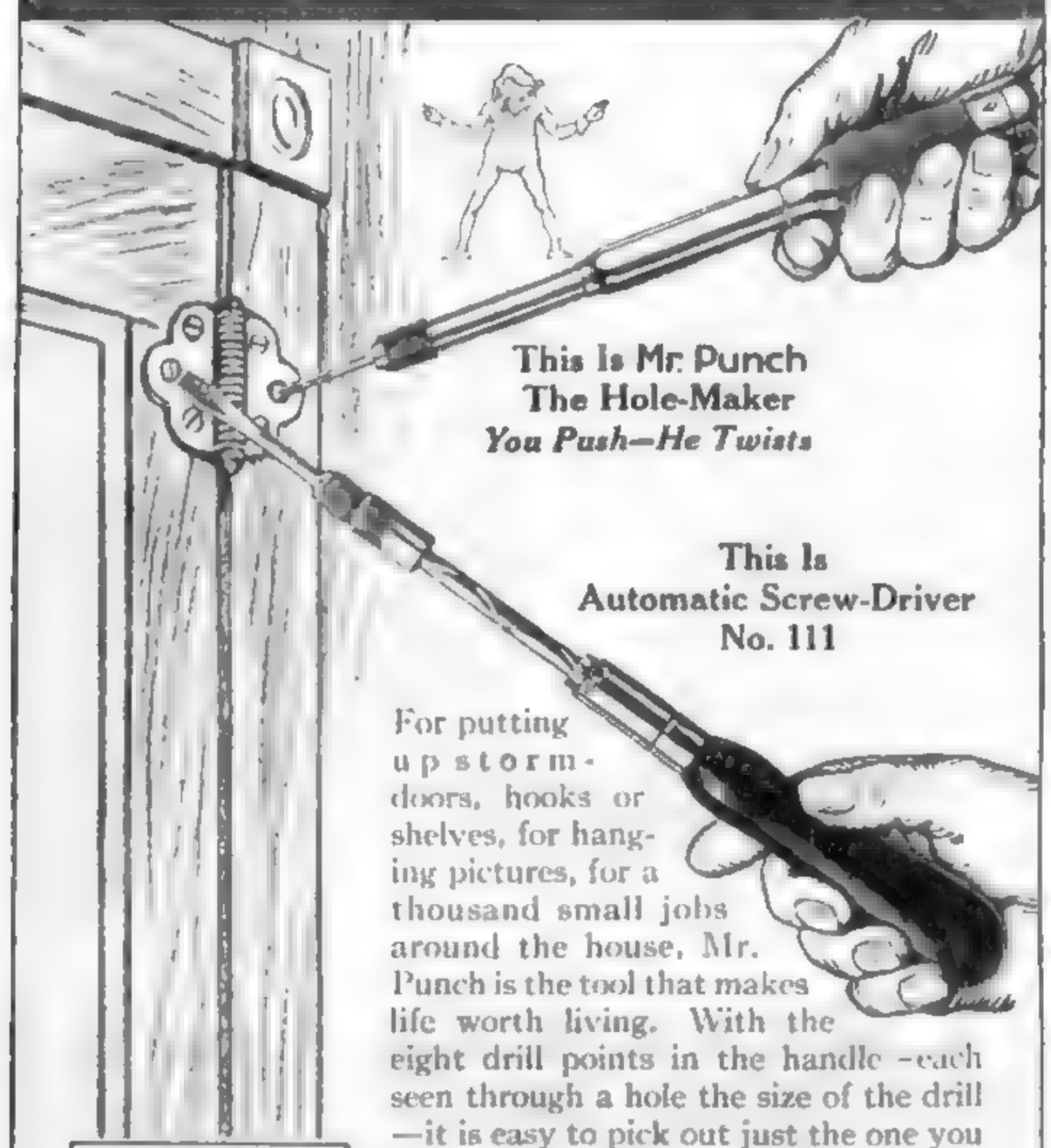
Later in the day I repeated this to a labor man, the leader of a local union.

"He's dead right!" was the reply. "That's what I've been saying right along."



GOODELL-PRATT

1500 GOOD TOOLS



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You Push—He Twists

This Is
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No. 111

For putting up storm-doors, hooks or shelves, for hanging pictures, for a thousand small jobs around the house, Mr. Punch is the tool that makes life worth living. With the eight drill points in the handle—each seen through a hole the size of the drill—it is easy to pick out just the one you want.

Then all you do is place the point of the drill on the right spot, and push. The drill will cut through an inch of oak in less than 10 seconds. Mr. Punch costs $1.80.

The Automatic Screw-Driver is another tool every family should have. Two strokes will send home an ordinary screw. The action can be reversed for drawing screws; it can be locked (used as an ordinary screw-driver) and it can be used as a ratchet screw-driver. There are three interchangeable blades, and the tool is strong enough for the heaviest work. The Automatic Screw-Driver, No. 111, will cost you only $1.90.

Write for the story of "The House That Jack Fixed," an entertaining account of the uses and economy of good tools.

Partial List of Goodell-Pratt Tools

Hacksaws	Vises
Saw-Sets	Drills
Gauges	Levels
Punches	Lathes

Mitre Boxes
Motor Sets
Micrometers
Bit-Braces
Grinders
Calipers
Squares

Every carpenter—professional or amateur—should have an All-Steel Mitre Box. They are accurate, strong, and unbreakable. The saw lever can be swung without catching the fingers and will lock at any desired angle. An acute angle attachment, molding holder and length gauge are provided. These boxes are made in several different sizes and are regularly fitted with Disston Back Saws 24 x 4 up to 30 x 6 inches.

All-Steel Non-breakable Mitre Box

Goodell-Pratt Company
Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Toolsmiths

THE EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from Page 20)

limousines, though they could have disposed of them at a reasonable price and saved the lives of hundreds of tubercular children with the money.

Most of the people I know are sincerely trying to follow out the directions of the Food Administration and to conserve those special necessaries that are so vital to our allies and to our own fighting force. Apart from that, I don't think they have really done very much. It is too often a hard and disagreeable job, involving usually a state of belligerency, or at least armed neutrality with the domestics.

There is another aspect of affairs upon which Mrs. Highbilt might profitably consult her pet clairvoyant: If we are forced to send a couple of million men to France, Italy and Russia in order to pull the fangs of Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Mackensen, she will be apt to find herself not only without a chauffeur, butler or second man, but cookless and maidless as well. With her agreeable bank balance she may be willing to continue to pay the upward-leaping wages of the leisure class who wait on us; but not so the majority of employers.

Wages of domestics generally have gone up from fifteen to twenty per cent since the war began. Considering that they receive their board and lodging, which have gone up about fifty per cent in the same period, a female domestic servant is costing her mistress not far from thirty-five per cent more than a year or so ago. A twenty-five-dollar maid now asks thirty-five, and her board costs about ten dollars a month more than it did.

But it will not, I feel sure, be so much a question of wages; the difficulty will be to get servants at all. The scarcity of labor will not stop when it reaches Fifth Avenue. I should not be at all surprised, if the war continues another two years, to find practically every mistress of a household with her daughters doing their share of the housework, as a matter of course—just as they are doing in England. That is what our grandmothers and even some of our own mothers did. They were better women for it too.

And that is exactly what Helen and Margery are doing now. They are taking time by the forelock and studying how to run our house with thrift and economy, yet in such fashion that we can invite our friends to share our hospitality when they will. If the wives of my friends are not willing to do this—why, they had better look round for a nice, dry, airy cave in a sunny climate where they can sleep on the ground, live on yams and breadfruit and bathe—if they still find bathing necessary and agreeable—in the nearest brook.

But running the house is a woman's job, let who will deny it. Mrs. Emily James Putnam, in The Lady, quotes the account Ischomachos gave to Socrates of how he started his wife in the right direction after he had married her. Isch was a young Athenian swell of about the same social status as our friend Highbit, here in New York.

"First," said he, "we put together everything that had to do with the sacrifices. Then we grouped the maids' best clothes, the men's best clothes and their soldier outfits, the maids' bedding, the men's bedding, the maids' shoes and the men's shoes. We put weapons in one group and classified under different heads the tools for wool-working, baking, cooking, care of the bath and of the table, and so on. Then we made a cross-classification of things used every day and things used on holidays only. Next we set aside from the stores sufficient provisions for a month, and also what we calculated would last a year. That is the only way to keep your supplies from running out before you know it.

"After that we put everything in its appropriate place, summoned the servants, explained our system to them, and made each one responsible for the safety of each article needed in his daily work, and for restoration, after use, to its proper place. . . .

I told my wife that good laws will not keep a state in order unless they are enforced, and that she, as the chief executive officer under our constitution, must contrive by rewards and punishments that law should prevail in our house.

"By way of apology for laying upon her so many troublesome duties, I bade her observe that we cannot reasonably expect servants spontaneously to be careful of the master's goods, since they have no interest in being so; the owner is the one who must take trouble to preserve his property. . . . I advised her to look on at the breadmaking and stand by while the housekeeper dealt out the supplies, and to go about inspecting everything. Thus she could practice her profession and take a walk at the same time. I added that excellent exercise could be had by making beds and kneading dough."

Good sense, that! The newly wedded Mrs. Ischomachos could teach a lot to some of our war brides, even if they have not married millionaires. Modern New York can learn something from ancient Athens. But our women will come up to the domestic scratch later on, even if they have not done so already. Education is slow, particularly in the case of the middle-aged—and resurfacing one's gastro-intestinal tract is a hazardous process.

However, it is doing Helen and Margery and me a great deal of good. My wife looks younger than she has for years, because she eats only what she needs to eat and walks instead of riding in a motor. Both she and Margery have gained alertness in body and mind. They have tackled their job gallantly and have never even complained; but I know that it has been hard for them, and sometimes Helen has seemed very tired. I never appreciated her so much at any time in our married life.

It is easy enough for the man who is away from home all day, occupied about his business. He does not care very much how the house runs so long as he gets his warm supper, his pipe and his cozy chair by the reading lamp. It is the woman who has to assume all the worry of making things go, of planning all the details of housekeeping, of keeping the servants good-natured, of making both ends meet.

It is trebly hard if one has to begin after fifty. It is often easier to give up one's money or one's sons than to break the habits of a lifetime. As Napoleon said: "Habit, second nature? Habit is ten times nature!" But patriotism is stronger than habit.

The war is doing strange things to us. It is giving us new natures. I have not said my prayers since I was a boy, and I gave up reading the Scriptures years ago; but the other night, just before we went up to bed, I took down our old dusty Family Bible and opened it to the Family Record. There, in my mother's fine handwriting, was the record of my birth, and beneath it, in Helen's, was that of our Jack—who is going away so soon.

"Look here, Helen," I said awkwardly, "don't you think we might get something out of this again if we read a bit every night?"

She nodded, her face lighting up with eagerness. "I'm so glad you feel that way, John!" she exclaimed.

So I turned over the pages until I came to what I was looking for—the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs—and cleared my throat.

"'Who can find a virtuous woman?'" I read, "'for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it

(Concluded on Page 109)

"Which Truck Can I Afford to Own? I Can Buy Any of Them"

The purchase price must of course be considered in buying a truck, but it is only one of several items.

Having settled on the class of truck that best suits delivery conditions, the next thing is to decide which make of truck in that class will pay the biggest dividends on the investment.

And that means, "Which truck will last longest and cost least to keep it in **continuous** operation?"

What is saved over other forms of haulage may look big on paper, but what are the net figures?

What about idle hours, repairs and depreciation?

Breakdowns and repairs mean bigger bills to offset profits.

They also mean more idle hours, less tonnage, reduced earning capacity.

And every year that's cut off the life of the truck adds to the annual charge for depreciation.

The life of your truck depends primarily on the parts that carry the load.

No truck is a truck without **truck axles**—axles that will do more than just keep the load off the street for a year or two. Axles that will stand the gaff as long as the truck is operated and take the jolts and jars, the continual pound, pound, pound over ragged pavements, the poor driving and willful overloading that motor trucks are subjected to.

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In five years since the first introduction of worm drive, not a single Timken-Detroit Worm Gear unit has worn out in service, and Timken-Detroit Front Axles have always had the unqualified approval of those truck-builders who are building real trucks and not make-shifts.

Write for booklet, A-1, "The Companies Timken Keeps" listing the truck-builders who use Timken-Detroit Axles and read it carefully before you buy your next truck. Sent free, postpaid, on request to

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
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TWELVE CYLINDER CARS

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THERE is in the new twelve-cylinder National Touring Sedan (convertible) a multiplicity of virtues which may well excite admiration.

In point of comfort, beauty, security and usefulness, nothing has been omitted that careful planning and deliberate craftsmanship could provide.

It is a car into every part of which trustworthiness has been wrought with conscious purpose and with infinite pains.

Its convenience and its value are matched only by the skill and sincerity with which it was put together.

But there is no other thing in the National Touring Sedan that can compare with the excellence of its twelve-cylinder motor.

Quiet, competent, resolute and smooth, it has the airplane engine's staunchness as well as its form.

Under the graceful, convertible Sedan carriage it performs as ably in cross-country touring as on city pavements, at the minimum outlay of fuel.

Not to examine it at the coming automobile shows is to miss the embodied evidence of genuine motor car progress.

National Motor Car & Vehicle Corp., Indianapolis
Eighteenth Successful Year

A full display of the new series National cars will be on view at the major automobile shows

National Dealers Now Offer Complete Range of Body Styles in Both

Six and Twelve Cylinder Models

7-Passenger Touring Car, 4-Passenger Sport Phaeton
4-Passenger Roadster, 7-Passenger Convertible Sedan

(Concluded from Page 106)

is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. . . . She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'

"'Thou excellest them all!'" I repeated softly.

"Oh, John!" murmured Helen, and a blush flickered prettily on a cheek that had almost forgotten how. "Don't you think you might get a little tired of a woman quite so competent as all that?"

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series by Mr. Train. The third will appear in an early issue.

THE PROP

(Continued from Page 13)

fierce within him. He seemed to feel that strong soul of his working its way upon his body. When the doctor came again he had no fever; still the orders were to keep quiet.

That afternoon Dan came to see him. His face had the expression which Herbert dreaded to see upon it. His eyes looked unnaturally large and bright and as if they saw beyond earthly horizon limits. His mouth sagged at the corners, long hulls of nervousness crept visibly over his great frame. His hands trembled.

Herbert's bed was in a corner next a window, which was open a little way. The day was clear. A tall screen separated his bed from the next, the occupant of which had just been discharged. He also had been suffering from a cold, and the slight degree of isolation possible in case of pneumonia had been adopted. It was a foolish screen, donated by a foolish, loving woman. She had covered it with gray cotton, and etched upon it with blue thread: "If you write to no other, write home to your mother."

Herbert, whose mother had died before he could remember her, had grinned slightly as he saw it. Then for some reason it got on his nerves, perhaps because the simple gushing soul had etched after the word mother an idiotic little house with smoke ascending from the chimney, and a cat half as large as the house walking toward it, entirely out of perspective. However, today he was very glad of the screen.

Dan bent over him. "How are you, old chap?"

"All right. I want to get up, but the doc won't let me."

Dan gazed at him, and the horror of his soul seemed to spread over his face like a film. "Have you heard?"

Herbert nodded.

"Have they caught the man yet?"

Dan shook his head. He continued to look at Herbert with that dreadful film of horror over his face. Then he spoke in a harsh whisper, bringing out one word at a time: "I've—got—to—be—sentry—that—same—place—to-night."

Herbert's face changed swiftly. It was incredibly sweet, with a smile of encouragement. "I'll be along," he whispered.

"You can't!"

"I will!"

"How?"

"Never you mind. I'll be along. Put it out of your mind. I'll be along!"

Dan eyed him dubiously. He bent close and whispered again: "I am not really afraid, you know."

"Yes, I know. Wouldn't bother with you if you were."

"I don't think I'm afraid of dying. I suppose I haven't been any too good, but I never hurt anybody in my life unless I did it not knowing, and—I believe you know—I believe in God, and something after this, more—worth while. Honest, Herb, I don't think I am afraid exactly. It's something else."

"You've mounted guard about fifty-two hours on a stretch ever since—it happened," whispered Herbert, "and—you're dead tired, and you ain't yourself."

"How did you know?"

"Because I know you. Can't you stop doing things before you do 'em, Dan?"

Dan looked bewildered. "I've been that way all my life," he said. "I reckon nothing can stop me now, except some big thing I've never been able to conjure up."

"That ought to happen."

"I must go," said Dan.

"I'll be there. Put it out of your mind."

"Don't see how I can."

"Put it into my mind."

Dan stared hard at the boy in the bed, and a strange look as of one released came over his face. "Seems a caddish sort of thing to do—and you ill."

"It ain't wrong when I've got the sort of mind I have and you've got your sort."

There was a full moon that night. There was also a white frost. The world was beautiful. Dan was at his post on time, and immediately he heard a soft rustle behind him in a slight undergrowth.

"It's me!" said a voice in the ghost of a whisper. "Don't you turn. Don't you answer. You keep still, but I'm here. I shan't get cold. I wrapped the blanket round me—dressed too. Keep still! I'm here!"

The night wore on, radiant, vocal with a high north wind. Orion seemed to threaten with his starry sword, moving on high, immortal warrior of the sky. The Polar Star seemed to beckon like a celestial finger to heights above earth and earth's sordid misery. The hoar frost thickened until the slender trees and bushes bloomed white and sparkling.

Dan went his rounds. All the time he knew Herbert was there, and felt shamed and exultant at the same time.

It happened suddenly. Dan stood before the other man lying huddled in the bushes, and it seemed to him as if something were moving besides the wind-blown trees across the road.

"Don't shoot!" came the ghost of a whisper.

"Something ——"

"Don't shoot!"

"Something—something ——"

"There ain't a blessed thing there Don't shoot!"

"Something —— Look, look!"

"What you see you make up. There ain't nothin'. Don't shoot!"

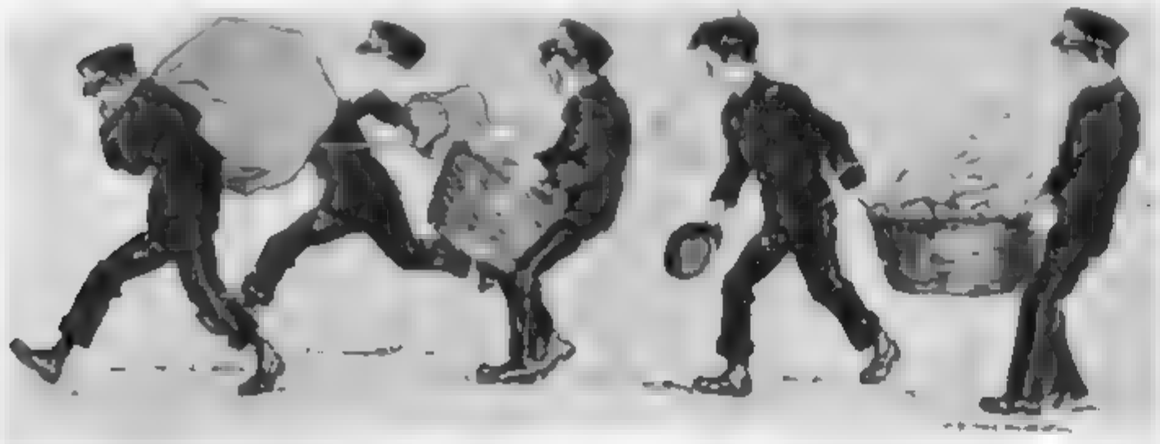
Suddenly Dan's face was upon the anxious one of the other man in the bushes, and it was as the face of a maniac—wild, unreasoning. "You mean to say there's nothing?"

"Nothin' but what you see in your own mind. Don't shoot! You'll have the whole camp out and—they'll know ——"

"There is something! I see it!"

"There ain't nothin' but your own self you see. Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

Then Dan burst out with a shout. It was a wonder that he did not rouse the whole camp: "Then if what I see is myself I see a damned coward, no matter what excuses you frame up for him in his own nature! A coward that has no right in the United States Army, and, by God, I will shoot!"



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Piston rings are metal washers, used to prevent power from escaping around the piston head. Like washers used anywhere, they must be *renewed* when worn. Worn or faulty piston rings allow fully 25% of power and fuel to go to waste into the crank case. They also allow oil to get in the cylinder head, causing carbon, valve-pitting, etc.

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Inlands in your engine will *stop* the leakage due to worn or imperfect piston rings—and give you much more power and mileage on less fuel. The Inland is absolutely gas-tight because the Spiral Cut eliminates the gap that is in ordinary rings. The spiral also causes the ring to expand in a perfect circle, making continuous contact against the cylinder wall.

The Inland Spiral principle is *patented*—neither its construction nor its *advantages* can be duplicated in *any* other rings. It produces a gas-tight ring in one piece—which makes it low priced, saving you $5 to $10 per set over any other type of gas-tight ring. Equal width and thickness all around—therefore greatest strength and durability.

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Have been used extensively by manufacturers of fine cars like Franklin, Stutz, Hal 12, Pathfinder, Apperson, Mitchell, Weidely Motors, etc. And they are chosen for Aeroplane and Submarine service.

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Let the Buyer Beware!

If you put your money into a farm that turns out to be a poor one you have lost part of your savings. Unless you can prove that the seller misrepresented the place—and that is a very hard thing to do—the law will not help you to get your money back. *Caveat Emptor!* The only safe thing is to know

How to Buy a Farm

That is what Harry R. O'Brien explains with the utmost care in the issue of *The Country Gentleman* that is out to-day. Whether you are buying for a home or for an investment it will pay you to read this article.

Other big features in this week's issue are:

The Motor Truck's Next Task
Long Cotton Makes a Long Purse
Sugar Beet Supremacy
How Long is a Stick?
In a Pig's Eye
A Red-Headed Adventure
Beekeeping for Women

Also there is The Home Garden. Right now—the beginning of the new year—it is time to begin to think about next summer's back-yard crops. The Home Garden is a weekly department devoted to the problems of the amateur gardener—plans for the next month or two, then actual practice in the growing of war food.

Invest a Dollar and Save a Hundred or Two
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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
965 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Dan aimed at what he had been seeing either in reality or in his strained fancy, and fired.

The place was immediately alive with men. Herbert crawled away, and was in his bed when the nurse came.

"Seems somebody's been prowling round where Lee was shot," the nurse said excitedly. "Glynn fired, but nothing doing when it comes to finding what he hit. Glynn's out there yet, hunting. Seems possessed to find something. Got some nerve, that chap has."

Herbert said nothing. The nurse eyed him sharply, and used his clinical thermometer. "Say, Mayflower, you've got temperature again!" he announced. "You ain't going to be of much use bringing kings to their knees and playing football with crowns while you spank 'em with their scepters. You'll have to light out home, Mayflower. You ain't a weed, by a long shot, but you'll have to be weeded out."

"I want to get up."

"You lay still!"

Then the doctor came. "Hullo, Mayflower! What's to pay?" he asked gayly.

"Temperature again, sir," said the nurse.

"Have you been out of bed, Mayflower?"

"No sir," lied Herbert calmly.

"That chap from your town thought he saw something and fired. He was on guard where Lee was murdered. Did you hear the rumpus?"

Herbert nodded.

"That sent your temperature up. Well, if anybody was there he made his getaway. They're combing the bushes. Bushes! Ought to be cut down! Fool thing to have bushes there. That Glynn has got nerve. Seems as if he couldn't give up. Rushes ahead of the others. Might have been shot a dozen times. He ought to be promoted. No, you can't get up. You keep still!"

"Who said I wouldn't?" said Herbert—and sobbed like a girl.

"Say, Mayflower, you are a little pet," said the doctor. "This is no life for you, sonny."

"Will he be promoted?"

"I'd give heavy odds on it."

The next day Herbert's temperature was normal, but he was weak and depressed. He had been ordered home.

"Some cute examining board they've got in your town," said the doctor. "Wonder they didn't send Thomas cats. You meant all right, Mayflower; you have been a little sport, but you can't stand this."

Then Dan came. "Congratulations, corporal," said the doctor, and shook hands with Dan as he went out.

"I've got to go," whispered Herbert pitifully.

"I know it. Don't you mind. You go home and look after mother, and she'll look after you. You'll have a soft snap with her after this."

"You ——" began Herbert, but Dan checked him with a great laugh of triumphant freedom.

"Me!" said Dan in a whisper, but a whisper that sang. "Don't you mind me, Herb! I'm all right now. I shall stick to this war if it lasts till I'm eighty; and all I want now is to sail for France. I did think I saw something last night. I hunted after I fired. I hunted for all I was worth. There wasn't a thing. You were right. What I saw was my own chicken-hearted self.

"They think I didn't kill anything last night. There's where they're dead wrong. I did, I did! I killed a damned coward, and there's one more man to fight for the United States of America. I'm all right now. Go home, dear old chap; let mother nurse you up, and you look after her, and tell her her son is a soldier and loves his country better than he loves her."

THE THOUSAND OPEN ROADS TO BERLIN

(Continued from Page 4)

heartbreaking regularity; but always a way round, somehow, has been found. Airplanes are the most delicate and complicated of mechanisms, requiring skill of the highest order both in design and in manufacture; changing specifications almost overnight; carrying the most delicate instruments, such as barometers, machine guns, compasses, altimeters, cameras, and so on. Public imagination, thoroughly stimulated as to the value of the airplane in warfare, has never been equally stimulated as to the romance of their production in industry. It has too often been felt, as was actually stated by one disappointed manufacturer, that you could simply cut an airplane out of a tree in a few weeks' time for a few hundred dollars.

The whole burden of this task fell upon the Aircraft Production Board and the Signal Corps of the army. The former, established by the Council of National Defense in the rush of the early war days, brought together the leading army, navy and civilian aviation authorities in one coördinating board of industrial strategy. The necessity for such coördination was soon so fully evident that the board was legalized by Act of Congress, with extremely broad advisory powers. It is charged with "expanding and coördinating the industrial activities relating to aircraft or parts of aircraft produced for any purpose in the United States, and to facilitate generally the development of the air service"; and is given power "to supervise and direct, in accordance with the requirements prescribed or approved by the respective departments, the purchase, production and manufacture of aircraft engines, and all ordnance and instruments used in connection therewith, and accessories and materials therefor, including the purchase, lease, acquisition or construction of plants for the manufacture of aircraft engines and accessories."

The Signal Corps, the branch of the service in which the modest Flying Corps of the nation had grown up, was, of course, in detailed charge of these expenditures for the army. Whereas at the beginning of the war it had a meager force of about seventy-five officers, it has since expanded to many hundreds, occupying a large seven-story office building. Fittingly enough, Major General George O. Squier, its head, was one of the aviation pioneers of the country, being the first passenger to make an ascent with the Wright brothers. Brigadier General C. McK. Saltzman, his executive officer, was one of the officials in charge of the first

(Continued on Page 113)

The SPORTSTER

BEAUTY—POWER

Oldsmobile
Sets the Pace
20th Year

It's here—the car that *satisfies* the most exacting demand for beauty of line and finish; that, by immediate response, *thrills* the lover of speed.

The Oldsmobile Sportster is, in every detail of appointment, from every point of performance, worthy of the name Oldsmobile, and 20 years of uninterrupted successful passenger car building.

Advanced Fashion

radiates from its unique lines and choice coach finish.

Oldsmobile known Power has been crowned with a chassis and body of unapproached Snap and Beauty.

Long, underslung rear springs and deep plaited, genuine leather upholstery are there, of course. But in addition to these qualities, naturally expected, in the Sportster you will find

An Idling Pace— A Thrilling Speed

Idle along boulevards or through traffic at a speed of 1, 2 or 20 miles an hour, on a lean and gas-conserving mixture. Then, when you hit the open highway or hills,

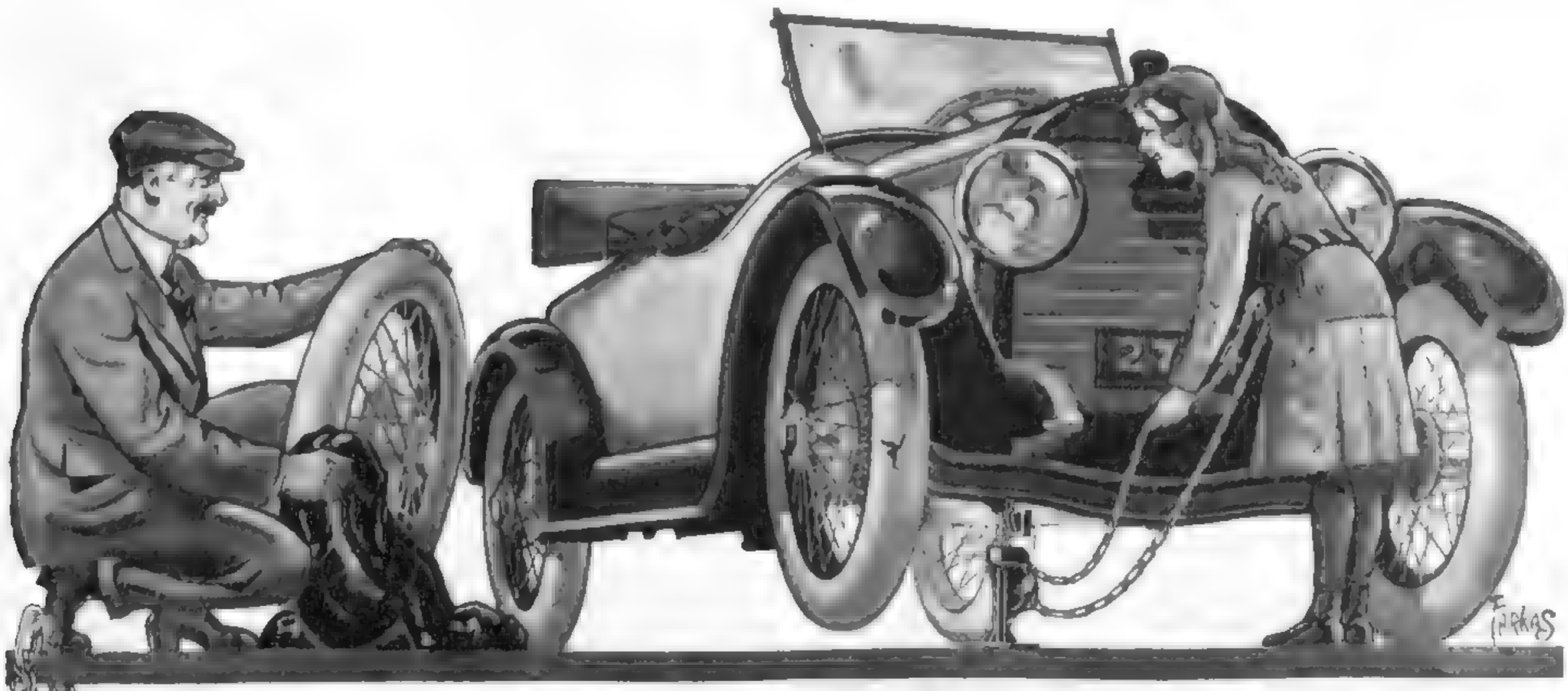
Open up! A complete change comes over the character of the car—it responds like a race horse under the spur.

The result is a burst of speed—an undreamed-of reserve of power.

Your Car is Here

The eight cylinder models are built in the Sportster at $1550; the Touring Car, Roadster and Club Roadster at $1467. The six cylinder models are built in Touring Car and Roadster at $1185; the All-Season Sedan at $1695 and the All-Season Coupé at $1595.

Olds Motor Works OLDSMOBILE *Lansing, Michigan*



"Goodness, Daddy! You're Slow—The Car is Already Jacked Up!"

Weed Chain-Jack

It's Child's Play to Operate It

Simply a few easy pulls on its chain lifts or lowers the heaviest car while you stand erect. Up or down—there's no labor.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few easy pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain in opposite direction.

Never gets out of order. Gears and chain wheel protected by a stamped-steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting. ***Has a strong cap,*** providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Quickly adjusted to any required height*** by lifting the screw and spinning the corrugated "collar" shown in the illustration. ***Try it yourself***—you will never be satisfied with any other jack.

The Jack That Saves Your Back

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them, send $5.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $10.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $6.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $12.00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches	$ 5.00
10 inch	10 inches	15⅜ inches	17⅜ inches	5.00
12 inch	12 inches	18 inches	No Aux. Step	5.00
12 in. Truck	12 inches	19½ inches	No Aux. Step	10.00

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an extra step as illustrated. When in operation pushing this step adds two inches to the height of the jack.

American Chain Company, Inc.

Bridgeport, Connecticut

In Canada DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd. Niagara Falls, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 110)

Wright tests; and Brigadier General B. D. Foulois, now in charge in France, was the only officer in the United States Army assigned to aviation in 1910.

These two organizations have in hand the creation of a great flying fleet and the training of its personnel; they are asked to create a billion-dollar industry in the span of a year's time, from July to July; to spend as much money in that fiscal year as is represented by the value of the whole annual output of the automobile industry, the growth of which has been the marvel of its time; to accomplish a task representing a money expenditure of twice the cost of the Panama Canal, which was eight years in the building. These organizations have developed hand in hand with the great machine underneath them, and occupy to-day a place of power and responsibility that no one, a few months ago, would have thought it possible for them to attain.

The primary problem of the United States was to initiate its program of airplane building without depriving the Allies of any of the vital raw materials they had been getting over here. Naturally the injection of such a manufacturing program into an industrial organism already critically strained might very properly be expected to throw previous arrangements out of gear. The first thought was to prevent this; to prevent the choking of America's general preparation and the flow of raw and finished materials to Europe. Both aims have been achieved.

In the summer of 1917 the United States practically had no airplane industry experienced in quantity production. It had, however, a first cousin to that industry in the great automobile plants of the nation. In all the world to-day there are just over five million automobiles. More than four millions of these are in the United States, practically all made here. Eight hundred thousand are scattered through the rest of the world, many of them made in the United States. Obviously this country builds far more automobiles than does all the rest of the world together. The industry is one of the most thoroughly organized and effective in existence, and it offered an especially fit national resource for building the motors for a great air fleet, and building them quickly.

The strength of the American automobile industry to-day lies in its high degree of standardization and the fact that its products are entirely machine made. These two facts are essential for quantity production. They differentiate American methods of manufacture from European, where the great amount of handwork slows up production seriously. Obviously the United States must either make over its industry, adapting it to the European product and methods, with all their weaknesses, or it must make airplanes in an entirely new way by designing or adopting types of machines that would fit into the American method of quantity manufacture already established.

Quantity Production

The determination of policy on this point was one of the first big decisions in laying the basis for America's work in the air. Foreign engineers were openly skeptical of America's ability to make by machine in numbers of thousands the delicate mechanisms that taxed the highest skill of European craftsmen. Most detailed consultation, however, with the men who would be charged with the work convinced officials not only that it must but that it could be done.

The flying machine, as it happens, is three-fourths engine. The production of engines, therefore, was the greatest problem. Upon it hinged the quantity production of the whole aircraft program. It was necessary not only to develop an engine that could compete with the best in Europe but one that could be produced in quantity by machinery in the American automobile factories. The Aircraft Board at once laid lines in all directions to achieve this result.

The task of motor design was placed in the hands of two men who, in the opinion of the board, were best fitted for it. These men were J. G. Vincent, of the Packard Motor Car Company, and E. J. Hall, of the Hall-Scott Motor Company. They were directed to create the engine that should fight America's battles in the air; indeed, to perform a task that might prove a deciding factor in the Great War.

That was on June third. The two men locked themselves in a suite of rooms in a Washington hotel. They summoned the expert knowledge and technical skill of the nation—indeed, of the world, for Europe showed them her best. Blue prints and models of the successful engines evolved in three years of desperate warfare were studied with minute care. Fortunately, perhaps, the American experts, thus building upon all that had been done abroad, not limited in allegiance to types they themselves had developed, were more capable of selecting the best in each engine than they would have been if they had steadily worked on the task.

They were splendidly aided by the Society of Automotive Engineers. Practically every expert of the nation who had to do with combustion engines was a member of this society. Wherever there was an authority whose services were needed, or a technical man whose skill could aid, he was summoned. Automobile and airplane manufacturers were called upon to turn over their secret trade processes and their patents to the designing of America's great motor. Nothing was to be used the worth of which was not already established. The element of experimentation was strictly eliminated.

The First Liberty Engine

The rough plans for the new engine were completed in five days. Twenty-eight days after work had begun on these plans a finished engine had been set up and was running under its own power at the Bureau of Standards. The men responsible for America's Air Service celebrated their Fourth of July by listening to the purr of the first Liberty Motor at the Government's testing laboratory.

Soon it was spinning in test in a special laboratory on top of Pike's Peak, that its action in rarefied air might be observed. Soon, also, it was driving various types of airplane aloft and demonstrating the correctness of its theoretical capacities. One of the first accomplishments was the breaking of the American altitude record. The motor underwent every conceivable test and stood up well under them all.

The engine is simplicity itself. Its parts can be made in various plants and factories, in accordance with gauges certified by the Bureau of Standards, in Washington. One great firm is prepared to produce cylinders in sufficient quantity to supply the world. Parts are everywhere interchangeable, thus vastly simplifying the problem of maintenance that has greatly harassed the Allies, with their many types. The engines may be made in four, six, eight and twelve cylinder series, the last, however, being the size most demanded by the present needs. They are adaptable to the fast work of the light fighting machines or to the heavy burdens of the great bombers.

The Liberty Motor gets as much power out of each pound of its weight as do the highly refined machines of Europe. As an answer to considerable underground criticism of the motor, cropping up in that same insidious way as has so much other unfavorable propaganda, let me say here that the allied governments, which have followed every step in this development, are calling for every extra motor that we can allot to them. The Liberty Motor is the result of America's willingness to strike afield, to proceed independently instead of merely following; and it puts American industry back of the flying game in such a way as to assure that quantity production that means dominance of the air.

Other basic problems besides the motor have, of course, confronted us at every turn. Before the war this country was making only training planes, and merely a handful of these. The question we have faced has been which type of all the types abroad to adopt for each of the different kinds of work. And it has been a new question every day, as types over there change almost overnight. Here again we have secured the very best of all foreign models, tested in the actual fire of battle, and have evolved standard American planes in the various types. The first all-America plane, equipped with a Liberty engine, has already proved the wisdom of this procedure.

The supply of materials for this vast construction campaign has also presented many difficulties. Take the question of spruce, for instance, which furnishes the wood best fitted to the peculiar needs of airplane construction. It is light and strong and pliable. There is no other wood so good. It comes very largely from the states of Washington and Oregon, and has

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STEAM 22nd year CAR

THERE is no car in America today you know less about—

No car in the world you should know more about—than the STANLEY.

Not so much because it is different but because it is better.

Not so much because it can be called unconventional on a hundred odd counts, but because every count in the indictment is a point in its favor—

Every point is a factor in giving you the kind of performance you have always wanted from an automobile—the kind of performance you have begun to despair of getting.

It has stored power.

Its fuel is kerosene.

You owe it to yourself to know the facts about the STANLEY.

You owe it to your neighbor to correct any misinformation he may have acquired.

Our book, "The Magic of Steam," tells the Stanley story—in a simple, interesting and non-technical way.

Yours for the asking.

STANLEY MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.
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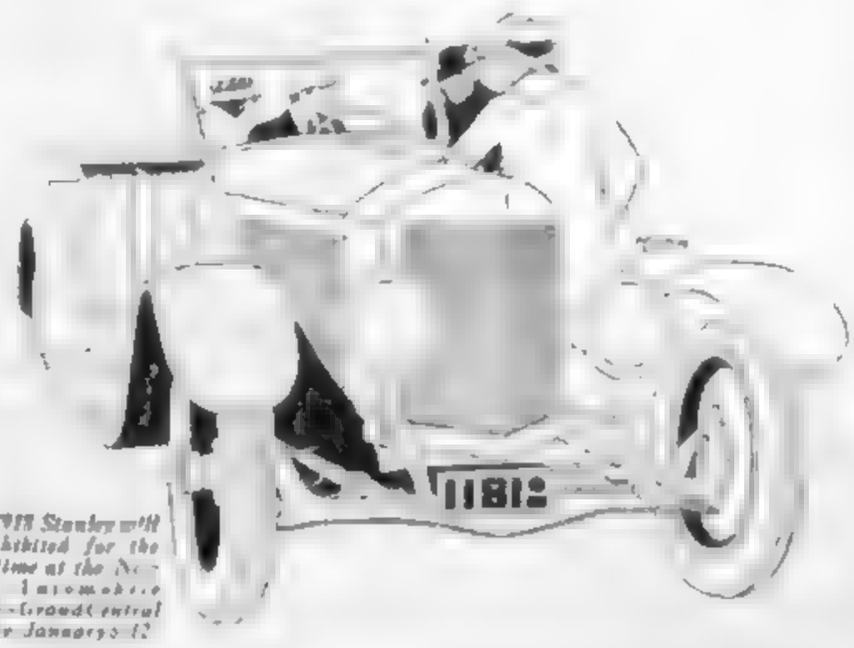

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Federal School of Commercial Designing, 42 Warner Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

been required in many times the amount ever produced before. Not only were the logging industry and the labor supply wholly insufficient to meet this suddenly increased demand but, at the same time, what labor there was has been subjected to many irritations from agitators who know how vital this industry is to the winning of the war.

No one would ever associate the humble bean with the success or failure of a great aircraft program, and yet just now we are arranging for the planting in America of a hundred thousand acres of castor beans, the oil from which is a vital necessity to the smooth running of aircraft engines.

Another indispensable material is linen. No substitute has yet been found equal to it for the making of airplane wings. Its great virtue is that if a hole is shot in a wing covered with linen the wing will not be destroyed by the ripping of the material. With Belgium entirely cut off from linen manufacture, what linen there is for the Allied airplane program comes from Ireland. Naturally the Irish linen industry was not equipped to meet the enormous demands that suddenly came upon it. Heroic efforts, however, have been made; linen was saved in training planes through the substitution of cotton, and the supply pressed up to meet the demand.

Then there are all the various instruments and accessories of the most delicate kind of workmanship, which are essential to the proper direction of aircraft and which require either new or enormously expanded industries for their manufacture in sufficient numbers. The airplane program could not succeed without a full equipment of barometers, altimeters, air-speed indicators, magnetos, cameras, and so on, the manufacture of which requires the highest skill.

The labor supply, especially in the more specialized trades, has presented serious problems also. The needs of the new armies have drawn off many highly skilled workmen and it has been essential to help manufacturers find men to replace them. Many of us have become particularly impressed with the advisability of having American women enter the airplane industry, as they have in Europe, and fit themselves into tasks from which men may be spared; in a sense, to help out skilled labor, as rookies help out a trained army. Women have shown a special aptitude in this work.

Airplane production, apart from that of the engine, and from the several early aircraft concerns, leans most heavily on such woodworking factories as those making furniture, railway cars and automobile bodies. Various such plants, already working to the limit on their conventional products, have been virtually drafted for airplane work. They have been told what it was they were desired to do and have accepted willingly, despite the uncertainty of giving up an established and profitable line for a new venture. The fitting of plane making into these industries has been another of the unspectacular yet fundamental tasks of the first six months of making ready, the results of which will be evident in the next six months.

Great Problems in Solution

The question of shipment abroad also has involved a series of fundamental principles of the first importance. Airplanes are so bulky that it is advisable, if not essential, that they shall be sent overseas in various stages of manufacture and put together back of the lines. Naturally arrangements for this work on the other side have had to be made, and at the present time a branch of the Aircraft Board is in full operation in France to coöperate with the military and naval authorities.

This vast task of preparing the United States to win the fight for supremacy in the air quite naturally divides itself into two parts—the production of airplanes and the development of the personnel to handle them. The two tasks have gone forward side by side. As the problems of machine production have been solved, so have those of getting the men ready. There must be, this first year, over one hundred thousand men specially trained for work in aviation. Of these, one in ten will be a flyer and the remaining nine auxiliaries behind him to make his flight possible.

If the war is won in the air with the aid of Americans, it will be the college boys and other youth of the nation, backed by the mechanicians of the automobile and other industries, who will have achieved the greatest event in history. Experience of three years in air fighting has shown that the best airman is a comparative youngster. The first reason for this is that a lad is most readily adaptable to life in an element hitherto uninhabitated by man. The older man has acquired conservatism. It is necessary that the flyer shall possess the dash which does not reckon with possible disaster; that his heart shall respond to the rollicking call of adventure. Not that it is more dangerous than other work of the war, but it seems to be; and safety in it depends largely upon a disregard of danger.

The colleges took the lead in the preliminary training of men for flying. Soon after our entry into the war, ground schools were established at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Cornell, Princeton, the Ohio State University, the University of Texas, the University of Illinois, Georgia School of Technology and the University of California. These institutions soon put a thousand choice young men through the preliminary courses and are graduating others every week into the Government flying schools.

Intensive Training of Aviators

These schools, each costing about a million dollars, were built at great speed as soon as the enormousness of the American training program was evident. During this early time of preparation, however, the Government was extremely glad to accept the offers of its Allies for training American aviators in schools in Canada, England, France, Italy and Egypt, where finished airmen are now being turned out each week. At the same time the United States accepted the proffer of trained and experienced instructors for the fields in this country, and many such men are now here.

The man who would fly has a difficult but fascinating training before him. His course at the ground school is eight weeks, and that in actual flying four months in length before he is ready to go abroad. He begins in the ground school with gaining an understanding of engines. Then comes the theory of flight, including the planes themselves and the principles of different types, the mysteries of the rigging that holds the wings in place and how to repair it. The student must learn enough of astronomy to steer his course at night by the stars. Then he must know how to operate a camera under unusual conditions and how to read the meaning of a mile-high photograph. The classes study topographical maps from the tops of sixteen-foot ladders in lieu of looking down on the earth from two miles up. Upon these maps the instructors locate batteries and give problems in spotting. The student from his perch gives corrections for the operation of hypothetical big guns. These corrections are given with a wireless key, the use of which is a part in the thorough mastery of the Morse code. Finally the student takes his buddy, the machine gun, unto himself and comes to know its every impulse.

The second stage in the cadet's training is at the big new flying fields, where he first goes into the air and applies the theoretical knowledge gained at the ground schools and continued in advanced instruction here. The cadet's first joy ride and his earlier trips generally are taken in company with the instructor, who has full control and responsibility for the machine, and whose main purposes are, first, to estimate the cadet's coolness, and, second, to accustom him to the feel of the air. As soon as his skill warrants it the cadet is allowed to direct the controls himself, always subject to the check of the instructor, in order that he may learn with safety just how to manage the wings, rudder and engine. This early practice consists largely of short flights with many starts and landings, the most difficult phase of flying.

Then, when the cadet has shown himself a master of these principles, he goes up alone into the air for the first time. He is watched with the most infinite care by the instructors below, surrounded with the most rigid instructions to prevent accidents and fully coached upon landing as to any errors he may have made. By the end of this instruction he is doing the more simple evolutions at a height of ten thousand feet or soaring off on thirty-mile cross-country flights. By this time he will have completed his tests as a Reserve Military Aviator, will receive his commission as an officer of the American Air Service, and will be ready to go abroad to the great flying fields on the other side for his final

(Continued on Page 117)

The Westcott Sportster

Westcott

TO THE BUILDERS of Westcott Sixes there is a distinct joy in anticipating, from year to year and from season to season, the desires of those who are not easily satisfied.

They were the first to solve the problem of chassis lubrication by eliminating grease cups and installing wick-fed oil cups exclusively,—the first to equip all their open models with self-acting tops. They foresaw the need of automatic regulation of motor temperature and incorporated thermostatic control in every Westcott power plant.

In like manner they have anticipated every requirement in body types so as to make the masterful all-season Westcott chassis available in just the style of car completely satisfactory to each buyer.

Now, though still midwinter, the Westcott builders are ready with the most rakish summer model, the Westcott *Sportster*, whose every line and angle proclaim it the pace-maker in the ultra-smart class.

We shall not attempt to describe this car save to assure you that in completeness of appointment and perfection of detail it sustains the reputation that is the most precious possession of the Westcott builders.

When you inspect the complete line of Westcott offerings at the shows you will understand why the Westcott Car always attracts the kind of dealers with whom you like to do business.

Prices F. O. B. Springfield, Ohio

The Westcott Sportster	$2290
Seven or Five Passenger Touring	$1940
Four Passenger Roadster	$1890
Seven or Five Passenger Convertible Sedan	$2790
Four Passenger Convertible Coupe	$2790
Wire Wheels extra	$ 100

Prices subject to change without notice.

The complete Westcott line will be exhibited at the New York and Chicago National Automobile Shows.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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Delco Equipped

Delco will be represented at the National Automobile Shows by the automobiles whose name plates appear here. The list includes America's leaders—automobiles which have won unusual favor because they give unusual satisfaction. All of these cars are equipped with Delco ignition systems, or complete starting, lighting and ignition. Wherever you see a Delco system you can expect quality in automobile construction.

The Dayton Engineering
Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 114)

training in the more complex evolutions and in squadron formation.

In the training of all these future airmen it is a remarkable fact that, to date, there have been only nine fatal accidents in the air. This demonstrates three facts conclusively: First, it should dispel the widely prevalent belief that flying is either a dangerous or a superhuman feat; second, it shows that America's airmen not only represent the best kind of men but that their training is most successful; lastly, it shows that all the precautionary steps taken during the long course, the insistence on strict discipline, the holding of a man back to his skill rather than letting him go forward with his ambition, are well worth while.

With this course ahead of him, the flier should be a man of considerable education. As many college men as are available and fit are being assigned to this service. High-school graduates are given a secondary preference. There is also a possibility of a specially fit lad getting into the game without this much education; but his chances are not so good.

In addition to education the student flier must have judgment. The movements of armies and their very existence may depend upon the observations of the flier soaring three miles or more over the lines. An error on the part of one of these boys of twenty might again, as it has in the past, send thousands of men to their deaths.

The phase of this work of the air that has the strongest grip on the public consciousness is the spectacular battle to the death between individual planes high above the clouds. This is, however, but a lesser phase of the work in the new program. Likewise it is not the branch of activity upon which the United States is likely to specialize.

The bomber, spotter or photographer is going to be the man most in demand for the new air warfare. It will be his business to avoid combat wherever possible. The fighting machines are to protect him and prevent its being necessary that he should fight.

He is sent over the lines of the enemy to get information, to watch the firing of his batteries, to observe where their shots land with relation to the target, to radio back the corrections that will insure hits. The destruction of German pill boxes is made possible through his spotting. Batteries may be silenced along an entire front in advance of a charge and victory secured without terrible sacrifice of life.

This man must not be a mere reckless adventurer, but a cool, level-headed, dependable soldier. So must be the men who make up the bombing expeditions that will carry terror to the rear of the enemy or to interior Germany. Their tasks are those of efficiency, thoroughness, tenacity. It is, therefore, not surprising that infinite care is taken in selecting the material out of which the flying squads are to be made, and the Government pays a high compliment to the lad who is allowed to go to one of these schools.

Ideal Aviators

Much is expected of the American as an airman. One of the most interesting phases of the whole flying game is the psychology of the man who goes aloft. His position, if a fighting flier, is that of the knight of old, who went forth single-handed to mortal combat with the foe of that for which he stood; who met that foe, engaged him, and fought until one or the other fell. The knight depended on his own skill and prowess; was his own commander and strategist. He, of them all, was an individualist; so is the flier, be his craft fighting, observation or bombing plane. He must have the power of independent action; must be quick to think and act, exercise judgment, grasp the opportunity of the moment, respond to that which is without precedent.

The German is not fundamentally this sort of man. He requires leadership; loves the feel of his comrade's elbow. He is hurt by overdiscipline, not free to independent action. He has, therefore, lacked the dash as an airman that has characterized his antagonists. The temperament of the Latin, on the other hand, fits admirably into the scheme of things above the clouds. The Frenchman is an ideal operator of a fighting machine. He is quick and daring and resourceful. He has a dash that is beyond all others and delights in directing his own exploits. The Italian has a similar dash and a similar Latin recklessness. He is a good flier. The Britisher is a good airman for a different set of reasons. He is, above all, a sportsman, and airplaning is the greatest sport since Adam. The spirit that carried the Union Jack round the world, that sent Stanley into Africa, that makes the Englishman sacrifice the well-being of his tight little island that he may have shooting preserves, makes him a consummate enthusiast for the service of the air.

The American should excel above all others in this work. An examination of the qualities that go to make an airman leads unquestionably to this conclusion. He has the sporting instinct of the Britisher and much of the dash of the Latin; but, above all, he has resourcefulness and the power of individual action.

Chances for Plucky Youngsters

Choice men for flying are limited in number in any country, under the best of circumstances. The European nations, however, greatly increased this difficulty through the loss of their best aviation material in the trenches, during the first two years of war and before the value of airmen was known. Into a situation of this sort the entry of a new nation, with its many thousands of possible air-service men, brings a reassurance of an abundance of top material. Particularly discouraging must this be to Germany, which long ago impressed its choicest spirits into the ranks and which has now probably come to the use of second-grade material.

The present is the moment of opportunity for the American youngster who would take a place in the flying forces of the nation. When Congress made its great appropriation for flying, and the country first came to appreciate what was to be done, there was a scramble on the part of America's best youth to get into the service. Applications were made in such volume that it was difficult to handle them. The authorities were not yet ready to avail themselves of the spontaneous enthusiasm of the youth of the nation for service in the flying branch of the Army. Arrangements had to be made for the wise direction of this new force.

As in the building of machines, the first six months of this swift year, which is to transform this nation from a creature without wings to the true personification of the eagle on its shield, was devoted somewhat to getting ready. But with the coming of the new year all preparation was left behind and the race was on for the actual training. It is in the first two months of the new year that the greatest opportunity will exist for the man who wants a place in the flying forces. This will be the time of the greatest expansion of the personnel. This will be the time when the man who can pass the not too difficult tests will have the greatest chance for immediate entry into the service, prompt training, a journey into that hero land oversea.

Second only to the need of actual fliers is that for mechanicians to support them. Wherever there is a good sound man who knows the secrets of automobile mechanics and repair, that man has an opportunity to go to France for Uncle Sam. Over There he will be the skilled mechanic back of the man in the air; will keep the Liberty Motors purring and the wings of the planes taut. Now is the time for fliers and mechanicians to respond to the call of their country.

The Government, in asking either fliers or mechanics to join this force, believes it is offering them a career. Aeronautics is the science of the present and of the future. Because of the war, there is to be an unforeseen development in the utilitarian use of the airplane. As the automobile has developed in the last two decades, so will the flying machine in that score of years which is to come. The men who get into the airplane art now, who go to Europe with it, will have the best training conceivable for a career of most attractive possibilities. Guns and bayonets may be beaten later into plowshares and the glory of military careers be forgotten; but the money, efforts and lives spent in the perfection of the air service will bring benefit to the world civilizations of all time.

Suppose we dream a moment of the future: Who now can limit the future of airplanes for travel, for commerce, for mail carrying, for coast guarding, and all the other hundred-and-one methods of using this new element of man's experience, when already planes have shown such speed,

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power and endurance? Already in several of the Allied countries commissions have been created looking toward the conversion of aircraft resources to the pursuit of peaceful commerce immediately following the war. Each country will then find itself possessed of thousands of men schooled in the manufacture, operation and maintenance of these new ships of the air.

Even now Italy, which, perhaps because of peculiar difficulties in terrain, is farthest advanced toward a commercial utilization of aviation, has established air mail routes throughout the length of her peninsula that are in daily operation. Along the northern border, among the foothills of the Alps, we find the transportation of war supplies and munitions regularly scheduled over routes of one hundred to three hundred miles, and in one-third the time of train service, even were it possible to build railroads through this broken and difficult territory. Only a little while ago the Rome-to-London flight was made in the nonstop time of about seven hours for a distance of over six hundred and fifty miles.

The United States is now attempting to foresee these problems through the formation by the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee. This body will attempt to correlate all the varied interests that will arise with the coming of peace. Particularly it will endeavor to arrange the opportunity for men then in the service to continue in Government air work, whether in training others, in mapping the United States, in carrying mails, or in scientific investigation. Plans are also under way for aërial post routes, for coast-guarding work, and for making an aërial photographic survey of the country.

But all this is of the future. For the immediate present our one and only concern is to win the supremacy of the air for the Allies. The American war entry has brought a great nation of one hundred and ten million people into the field. I do not believe it will be long within the spirit of this nation to concede the initiative in aircraft development to the Germans. The inventive talent of a people trained to lead the world in great enterprises may surely be trusted in this emergency.

We have developed already a great aviation industry; we have somewhere in America the greatest flying fields in the world. In one section, richly endowed by Nature, with climatic conditions made to order, under the instruction of the star fliers from all the Allied fronts, the men of the two great nations of North America are being trained side by side. The moment training was stopped by winter weather on the Canadian flying fields trainloads of Canadian and British airmen were moved south without a word of newspaper publicity—a pretty good demonstration of the effectiveness of the voluntary censorship now in force—and four days later were hard at work in the warm air in the southern part of Uncle Sam's country.

The Coming Air Drives

The United States has enormous military capital in many ways. Its whole object in this war is to secure permanent peace. To attempt to do so without decisive defeat of the German military machine is not even worth the time of discussion. One might temporize with a diamond-back rattler; but a wise man would look for a good club. This is exactly what America must do and do quickly—find the club she can best wield at a long distance. This necessitates that America shall specialize as far as possible upon plans for the maximum of military advantage with the minimum of transportation and maintenance problems. The air program unquestionably answers these requirements.

When this race of a year is completed the Allies will be prepared for a great drive through the air. Next summer they should be able to marshal squadrons of bombing planes, fighters and spotters far in excess of the German air forces. France, England, Italy, and by all means Germany, are all engaged in feverish campaigns of airplane building. France alone produces a large quantity of machines. Great Britain, acting on the belief that the war may be won through the air, has appropriated an even larger sum for the continuation of her program than the United States appropriated during 1917. Italy, too, is speeding up production of those heavy bombers in the construction of which she has already shown such excellence.

Exact details of what Germany is doing we do not know. Of one thing, however, we are certain; and that is, she has become alarmed over the Allied preparations and is straining every nerve to counter them. Many factories have been commandeered outright for airplane manufacture, not the least prominent being the great piano factories from the product of which Germany has earned such renown in better years. The German has had a very bitter taste of Allied air supremacy, of trenches raked from above and batteries put out of action by airplane machine guns; and there is no possible doubt that he is going ahead in aircraft in the same quiet way that he went ahead to produce the big guns that ground the Belgian fortresses to powder. It is hardly conceivable, however, if the Allies marshal their forces wisely and accelerate the splendid pace already set, that Germany can long withstand the united nations in ingenuity, skill of pilots and numbers of machines.

Let us look forward in our imagination. An alluring objective for attack might be Essen, the home of the Kruppa. It has been visited before in single planes, and there is no reason why it should not be visited in squadrons of planes. Guided by the stars on a dark night, when a fog hangs over the land, let us picture another Six Hundred riding forth that would furnish inspiration for a new Charge of the Light Brigade. Out of the fog on to the town where Germany makes her guns might swoop these bearers of thousands of pounds of deadly explosives.

Breaking the Deadlock

Again, we might picture an air armada sent against the Kiel Canal and the Kaiser's fleet, jealously guarded as a symbol of power for the eventual reckoning to come. Or perhaps the purpose would be to bring home to the German people by retaliation the infamy of their attacks from the air upon the defenseless civilians of England and France! So might the German air raids come back upon their originators as a fearful boomerang, as have so many of Germany's misdeeds in this war.

Let us shift our gaze to the main battle line. If there is no miscarriage in the plans of the nations, here is the situation that may exist within twelve months:

There will be a great drive, starting somewhere along the Western Front. There will be several hundred thousand American fighting men between several times that number of Frenchmen and of British. There will exist back of these lines such stores of ammunition as were never before brought together. The order is for a monster effort to break the German military strength. The artillery of three nations at the maximum of their efficiency will make ready.

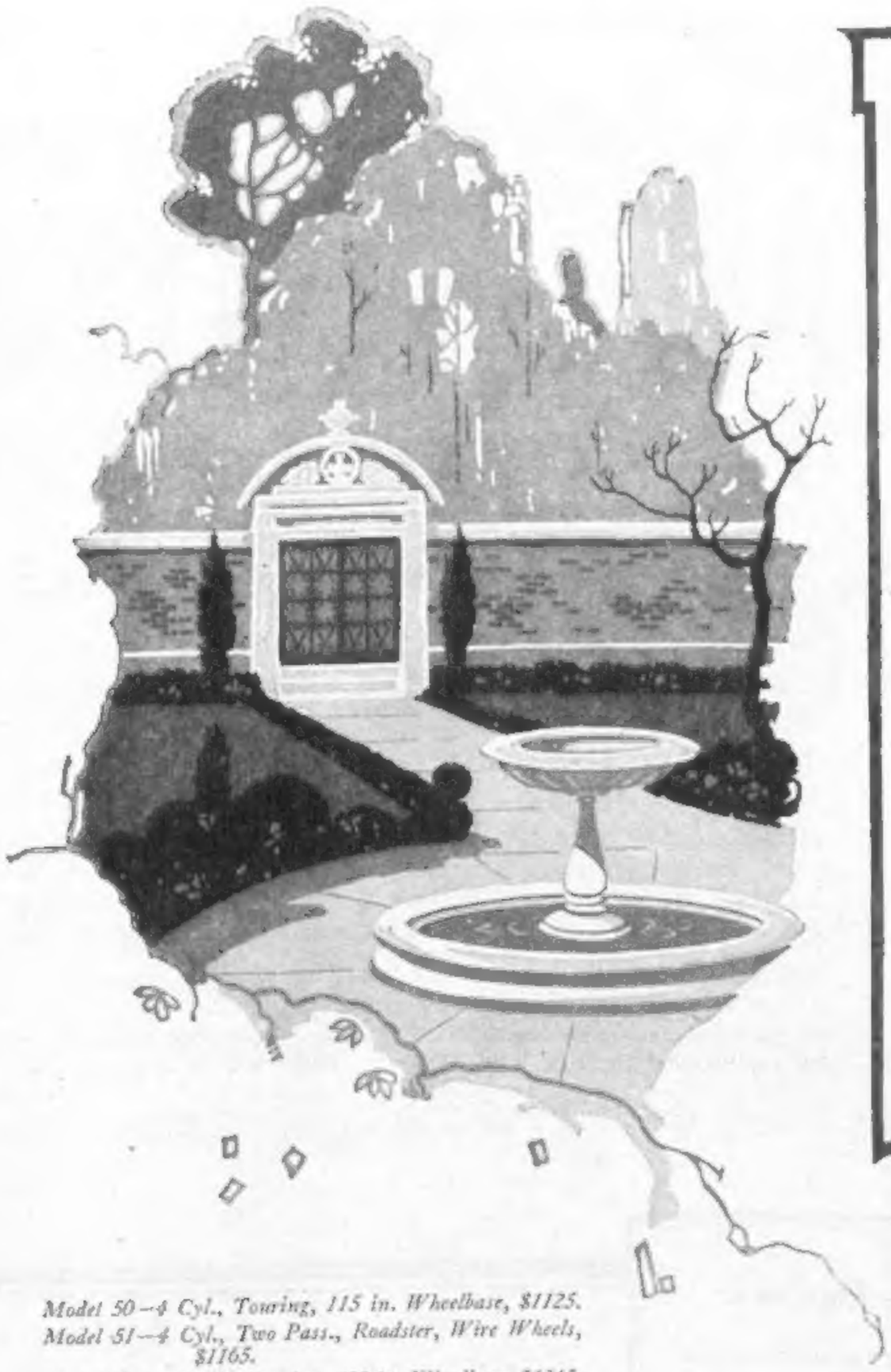
The first call on the air service will be for the fighting machines. Riding on ahead, spiraling to levels four miles high, the outriders will sweep the skies of hostile planes, so that the observers' machines below may do their work. Their nations will have given them to the world, for the task of this day, unstintingly.

In the dim light of dawn the hum of motors will fill the air to the rear. Those steady spotting machines, each manned with trained observers, will be off for their posts over the trenches. With the air above them cleared of hostile planes, they will spot each shot as it falls. Pill boxes will be shattered; camouflaged gun emplacements searched out; enemy batteries located and silenced.

Meantime the bombing squadrons will be off to the rear of the enemy. They will swoop down upon the trenches and hurl tons of high explosives.

Where railroad trains hurry back and forth on their innumerable missions behind the lines, they will dart in with deadly effect. Supply depots will be hunted out and destroyed, ammunition stations blown up. They will then fall upon the infantry in the front line. The enemy will be demoralized. The air services will have done their work.

So lie the thousand open roads to Berlin! So may the deadlock of four years of trench warfare be broken and the fighting thrust out into the air, where there are no trenches, no nets and no mines. So may the superior numbers of the Allies and their preponderant resources be given a chance to assert themselves. So may this new force in the world usher in its first great service to civilization by helping democracy win her fight for the freedom of nations.



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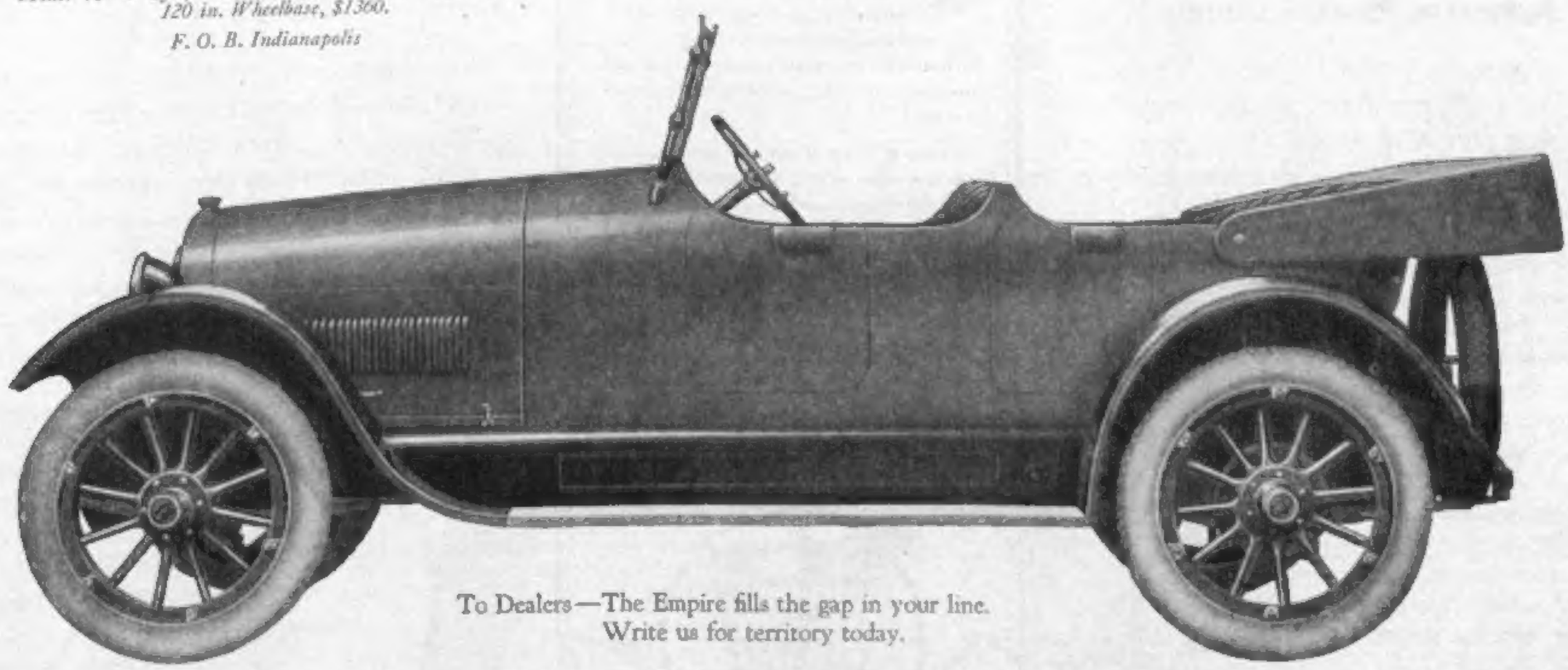

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